



# AN EXPERIMENT IN SUBMISSION

**By JJ Argus**



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**Smashwords edition**

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

“Who we are, is who we were.”

It was a large amphitheater, though there were bigger classrooms in Princeton. The tiered seating gave an excellent view of the professor at his desk below, sitting on the edge of his desk, actually.

Professor Eaton was one of the younger professors, in fact, the youngest one Leah had yet encountered. He looked almost like one of the teaching assistants rather than a full professor. But he was tenured already because, she thought, he was brilliant.

And that view was not the result of her being in the midst of an affair with him, her first ever affair, with an older man. No, it was his brilliance which had attracted her attention in the first place, and which had let her be swayed by his casual flirting, then his more serious, clever and witty, yet deliciously exciting flattery.

That he was awfully good looking hadn't hurt, of course.

“We are the collective embodiment of what experiences we have had in life, and their effect upon us,” he went on. “Some of them we know about, some we do not. Our unconscious reactions are still guided by the emotions we feel, and those emotions are the result of our life experiences.”

That would probably explain why she was so boring, she thought. She'd never really done much of anything, nor been anywhere interesting. The most exciting thing she'd ever done was probably her current affair with Jacob.

“Therefore, if we want to change who we are we need merely wait. Because who we are now is not who we were ten years ago and not who we shall be in ten years. Our continuing experiences will shape and alter our personalities. The greater the experiences, the greater the alteration.”

Leah wondered if that meant their affair would change her personality. She supposed it would to some degree. He was a horrible flatterer, and his attentions had certainly made her feel more attractive, more beautiful. He was clearly very turned on by her, and if a handsome older man could be so turned on by her didn't that mean she was, well, hot?

Leah was not used to thinking of herself as hot. Her body was slender, her breasts okay, she thought, maybe a little fuller than usual. She had nice eyes, but generally wore thick framed glasses, and her hair was ... well... kind of a mess. It hung halfway down her back, and was a dark shade of brown she'd never tried to categorize.

The thing was, that when he said people were a product of their life experiences she was quite sure he was correct. Her life experiences had not exactly been one filled with eager boys trying to seduce her and telling her how beautiful she was.

Leah Patterson was, in a word, a nerd. She was a dreamer and a romantic who loved poetry and romantic novels, preferably set centuries ago in castles and English manor houses. She was shy, and normally had her nose buried in a book. Boys, she had decided in her early adolescence, were impossibly dense, rude, crude, salivating creatures and beneath her notice.

That they seemed to flock around big breasted blonde airheads only confirmed this opinion in her mind.

That was not to say she hadn't had dates, but they'd rarely ended well. She had let herself be deflowered to see what it was like, and the answer had been embarrassing and painful. And of course, he'd bragged about it the next day to all his friends requiring her to lie through her teeth in denying it all.

That wasn't all that difficult since most of his story was a flat out lie. She certainly hadn't been driven out of her mind with lust to the point of screaming as he'd suggested! She'd actually been glad it was over!

And so, not being a fan of sports, guns or fast cars, she had given boys a pass for much of the remainder of her teen years.

But upon entering university this fall she had thought about the idea of doing it with a man, not a boy, with an adult, with someone mature, not like those snickering weasels from high school. Yes, she had been open to experimenting, and Jacob had found her at just the right time to be susceptible to his seduction.

And he had shown her that sleeping with men was a lot different than sleeping with boys! He had quite literally taken her breath away! It had been a revelation she was still struggling to adapt to after three whole weeks.

And, she knew, the experience with him had certainly changed her thinking about sex. It had gone from something she dismissed to something she actively sought! She wondered if Jacob was uniquely good in bed, or if her previous experience was simply uniquely bad? It was hard to judge from the gossip of the girls she knew.

Certainly she knew not all sexual experiences were glorious, far from it. Maybe it depended on the man? Or the woman? She would have to ask Jacob! Certainly that would be a subject her professor would enjoy going over with her!

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His visiting hours were from eleven to twelve. Leah had timed her visit carefully, for the end of that period, where it wouldn't seem unusual for her to be knocking at his door, yet where he could then close it behind her (presuming no one had seen her enter) and... give her more private instruction.

She frowned at the sight of the girl waiting, and the one inside. Sluts, she thought, seeing the one giggly girl leaning against his desk talking to him, and the other peering in. She bit her lip, wondering if he seduced other girls, if he was sleeping with other girls. He shouldn't be, he didn't need to, after all!

She leaned against the wall, books against her chest, looking sourly at the girl at the desk. Another blonde, she thought. I hate blondes. They're all sluts!

The blonde slut left, and Professor Eaton came to the door with her, all business as he saw the other two girls waiting. He checked his watch.

“I don't have a lot of time left in the consult hour, ladies,” he said. “You should have come earlier.”

“Oh, Professor, I just needed to know if that assignment had to be individually done or if we could do it with a partner,” the girl before her asked.

“It's a position paper on your an aspect of your own personality which was influenced by past events,” he said. “You have to do it yourself, Carol.”

The girl sighed. Lazy, slut, Leah thought.

“But what if we have the same personality trait?”

“Separate papers, Ms. Foster,” he said firmly, then looked past him at Leah. “Ms. Patterson?”

Leah waited for the other girl to slouch away before moving up.

“Well, professor, I had this question about how experiences can affect your personality,” she said. “I’ve recently had some experiences, some... physical experiences, and wondered if that could effect me emotionally,” she said, looking up at him from beneath her lashes.

“That would depend on the experiences,” he said. “If they were traumatic, for example.”

“Well, I wouldn’t exactly call them traumatic, kind of the opposite of traumatic,” she said. “I have a small writeup here I was hoping you would look at.”

“Very well,” he said, taking the paper from her and backing into his office.

She followed him in, leaning on the desk as he sat down and opened the paper. He read it, raised his eyebrows, then frowned at her as he stood up. He looked past her at the open door then walked over to it and casually closed it before returning.

Leah felt her heart thump.

“That’s an interesting position paper,” he said, sitting on the edge of his desk.

The paper said I’ve been a naughty girl and need to be spanked.

“Do you think so?” she asked innocently.

“Spankings are, after all, a form of behavior modification. The idea being that pain and humiliation will have a substantive effect upon the young person’s mind and cause them to change the way they act.”

“Do you think I need to change the way I act, professor?” she asked.

“Hmm,” he said as her fingers gently tugged up her skirt at the hip, inch by inch, raising the hem well above her knees and slowly up along her thigh.

“Who you are and how you look at the world is a product of what happens to you,” he said, “Both physically and psychologically.”

“Really?”

She raised the skirt to just below her crotch.

“For example, if you give a girl enough good sex, the pleasure will cause her to want more good sex.”

“Is that a fact?” she asked innocently.

“In theory, enough really hot sex will turn her into a raging nymphomaniac.”

“Oh, I doubt that. Maybe you should begin an experiment,” she said.

He smirked. “An experiment, hmm? An experiment in behavioral modification? I rather like that idea. Can I turn young Leah into a nymphomaniac?”

“You could win the Nobel prize!” she said with a grin.

He looked at her as if studying her, and she felt a touch of uncertainty. What was he thinking?

“I think I would like to engage you in an experiment, Ms. Patterson,” he said.

“What kind of experiment?” she asked, her chest tight.

“Experiencing trauma can have a profound impact on how one thinks, on the behavior and subconscious emotions of a person. That is certainly known. But as you say, what if the experience is the opposite of trauma? What if it is as emotionally shocking, but in terms of pleasure and arousal rather than pain and fear?”

“Well I – .”

“At the same time, pain is a very good teacher. It teaches the conscious mind, yes, but it also impacts the subconscious.”

“Uh...”

“Take off your clothes.”

She sucked in a breath of air and turned to look at the closed door.

“Do it,” he said firmly, as if it were a command.

Gulping, excited, pulse racing, Leah undid her skirt and let it slide down her body. She'd assumed that she would simply... raise her skirt and... well, the idea of getting completely naked was a bit of a shock! They were in his office at school, after all, where people might be walking by, where someone might even drop by!

But the fear was less daunting than exciting. She stripped off her blouse, posing for a moment in her black bra and thong, then bent and stepped out of her shoes before undoing her bra and removing it as well.

Jacob sat behind his desk, watching her, studying her. She felt self-conscious, even a little shy, oddly, but was reassured by his past behavior that he thought she was very attractive. She slipped her thong off and posed arrogantly before him, then gasped as he took something from his desk drawer and stood up.

“Turn around,” he ordered.

She turned, but not quickly enough. He gripped her arm and jerked her around, startling her.

“Arms behind your back.”

“But – !”

She felt his big hands on her arms pulling them back, crossing her wrists.

“Keep your wrists crossed.”

Leah's eyes went wide as she felt some kind of soft leather cord being wrapped around her wrists. Her eyes darted around and she twisted her head as the cords tightened, as she felt additional loops going around her wrists, criss crossing them and pulling tighter still.

“What are you doing!?” she gasped.

“Starting an experiment,” he said.

He turned her around again and she gasped as she almost stumbled, but he had a firm grip on her arm.

“What would happen, Miss Patterson, if your first orgasm came while laying on a fur coat?”

She stared at him, eyes blinking, but realized he was referring to his course.

“Uhm, well, you might find fur coats a turn on after that, I suppose,” she said.

“Precisely. Our subconscious is influenced by such things. And what would happen if you were taken on that fur coat repeatedly, and had fantastic orgasms each time?”

“I-It would increase the likelihood of you being turned on by fur, I guess,” she gulped.

His hand slid out and grasped her hair behind the neck, then jerked it back sharply.

Leah gasped, head forced back, back arching, and she felt his other hand come up to caress and knead her breast.

“And what would the effect be, if you were tied up, restrained in some way, while having incredible multiple orgasms?” he asked.

“I-I don't... you might... come to like being tied up!” she gulped.

“Hmmm,” he said. “And suppose we add to this experiment that whenever you fail in some manner, whenever you don't do as you're told, you feel pain? Perhaps a slap on the bottom? Suppose every time I ask you something you must respond by calling me sir?”

Leah felt a surge of heat along with a kind of bubbling excitement.

“I don't know?” she gulped.

He quickly turned her and then slapped her bottom sharply.

“Ow!”

“You forgot to say sir,” he said with a dark, hungry smile.

Leah gulped again, heart pounding and stomach swirling excitedly.

“Get on your knees,” he growled, releasing her hair.

Breathless, Leah lowered herself to her knees before him. He looked down at her, then his lips turned up in a smile as if he'd thought of something. He crossed to a filing cabinet and unlocked the bottom drawer, then took a box from it. He unlocked the box, and took from it something wrapped in fabric.

He came back to her and put it on the floor.

“Sit back on your heels, slave girl.”

Leah gasped, her lower belly burning, and sat down on her heels.

“Spread your legs, slave girl.”

She shifted her knees apart as he reached behind her and tugged on her hair.

“Head back, chest out, back straight!”

She obeyed and moaned as he ran his hand up and down her body, then slid his fingers between her legs, rubbing her clitoris and tracing the line of her sex.

“You will learn to be my little sex slave,” he said. “That means obeying my orders like a proper little slave girl. Do you understand, slave girl?”

“Y-yes, sir!” she squeaked.

“And if you experience profound pleasure and excitement while being treated as a slave girl and tied up – how much will that affect your future emotional and psychological view at the thought?” he asked, fingers combing through her hair.

He released her hair and reached for the fabric, unwrapping it. Leah's eyes widened.

“Where did you get that!?” she gasped.

He casually reached up and caught her stiff nipple between thumb and forefinger, then gave it a quick pinch.

“Ow!”

“You forgot to say sir,” he said. “Try again.”

“W-where did you get that, sir?” she gulped, staring at the object in his hand.

He grinned lazily. “It's from last year. A senior I had plans for. Alas, she turned out to be a lesbian. So it's never had its proper use. Until now.”

It was a dildo! It was a big dildo! It was very realistically shaped, too! Except for the base, anyway, which had sort of, balls that were flat on the bottom. He turned it over and opened the base, and then found several batteries in his desk and slid them inside.

It was a vibrator, she gulped. She'd never felt a vibrator before!

He took the device and placed it right in front of her on the floor, base down, of course. Leah moaned softly, staring at it as he pressed it against her flesh, letting her see how deep it would have to push into her belly.

“Move upward a foot or so, slave.”

Biting her lip, trying to keep her breathing in check, Leah eased up, and then gasped aloud as he pressed the rounded head against her opening. She was already quite wet, she realized, but even so, the thing felt very thick as he brought the base to the floor and urged her down.

She groaned as the head pushed up against her, feeling a dull ache as it forced her sex lips inward, then slowly stretched them wider and wider apart.

This was so kinky and wild!

She felt it sliding slowly into her as she sank down, felt her insides thrumming hotly as it pushed deeper and deeper. She slowly sank down onto her heels again, breath ragged as she stared down at the obscene and erotic sight of the thing sliding between the lips of her sex.

“Shift your feet,” he said. “You want to be sitting on your heels, but with the backs of your feet flat on the floor. Otherwise your feet will start aching.”

They were already aching, bent beneath her buttocks as they were, and she gasped as he held her arm to steady her, to let her reposition herself so the backs of her feet were flat against the floor. Then she sank lower once more, the dildo pushing deeper still.

“This feels so... dirty!” she gulped.

“Yes, which is what makes you a naughty... dirty girl, who needs to be punished,” he said.

And then he pinched her nipple again sharply.

“Oww!”

“You forgot to say sir.”

She bit her tongue, holding back a quick retort as she stared at the dildo between her legs.

“All the way in, slave.”

“I feel... full already... sir!” she gulped.

“Nonsense. A sex slave can fully take any size of male organ into her slutish body,” he said.

He pushed down on her shoulder and she groaned as she slid lower still, the head of the thing feeling like it was jammed against the very back wall of her sex!

“Spread your legs wide, slave. Sex slaves should always have their legs spread far apart,” he said.

Leah groaned as she shifted her knees wide, her wrists pulling almost instinctively and repeatedly against the cords binding them together. Her breathing was becoming more ragged again, and she felt a rush of heat which seemed to both shimmer along the surface of her skin and bubble away deep inside her body.

She let out a helpless cry as his hand descended and his fingers rubbed lightly across her swollen clitoris.

“Yes, a very responsive little slut,” he said. “You’ll make an excellent sex slave.”

His other hand came up to her hair again, jerking her head back to force her back to arch.

“Let me hear you say you’re my slut, Leah,” he growled.

“I’m your slut, sir!” she gasped.

“You’re my nasty little slut, aren’t you?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Say it.”

“I-I’m your nasty l-little slut, sir!” she groaned, her voice breaking as her breathing became even more ragged.

“Curious word, slut. Normally, it’s an insult, isn’t it, one you’d react to in quite an unfriendly way. But suppose we associate the word slut with excitement and passion and pleasure? Will that change your emotional sense when you hear the word? Slut?”

“I-I don’t know, sir!” she gulped.

“Have you ever thought of yourself as a slut?”

She shook her head and he pinched her nipple again.

“No, sir!”

“It has some curious connotations in our society. Clearly it’s an insult. No girl wants others to think she’s a slut, after all. But is there a deeply buried part of young women who wish they had the freedom of a slut, to indulge their passions as they choose?”

Leah moaned, gulping in air.

He stopped rubbing her clitoris, and she felt his fingers pressing in against it from either side, squeezing... squeezing uncomfortably so that she ached.

“Would you like to come, sex slave? Would you?”

“Y-yes, sir!” she gasped.

“Beg me to let you come.”

“Please let me come, sir!” she whimpered.

“Again!” he growled, squeezing harder.

“Please let me come, sir!”

He stopped squeezing and his fingers rubbed rapidly against her clitoris.

The hand in her hair jerked her head up and forward so that she could stare into his dark, intent eyes, and Leah felt the orgasm welling up inside her. Her mouth opened sharply and her hips convulsed as she began to frantically try to ride up and down on the dildo.

He let go of her hair and his big hand closed around her throat instead!

“Scream,” he said. “Scream in pleasure, slut! Scream!”

She felt like screaming, but she couldn't breathe! Leah was bucking and grinding and gurgling in wild paroxysms of pleasure as a monster orgasm tore through her body and sent her mind spinning in wild disarray! Her skull throbbed wildly, pulsing with every beat of her heart as his closed hand robbed her of breath!

The orgasm was like a howling storm of sensations within her, and she writhed and twisted uncontrollably, trying desperately to jam herself down harder on that incredible burning spike of pleasure deep inside her quivering, burning belly!

She saw black dots before her eyes, felt herself becoming dizzy, light-headed from lack of air, as the orgasm continued to howl within her. Then, slowly, it eased, and her movements eased. He released her throat and she sucked in deep, desperate breaths of air, moaning, head pounding, heart pounding, blood racing as she sagged against him.

His hand slid through her hair and she groaned as he pulled her head up and back again, more slowly this time. Her eyes fluttered as he looked at her.

“Thank me for letting you come, slave girl,” he said.

She stared at him, gulping, chest heaving, and when his hand went to her breast and his fingers caught her nipple she gasped aloud. “Thank you for letting me come, sir!”

“Excellent,” he said.

He stood up and unzipped his trousers, then reached in and pulled his cock out. It was stiff and hard and she gulped as he held it in his fist. It was almost as thick and long as the thing inside her, and despite the orgasm she felt a sense of excitement looking at it.

“Are you my slut, Leah?”

“Yes, sir,” she moaned.

“Say it,” he ordered.

“I'm your slut, sir!”

The idea of her, Leah Patterson, as a slut was wild and incredible, for she'd had so little sex in her life! But it appealed to some dark side of her that perhaps always wanted to be a slut, wanted to be one of those wild, sexy girls all the boys stared at and wanted!

He gathered a thick fistful of hair in his hand and tilted her head back, then, gripping his erection, he rubbed the head up and down over her cheeks, then back and forth across her lips.

“Are you my sex slave?” he growled.

“Yes, sir! I'm your sex slave, sir!” she moaned.

This was so kinky!

He forced her head far back, making her groan anew as he sank low. She felt his

fingers against her clitoris, rubbing gently, then there was a soft sound, and then... and then the base of the.. .the vibrator began to buzz, to vibrate!

He stood up, pulling her head forward again, rubbing his cock against her mouth once more.

“Purse your lips, slave.”

Blinking, Leah complied, and he pressed his cock against it. She moaned as she stared, cross eyed, at his cock pushing forward into her mouth, as she felt it sliding through her lips and over her tongue, pushing deep into her mouth, filling it. She rolled her eyes up at him, heart still pounding, sucking now, moving her tongue against him as he held her hair firmly, pushing his cock into her.

“A slave girl must obey her master,” he said. “Her purpose in life is to bring pleasure with her body. Your body will be used by me and many, many other men for our pleasure, sex slave,” he said.

Leah shuddered at the words! They were so hot and nasty and made her mind squirm in dark excitement!

“You will spend your life in shackles, naked, collared, serving us as we sit by the pool, serving us dinner at our table, waiting on us hand and feet, crawling before us and thanking us for the table scraps we cast to you,” he said, his mind low, hypnotic. “You will writhe in pleasure every time we touch you. You will be taken again and again, sometimes by two or three or ten men at once.”

God, he was so kinky! He taught psychology, but she wondered if he'd ever taught drama!

But his words were scalding, rousing wildly exciting visions in her mind!

“A creature of sex, a hungry sexual animal that wants nothing but pleasure,” he said, pumping his hips now, sliding his cock in and out between her tightly pursed lips as she sucked and licked.

Between her legs, the vibrator purred, and it felt like the vibrations were getting more and more intense, spreading up through her groin and belly. Leah moaned around his shaft, startled at how quickly she'd gotten this aroused after such a powerful orgasm. She was so hot she was practically trembling with the sexual

pressure within her!

He forced her head back as he pushed in, and suddenly the head of his sock cock was pushing into her throat! Leah's eyes bulged as he pushed deeper, as she felt the thickness of him filling her throat and sliding deeper! And then, before she had a chance to panic or gag, her lips were wrapped around the base of him and her nose was pressing against his black trousers, her eyes huge as she looked up at him over her glasses!

He reached down and took the glasses off, tossing them onto a nearby chair, and the world became somewhat blurry to Leah, but that hardly mattered compared to the enormity of having his cock stuffed into her to the base! She fought against panic, but her state of arousal made her feel a sense of delicious conquest at having managed to swallow the entire length of him.

That was not something she'd ever done before, after all, and to her, the kind of girls who could do that, who could deep throat, were very skillful... sluts!

He pulled back, and, heart pounding, she stared at the shaft as it slid out of her mouth, inch after glistening inch.

She coughed hard as it finally came free, then gasped for breath even as he forced her down onto the buzzing base of the vibrator.

“Nasty girl,” he said softly. “Wild, sexual animal! You are clearly destined for life as a sex slave, you wicked girl.”

Her face was hot and red, her mind swimming in heat, and light-headed from lack of breath. Leah swayed dazedly, then gurgled as he pushed his cock back into her mouth again, and straight down her throat once more! Her eyes bulged again, then closed as he swept a hand behind her head to squeeze her face even harder against his groin.

He held her for long seconds, his cock filling her throat, then pulled out, then pushed in again, holding her against him once more before sliding halfway out, and again pushing deep, pressing her face against him.

He drew his shaft out of her, dripping wet, and Leah gulped in air, dazed, moaning as he pushed down to ensure her pussy was jammed against the base of the vibrator.

He moved behind her, then, gripping her upper arms and forcing her to bend over, pushing her face down against the floor.

*Crack!*

He slapped her bottom sharply.

“Spread your legs, slut!”

Trembling, she moaned and eased her knees apart, then felt his hands on her thighs, jerking them wider.

“Spread yourself open wide,” he said. “Show what you're waiting for, slave girl. Raise your bottom high.”

He gripped her hips, tugging them up, then shifted his grip to her chest, pulling her torso in tighter, bending her back achingly sharply. With her breasts pillowed against the floor and her bottom in the air, Leah's head pounded and she stared dizzily before her as she felt his grip the dildo and pump it in and out.

“Beg me to fuck you, slave girl,” he ordered.

Leah moaned.

*Crack!*

“Beg me to fuck you, sex slave.”

“I-I – .”

*Crack!*

“Beg me to fuck you, slut.”

Leah gurgled helplessly.

“P-Please fuck me, s-s-sir!” she gasped.

“Say please fuck your filthy slave girl,” he said, fingering her clitoris as he slowly pumped the vibrator.

“P-Please fuck your filthy slave girl, sir!” she whimpered.

She felt the vibrator pulled free of her. A moment later his cock slid into her, and she groaned helplessly. The sensations were slightly different, but it was the knowledge it was him, it was real, that shifted her mind and made her body burn higher and hotter.

He buried himself inside her trembling body as she knelt there on the floor, and his hands moved down her hips, then over her back. She groaned as he gripped her hair again.

*Crack!*

“Slave girl,” he growled, thrusting in and out.

*Crack!*

“Sex slave!”

*Crack!*

His big cock was pounding into her hard, and all Leah could do was tremble and shake there on the floor as the aching heat made her mind swim in the flooding waves of pleasure roiling through her body! She grunted at the impact of his hips, cried out, really, as he rode her with the kind of hard, savage strokes she'd never felt before.

She gasped as his hands came down on her back, jamming her breasts harder against the floor. They pulsed and burned beneath her as her own body ground back and forth against them!

And then another orgasm tore through her, and his hand quickly clamped over her mouth as she began to cry out. The cry turned into a wild, undulating wail of pleasure as his big hips continued to hammer her upraised buttocks and the sexual firestorm raged within both her body and her mind!

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Leah was in a breathless state as she left Jacob's office. Even though she'd only been in there thirty minutes that had been the most wildly intense, thrilling

sexual experience of her life! God, it had been so dark and nasty and wickedly hot! She was sure her face was still flushed from the shock of it all!

And he wanted her to come to his house this weekend to 'continue the experiment!'. That left her stomach churning! Oh, not for a moment did she believe he was going to turn her into a nymphomaniac, but regardless, the things he did to her were so outrageous and exciting! She'd hardly ever imagined such things!

Hardly... It did smack of the more lurid romance novels she'd read, though, and some dark fantasies about being ... taken roughly by some wild, handsome man! And Jacob had been wilder than she'd ever seen! He'd always been more considerate before. His rough act, his growling voice and nasty words, were a thrilling turn-on!

She felt wild, like she was a hot, sexual woman!

And while she would have always insisted indignantly to anyone who suggested otherwise that she was indeed a woman, at nineteen she mostly still thought of herself as a girl. Jacob was a hot guy, but an older guy and her professor, so it was quite natural for her to cede control to him. The suggestion that she was doing it because she was his slave girl instead was wickedly exciting!

Still, she felt more adult, more sophisticated for engaging in such nasty, kinky things, and while the prospect of spending the weekend at his place was daunting it also left her eager to learn more about him – as well as to experience more hot, kinky sex!

It was hard to concentrate on her classes, much less the homework assignments. The unknowable possibilities which awaited her had her mind fluttering excitedly every time she thought about them! Would he tie her up again? Surely he would! And then he'd do nasty things to her while she was helpless!

Sex slave! That was so absurd it made her giggle. If anyone was going to be made into a sex slave it would be someone like her roommate Chelsea, with her blonde hair, her big boobs, and her sexual teasing, flirty manner with boys. Yes, she could see Chelsea as a sex slave. But her? Leah? She was just a boring nerdy girl!

She and Chelsea hardly knew each other. They had not exactly bonded at first

meeting. Chelsea was a party girl and very popular with the boys. It had been obvious from the start that she wasn't taking her education nearly as seriously as Leah was – much to Leah's disapproval.

Chelsea was out socializing most nights while Leah sat at home studying. Oh, she had invited Leah a few times but Leah had always turned her down, needing to study.

Of course, she doubted she'd have a lot of time to study this weekend. That made her feel a little guilty. But then, this was such a momentous event she felt it was excusable. And besides, Jacob was a man, not a boy, like the ones Chelsea hung around with.

She'd asked him whether she should bring anything, and he'd said no.

“You'll be acting as my slave girl. You won't need any clothes.”

She'd blushed, of course, and protested. “I can't be naked the whole time!”

He'd merely smiled and promised to find a few things for her to wear.

\*

Leah was dressed in a long brown skirt, a dark green sweater and a jacket when she met him at his car. She was carrying a backpack to be inconspicuous, and had packed a few toiletries, a couple of changes of underwear, and a change of clothing.

She felt very mature, going on her first overnight stay with a man.

He had said he'd be parked in the lowest level of the public parking lot, rather than the staff lot on the surface, and to meet him there at seven Friday evening. She was nervous of this, though. At that hour the lot was mostly deserted. And while it was lit, well, it was an underground parking lot, which was not her idea of the safest place in the world for a girl to hang around.

It was a big lot, and there were still several dozen cars scattered about. It wasn't hard to find his, for he'd said it was a silver Lexus, and there was only the one, parked in a dark corner behind a thick pillar, of all places. She wasn't about to wait there, so she waited by the elevator instead, fidgeting nervously.

When he arrived he merely nodded to her and continued walking out into the garage. Leah licked her lips, looked around, then scurried after.

“I didn't wait back there because it's dark and... well...”

“I parked there deliberately because it was dark,” he said.

Which confused her.

She followed him across the dimly lit lot to the far corner, then around to the the side of the car which faced the wall. The trunk was also backed close to the wall, and after he opened the rear door and put his briefcase in he took her backpack and tossed it in as well, then closed the door and led her to the rear of the car.

He raised the trunk and then looked at her.

“We're going to play a little game, slave girl,” he said in a low voice, cupping her face in his hands. “It's partly for fun and partly as an experiment. The experiment is still in how experiences shape the mind. So I'm going to be acting in such a way as to see how easily your mind adapts and to what degree it influences your body. Understand?”

She nodded her head helplessly.

“The body influences the mind, and the mind influences the body,” he said. “The experiment is that you have a wildly sexual weekend that changes your entire world view of sex.”

He eased his hands back.

“Take off your clothes,” he said.

Her eyes widened and her jaw dropped. Her head whipped from side to side, looking around them.

“I chose this spot with care. No one can even see you here without a long walk and we'd have plenty of time to cover up. Even so, stripping naked in a public garage is going to have an interesting affect on your emotions, slave girl.” His voice hardened. “Obey!”

Leah gulped, then fumbled at her jacket, removing it. Her heart was beating faster and faster as he took it from her, and she looked around again, then peeled her sweater up and off, already blushing, her stomach swirling. She undid her skirt, then slid it down, stepping out of it and also handing it to him as her chest began to tighten more and more.

Her blush deepened as she removed her bra, then bent and slipped her thong down and off.

“The shoes, as well.”

Biting her lower lip, she bent and removed her shoes, and he took her clothes and shoes and tossed them into the back of the car as she stood there helplessly. Her arms were folded across her body protectively and her ears and eyes were hyper sensitive to the sound of anyone else coming into the garage!

He came back quickly.

“Put your hands behind your neck and arch your back, slave girl.”

Leah felt another pulse of anxiety along with the heat. She rolled her eyes to the side, then obeyed.

“Feet apart on the floor.”

She shifted her feet on the cool stone floor, heart pounding.

“How do you feel, slave girl?”

“Excited,” she blurted. “Worried! Embarrassed!”

He nodded, gripped her upper arm and turned her firmly towards the car, then bent her over

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“You forgot to say sir, slave girl.”

*Crack!*

“Don't forget again. Understand?”

“Yes, sir!” she gasped, staring into the nearly empty trunk.

He jerked her back upright and turned her around again.

“Feet apart, hands behind your neck, back arched,” he growled in a quick, tight voice.

Leah obeyed again, heart beating even faster than before as he looked down at her.

He placed his hand on her breast and let it slide slowly up and down over the firm, taut surface, then slid it into the middle of her chest, before letting it glide downward, down her belly, her abdomen, and then turning around so that he could cup her sex and let his fingers caress her.

Leah flinched and trembled, trying to keep her breaths from becoming too ragged as his fingers caressed her and sent raw sensation flooding up through her body.

“You're going to be my slut this weekend, slave girl,” he said. “And you're going to learn to obey me. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir!” she gulped.

His hand glided up her body again, caressed her breasts, then slid up along the side of her throat and over her cheek before his fingers reached for her lips and stroked them. Then they pushed forward, startling her, forward into her mouth.

Leah's eyes widened again as his fingers slid over her tongue, and she all-but gaped at him.

“Close your lips and... suck,” he said in a soft, firm voice.

She obeyed, and his three fingers slid deep into her mouth, then pumped slowly in and out as she sucked.

It seemed incredible to her, shocking and wicked and wild, that she was standing there naked like that, sucking on his fingers! This was the wildest thing she'd

ever done in her life!

He drew his fingers out and brought them down to her lower lips instead. She moaned as his fingers ran up and down the line of her sex, then pushed into her. Her chest was fluttering as they turned and twisted and pushed deeper still.

“Keep that back arched, slut,” he growled.

She jerked and pulled her shoulders back as his fingers pushed up deeper.

“Tell me you're a slut.”

“I'm a slut!” she moaned.

“A filthy slut.”

“I'm a filthy slut!”

He drew his fingers out of her and roughly twisted her around, then bent her over.

*Crack! Crack!*

Before she could do more than squawk in pain and confusion he'd yanked her back around again to face him.

“Hands behind your head, back arched, legs apart,” he growled.

She breathlessly obeyed, and his fingers slid into her mouth again.

“Suck.”

She moaned around his lips, sucking them as he pumped them in and out.

“What is my name?” he demanded, with his fingers still on her tongue.

She stared at him, blinking wildly behind her glasses.

“Sir,” he said. “That is my name and you will use it at all times. Do you understand, slave girl?”

“Yes, sir!” she said, though the words were garbled by the fingers on her tongue.

His fingers pulled out and dropped between her legs, pushing up inside her again. She moaned as they squirmed up deeper, then his thumb began to stroke across her clitoris and she gurgled wantonly, her hips beginning to grind and buck with growing violence.

“Tell me you're a filthy slut.”

“I'm a filthy slut, sir!” she moaned.

“Turn around, slut, and cross your wrists behind your back,” he ordered, drawing his fingers back.

Panting, gulping in air, Leah obeyed, her body enveloped by a crackling wall of dark, exciting sexual electricity. She felt his hands on her wrists, then felt him wrapping something around it. It felt softer, but thicker than the cords he'd used the other day! She felt more of it going around her wrists, binding them very firmly together.

She yelped as his hand jerked back on her hair.

“Open your mouth, slave.”

She obeyed and rolled her eyes at the black ball she saw him pushing against her. She had no idea what it was, at first, as he pushed it against her mouth. She opened her lips as wide as she could, and he squeezed it, forcing it past her teeth. Yet it expanded inside her mouth, filling her mouth, pressing down against her tongue and up against the roof.

And then she realized what it was as she saw him grasp the dangling straps on either side and pull them around behind her head.

Leah's eyes widened still further as shocked excitement hit her. Oh! My! God!

He did the strap behind her head, then pulled off her glasses and put them into the breast pocket of his jacket.

He bent her forward suddenly, pushing her over so far the side of her face was pressed against the carpeted floor of the trunk. Then he released her

momentarily, only to grab her legs and yank them up and out from under her! Leah yelped into the gag as he folded her legs back and then pushed her deeper so that she was laying on her belly in the trunk!

Now she felt him tying something around her ankles! He quickly wrapped several loops of what felt like soft rope around them, then pulled them back further. He grasped her wrists, and she felt the rope drawing in around the rope circling her wrists!

Her back began to bow more and more as he pulled tighter, her ankles and wrists actually touching as he finished binding her. Then he pushed her and she fell onto her side there in the trunk, rolling eyes wildly up at him.

“Now I can sell you to whoever I want,” he said, giving her a soft leer.

He reached in past her and brought out something she hadn't noticed before. It was a long, rounded tube of something plastic. He forced it between her thighs, and she grunted as it pushed up firmly against her sex. He tore off a piece of what looked like tape, then taped the thing there against her thigh.

And then it began to buzz, just before he slammed down the hood and left her in the dark.

This was once again well past the point of anything she'd imagined, but it did contain a darkly erotic kinkiness which left her moaning there in the dark as the car started and pulled away. She felt them rising upward, then the air and sound changed as he drove out of the garage and began to pick up speed on the street.

The thing between her legs, the vibrator, buzzed continually, and both Leah's mind and body squirmed as the minutes ticked slowly by.

The mind influenced the body and the body influenced the mind, he'd said. But which came first, the chicken or the egg!? She'd been desperately aroused before he'd tied her up and stuffed her in the trunk. Now the vibrator was purring against her sex in a way which was banking the heat higher and higher with every passing minute!

And that was causing her mind to swelter in the heat! Wild, dark images flashed before her eyes, the most enthralling, nasty, wicked thoughts and fantasies she could imagine of herself being tied up and helpless!

She was also quite anxious, of course. For one thing, she'd never ridden in a car without a seat belt on. This surely wasn't safe! It surely wasn't legal! That made her think about what would happen if the police stopped them and found her like this! Oh, the humiliation that would be! She'd be utterly mortified! Suppose there was an accident! If so she hoped she died! She certainly couldn't face anyone being found like this!

Filled with anxiety, heat, excitement and a wild sense of churning need, she felt herself squirming more and more, twisting and arching and straining against the rope binding her so tightly. And then the orgasm hit, and she shuddered and trembled, her legs jerking harshly, repeatedly as her hips tried to grind themselves into the vibrator he'd taped against her thigh!

The orgasm seemed to go on and on and on, leaving her breathless and dazed, then limp, gulping in air and moaning, eyes glazed over as she lay there on her side trying to recover herself.

The orgasm calmed her, at least, and she was able to think more or less straight, at least for a while. But she was still bound naked in his trunk and the vibrator was still pressed against her and she was still filled with hunger and excitement and anticipation – and soon heat once more.

The car slowed, then turned and a moment later the air and sound changed outside. They were no longer outside! She heard the sound of a garage door closing, and stared excitedly up towards the trunk lid, waiting for it to open.

She blinked her eyes in the sudden light as it was raised.

“Been enjoying the trip, sex slave?” he asked.

She moaned into the gag.

He rolled her onto her belly and undid the ropes, and she groaned as the tension which had been making her back and shoulders ache was released. She'd hardly been aware of it, such was her excitement, but now it felt so good to be released!

He peeled the tape off her thigh, taking away the vibrator, then gripped her arm to help her climb out of the trunk.

They were in a large, high-ceilinged, two car garage, she saw, looking around as

he marched her to a door. On the other side of the door was a carpet and he pushed her down onto her knees.

“Hands and knees, slave.”

She obeyed, though confused, and he walked forward.

“Follow me... crawling.”

She sucked in a breath and then, trembling, crawled after him, down a narrow hall, around a staircase which led up, then back on the other side and into a large living room with open french doors. It felt bizarre to be crawling after him, degrading, but darkly, deliciously kinky.

There was a multi hued blue rug in the center of the room, and she crawled onto it, glad of the padding, but then he abruptly reached down and grasped her hair, pulling her up to her feet and kicking over a long brown box.

“I bought this for you, sex slave,” he said, “Got your size from your shoes the other day.”

He opened it and she stared at a pair of black leather boots, very high black leather boots with stiletto heels.

Both were unzipped. He bent and held one for her as she stepped into it, then rose, pulling the long boot with him while steadying her. Her foot slipped smoothly into the shoe, but she was astonished at how high the boot went. He zipped up the inside and when it was closed the top was less than an inch from her groin!

And the heel was ridiculously long! She was lopsided!

He helped her into the other one, next, then zipped that up, and suddenly she felt as tall as he was! He gripped her arm and led her across the rug slowly, then onto the hardwood floor beyond.

“Walk back and forth slowly and get the hang of it,” he said, releasing her.

That was easier said than done! It felt very weird on such high heels, as if she was walking on the balls of her feet. She walked slowly, arms outstretched for balance, and fell very quickly. He grabbed her, though, and she tried again, and fell again. He slipped her glasses over her nose.

“Try again.”

Now she had a better sense of things. She was able to walk without losing her balance, walk back and forth in front of him.

“You don't have contacts?”

She looked at him mutely, anxious, as if she'd disappointed him. She knew her glasses weren't very sexy but – .”

“No matter. We will overcome and adapt,” he said. “And once you're used to walking in these you won't need them.”

Used to walking in these? She couldn't imagine why anyone would get used to these or how long that would take! But she obediently walked back and forth, learning how as he watched.

He stripped off his jacket and stood there in vest, shirt and tie, his eyes dark as they followed her, then he turned away to get something. When she turned around and walked back towards him she saw he had something in his hand. He

raised it and her eyes widened.

It was a ... collar! It was thick and black and had studs circling it, along with a metal plate in front with a large thick ring dangling from it.

He stopped her and she stared, heart pounding, as he folded the collar around her neck and tightened it firmly around her slender throat. He bent and picked up a pair of what looked like miniature collars, and took her hands, holding them out. He fit one around each wrist, and she moaned as he tightened them.

He drew her arms back behind her, and did something which locked the two leather bands together, then led her through the room and back around to the stairs. There was a closet just inside the front door and he opened it to show a full length mirror on the back.

Leah stared at herself breathlessly, at the high heeled boots, the arms locked behind her, the collar, and the gag. It was all so wild! It was all so exciting, so kinky and hot! God, she looked sexy!

He brought her back into the living room and then made her kneel before a black leather sofa. He forced her knees wide apart, and ordered her to keep her back straight before leaving her there to go and get himself a drink. A minute later he returned and sat down before her, then sipped as he looked at her.

Leah stared back, pulsing with heat.

“Come here, slave,” he said, snapping his finger.

She rose on her knees and edged forward, and he reached for her long, thick hair, then used it to drag her up and across his lap! The pull on her scalp ached, but she quickly pushed herself up to ease the pain, and then found herself settled across his lap, her bottom raised!

He undid the strap holding the gag in place, then gathered her hair together and once again used it as a lever to pull her head up and back, then further, raising her chest up off the sofa as she gasped in pain. His other hand worked the ball-gag out of her mouth, and then he dropped her again.

She felt his hand caressing her buttocks.

“Spread your legs, slave.”

Panting, she obeyed, and then her eyes widened as she felt his fingers at her back opening.

“Oh please I – !”

*Crack!*

The slap was sharp and swift and she cried out at the sting.

“Don't question your master, slave girl. Know that he knows best.”

She bit her lower lip, gasping, as she felt something pushing against her back opening, pushing firmly, turning and twisting. It felt thick and ... slick with something, as if it had been oiled. It pushed into her, forcing her wider and wider, then suddenly it narrowed, and for a moment she thought it had disappeared inside her. Then she felt something firm and flat against the outside of her wrinkled little opening.

A moment later she felt something against her pussy. She tried to twist her head up and back to look and got Another slap to the bottom.

“Face forward. Do nothing you aren't instructed to do, slave girl.”

She squirmed and gasped and trembled as something thick was pushed into her, something which had a certain delicious tactile affect against the lips of her sex, rough but smooth at the same time as he turned and twisted it and pushed it deeper and deeper and achingly deeper!

It felt even thicker than the vibrator he'd used on her in his office!

Suddenly he put a paper down in front of her eyes.

“Read this, and keep reading it. The moment you stop reading it, I will stop touching you.”

She stared at the paper, blanching a bit, but hit by a swirling jolt of dark heat.

“I'm a slut,” she said, as his fingers began to stroke against her clitoris.

She repressed a moan at the raw heat she felt in saying the words. “I’m a filthy slut! I’m a whore! I’m a sex slave! I’m Jacob’s sex slave! I’m Jacob’s slave girl! I’m Jacob’s bitch! I’m Jacob’s whore!”

Her hips were grinding helplessly against him as he simultaneously pushed down against the base of the dildo and stroked his fingers across her clitoris! This was so dirty! It was so deliciously nasty and dirty!

“I love cock!” she gasped. “I’m a whore! I love having a big cock inside me! I want cock all the time! My body was made for men to enjoy! I’m a sexual animal! My body is for bringing pleasure to others! I’m Jacob’s whore!”

Her words were getting more and more passionate, and her harsher breathing was causing her to stutter and gasp them out as his fingers stroked harder against her clitoris.

“I want to be a stripper!” she moaned. “I want to be a prostitute! I want to have sex with women! I’m Jacob’s sex slave! I’m Jacob’s slut!”

And then her mind got too dazed to continue, and he stopped. She moaned helplessly, her hips grinding desperately up at nothing as the heat slowly receded.

Then his hand cracked down against her bare bottom with a stinging slap.

“Ow!”

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

*Crack!*

“Oww!”

She squirmed and twisted, her heat receding.

*Crack!*

“Oh! Please!”

*Crack!*

“Please, sir!”

*Crack!*

And then, as her bottom began to burn hotter and the ache grew, she had a wild idea.

“I'm Jacob's bitch animal!” she cried. “I'm Jacob's fuck toy! I'm Jacob's sex slave!”

He stopped spanking her and his fingers resumed their careful caress.

She shuddered and moaned, continuing to read as his fingers massaged her. His other hand slid up and down her back then under her ribs to cup and knead her breast.

“I'm a nasty little slut!’ she gasped. “I'm a filthy sex animal! My only purpose in life is to be used! I want to be fucked by ten men at once! I want to be gang banged! I'm a sex slave! I'm a fuck toy! I belong to Jacob!”

Her hips were grinding frantically now, and her words were becoming breathless and dazed.

“I promise to fuck anyone who touches me!” she gasped. “I promise to fuck any man or woman who wants me! I promise to obey Jacob! I promise to give my body to anyone who will fuck me! Oh! Oh! Oh God! Oh!”

*Crack!*

She yelped and gasped.

*Crack!*

He was slapping her bottom with his left hand but his right was still rubbing her clitoris while pushing against the dildo in her pussy! Leah felt a wild, frothing, churning wall of sensations twisting and pouring through her, and then it all seemed to explode into a hot, shattering eruption of sexual pleasure! She cried out in helpless pleasure, bucking and shaking and gurgling in helpless ecstasy as

he continued spank her and stroke her right through the orgasm, until she had gone limp, dazed and gasping for breath.

His hands glided over her body as she recovered. Then he wrapped her long hair around his fist and pulled firmly upward.

Leah gasped and moaned, her head forced up and back, then her shoulders following, her back bowed as she began to squirm to ease the pressure on her scalp. She rolled up and over and he lifted her into a sitting position across his lap, propping her back up with his left arm.

She was still gulping in air, and gasped as he jerked back on her hair again to force her head back.

“Spread your legs, slave girl.”

Leah moaned and obeyed as his fingers gently caressed the line of her sex where it gripped the fat round dildo. He eased his grip on her hair and she dropped her head forward, staring down at it, eyes blinking. She sucked in a breath of air at how thick it was, feeling a rush of sensation through her belly.

“Look what I have for my little sex slave,” he said, holding up a strange looking tool.

It had a wide round body which his fist was wrapped around, and two narrow ends. One end had what looked like a small pinwheel on it, while the other end held a marble. He ran his left hand up her back and gripped her hair firmly, then brought the pinwheel in against her belly and rolled it up along her body.

“Oh! Oh! Ahh!” she gasped, squirming helplessly.

It was a pinwheel, all right. The wheel was made up of tiny, sharp pins, and as they rolled along her soft skin she felt a stinging prickle of pain which rolled with it. He let the wheel roll up along her ribs then circled her right breast before crossing the center, directly over her nipple. He paused there, rolling it slowly back and forth as Leah squirmed and gasped helplessly, then, chuckling, rolled it downward.

It rolled down her abdomen, then crossed her clitoris, and she yelped and twisted more sharply.

“Naughty slave girls should be punished, don't you think?”

He rolled it across her clitoris again, and Leah cried out and again twisted helplessly, trying to pull away from it.

He turned the thing over in his hand and brought the little marble at the other side closer to her clitoris and she gasped, startled, as she felt a strange little ripple of energy something like a vibrator, but then she actually saw a small crackle of electricity inside the glass ball as she felt the strange sensation of her nerve endings flaring.

“Wh-what is it?” she gasped.

“Just the wonders of electricity, my little slave.”

He let the ball touch her flesh, rolling it across her clitoris, and Leah's hips bucked more violently than before. There was a hum of low level electricity against her and her body tingled there, as if her hair should be standing on edge (if she had any hair down there). He rubbed the little ball back and forth over her swollen clitoris, and the sensation grew stronger as she saw what looked like electricity crackling inside the small glass ball.

“Perhaps you'd prefer this,” he said, reversing the thing and rolling the pinwheel across her.

“Oh! Oh, don't!” she gasped, squirming.

“You forgot to say sir again,” he said sternly, putting down the device.

“I-I'm sorry!” she gulped.

“You forgot say sir there too,” he said.

He picked up something else, a short, thin flexible black tube, thinner than a pencil with a black handle. There was a small red leather flap on the end shaped like a small hand, no more than a couple of inches long or wide, and he rubbed that back and forth across her left nipple.

“You must learn to speak properly, slave girl,” he said, pulling her hair back and forcing her back to arch.

*Slap!*

Leah gasped as he struck the center of her breast with the little red hand.

*Slap! Slap! Slap!*

She moaned helplessly, as he slapped her breast repeatedly, the blows seeming to get harder, her flesh stinging more with each blow.

*Slap! Slap! Slap!*

“Oh! Oh, please!” she moaned.

“You forgot to say sir again,” he said, shifting the thing to her other breast.

“Sir!”

*Slap-Slap-Slap-Slap-Slap-Slap-Slap!*

She shuddered and moaned as he brought the thing down across her nipples with quick, short slapping motions that made the center of each breast burn.

“Slave girls have to be tortured from time to time to train them, you know,” he said, rubbing the little leathery hand back and forth across her nipples.

It slid down her body and caressed her clitoris then.

*Slap!*

“Oh!” she moaned.

“Are you a bad girl?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” she gasped.

“Are you a slut?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Say it.”

“I'm a slut, sir!”

“You're a filthy little slut, aren't you.”

“Yes, sir! I'm a filthy little slut, sir!” she moaned as he rubbed the leathery hand back and forth against her clitoris.

Leah found she was already thoroughly aroused again, astonished by how quickly it had happened after that incredible orgasm. She felt wild, her body pulsing with heat, as he held the handle on the thin thing and ran it up and down her body.

“Do you know what this is, slut?”

“No, sir!” she gulped.

“This is a riding crop, slave girl. It's a device that's used to train sex slaves to their proper behavior,” he said.

Leah moaned, rolling her eyes down at it as he ran the thing up and down her body.

“Are you going to be a good little sex slave?”

“Yes, sir!” she gasped.

“Say it.”

“I'll be a good little sex slave, sir!” she moaned.

He gripped the base of the dildo and eased it slowly down and out of her, then slid it back up inside, grinding the head against the deepest part of her pussy as she moaned again. He began to pump it in and out, laying his thumb across the base and sliding it across her clitoris as he moved.

Leah's hips began to grind helplessly against him, her body flushed and her mind swimming in a sexual haze as she submitted to his deliciously exciting attentions.

He shoved it in deep, then put down the crop momentarily and leaned forward,

holding her in his arms.

“On your knees before me, slave girl,” he said.

He lowered her to the floor on her knees, then unzipped his pants and opened them wide. He pulled them off, along with his shorts, then reached for her again, winding her long hair around his fist and pulling her forward.

“Start on my balls, you filthy little sex slave,” he said, drawing her in with one hand as he picked up the crop again. “And if you don't please me I'll punish you with the riding crop.”

Trembling slightly, Leah began to lick and kiss his testicles, rolling her eyes up at him as he stared sternly down. She sucked them into her mouth as he lowered the tip of the crop and let it run up and down her spine.

“That's it, you vile little sexual animal,” he said. “Service your master, as is your duty in life.”

She moaned, then gasped as he brought the tip up around her ribs, then under, slapping it lightly against her left breast, then down against her nipple.

*Crack! He brought the thin length of the crop down against her bottom, startling her and causing her to jerk sharply.*

“Spread your legs, slut. You should always have your legs spread, ready for a man to mount you,” he said.

Leah spread her legs, still sucking his balls, rolling them around in her mouth, giddy with heat as she knelt before him, as her full breasts ground against the sofa beneath her.

He pulled up on her hair, guiding her onto the base of his shaft, and she licked her way up and down its length, moaning now as he slid the crop beneath her and let the small red leather hand rub against her clitoris.

He fed his cock into her open mouth and she slid down deep, moaning, sucking and licking, bobbing her head up and down as she ground her breasts against the soft leather. She could feel the little leather hand against her clitoris, now rubbing, now slapping lightly, now rubbing again, now slapping lightly, as he

held tight to her hair.

And then suddenly he pushed down as she slid down, and the momentum of her own movement was greatly increased. Her eyes bulged as she slid down the entire length, and found his cock deep in her throat and her face jammed into his groin!

She squirmed instinctively, but he held her easily, rubbing her clitoris even harder with the little hand as her hips jerked and bucked in startled alarm. But then she calmed herself, moaning, whimpering, rolling her eyes up at him.

“Do you feel completely helpless, sex slave?” he asked softly. “You are. You're completely at my mercy.”

Leah's head was pounding, her chest burning, and she moaned and trembled as he kept a firm hand on her hair. Then the pressure eased and she pulled her head slowly up, gurgling at the strange sensation of his cock sliding out of her throat. Her mouth came free and she coughed and gasped for breath, feeling light headed as he leaned forward, pulling her hair to force her head up and back sharply.

“Are my my whore?” he asked.

“Y-Y-Yes!” she gasped, coughing.

*Slap! The little red hand slapped stingingly against her breast.*

“Yes, sir!” she cried.

“That makes you a cock-sucking whore, doesn't it? Say it.”

“I-I'm a co-cock sucking whore, sir!” she gasped, still gulping in air.

He released her hair, but then suddenly cupped her face in both hands, leaning in and pulling her forward so their faces were inches apart.

“Say it again!”

“I'm a cock-sucking whore, sir!” she moaned.

“Again!”

“I'm a cock-sucking whore!” she gasped, her stomach starting to squirm hotly once more.

He stood up, and grasped her hair again, pulling her upright on her knees, then grasped his stiff, slick cock with one hand to rub it back and forth over her parted lips as she continued to gasp for breath. He pushed himself through her open mouth and then yanked her forward, and Leah only had a moment to gasp before he had jammed himself deep into her throat again.

He held her by the hair, her lips wrapped around the base of his shaft, his other hand behind her head, jamming her face into his groin as she squirmed and gurgled and black dots danced before her eyes.

He pulled her back suddenly and she sucked in desperate breaths of air, dazed and woozy, and only upright because of his firm hold on her hair. He let her catch her breath somewhat, but not completely, then thrust himself deep into her throat and held her tightly against him once more.

Her head pounded and her chest burned and she squirmed helplessly, dazedly, then he yanked himself back again, leaving her gasping and coughing and swaying on her knees. Again he let her catch her breath somewhat, then buried his cock in her throat for long seconds before pulling back, then pushing forward.

He began to pump himself in her mouth, in her throat, holding her head firmly as she squirmed and gurgled and choked, getting light-headed again. He pulled back all the way, at last, and she gasped for breath.

He dropped to his knees before her again, jerking back on her hair, thrusting his hand between her legs to finger her clitoris. He forced her head up and back roughly, arching her back sharply as he bent to suck and chew hungrily at her hard pink nipples, her chest still heaving wildly.

Then he all-but threw her up and forward, using her hair as both a lever and a break to hold her face from hitting the rug. He positioned her on her knees, her shoulders and breasts against the floor, her bottom high and legs spread wide, then abruptly yanked the plug out of her bottom.

Leah was too dazed to care about anything but breathing as she felt his cock sliding into her bottom. She'd never been sodomized before, and couldn't honestly say it was something she'd ever had much enthusiasm for attempting. But at that moment, she literally did not care. All she cared about was breathing.

By the time she had satisfied that desperate need and her chest was no longer pumping like a bellows he was already deep into her bottom, and her dazed mind knew a sense of wonder that there was no pain, that it just felt oddly full, and in a strangely arousing way.

His hands were moving over her buttocks, occasionally pulling off only to slap back on as he pumped slowly in her ass, driving himself deeper and deeper until she began to feel a strange cramping sensation.

“Do you know what a beautiful ass you have, slave girl?” he asked, grinding himself against her. “I've heard male students talking about your ass, about what a fine shape it is. Just like me, they dreamed about burying every last inch of their cocks inside it, and now I'm about to be the guy who does it.”

Leah was still too dazed to do more than wonder at his words. Guys had really talked about her ass like that?!

She groaned aloud as he thrust deeper, his hands gripping her hips tightly, holding her firmly in position as he moved in and out. The feel of his hips slapping against her, the knowledge his cock was driving into her so deeply, the full sensation, it all combined to make her mind churn with excitement.

She panted weakly, sweating cheek pressed against the rug, breasts mashed against the soft fabric, knees wide as he drove himself in and out. It was a strange sensation, but not unpleasant. Even the ache when he pushed deeper held a hot, throbbing sense of excitement and pleasure to it.

Then his hips pressed firmly against her bare buttocks as he jammed the last inch inside her. Leah moaned at the deeper cramping, but felt a crackling heat through her mind as she realized he had shoved his entire cock up into her ass! This was so dirty! Her eyes blinked behind her glasses, which had half fallen off.

He ground his pelvis against her, then pulled up and back on her hair to raise her shoulders off the floor. Leah moaned at the stinging in her scalp, then gasped and cried out as he began to slap the side of her breast with the riding crop.

“Nasty little slave girl,” he purred. “Look at how she loves being fucked in the ass. What a slut she must be.”

Leah shuddered agreement, mouth wide as she sucked in breath and let it gurgle free, his hips starting to strike her bottom as he resumed his strokes. She whimpered and gasped as her wrists pulled helplessly against the leather restraints, her breasts wobbling below her as he used her hair like a handle, his hips striking her bottom harder and harder.

He let go of her hair abruptly, and she started to fall forward, but he seized her arms immediately, jerking them up and back, holding her face and torso up as he yanked her back to meet his thrusts. Her glasses tumbled off, and Leah's body trembled and shook to his stroke, her head lolling dazedly as he rammed himself into her with hard, powerful strokes, jerking her back to meet every thrust.

Her body was jarred by the repeated impacts, the force echoing through her pelvis and making her clitoris pulse with excitement. Again and again he pounded into the breathless, dazed girl, using her with ruthless, savage passion as she cried out repeatedly, moaning in swirling overheated confusion.

Suddenly he abandoned her arms again, and as she started to fall forward, gasped her hair and yanked her up and back, all the way back, ignoring her cry of pain as her scalp burned, pulling her into an upright position against his body.

He forced her head back, leaning in to close his lips against the nape of her neck, his free hand roughly groping her breasts, then shooting down between her legs.

“Tell me you love my cock in your ass, slut,” he growled.

“I-I do!” she moaned in a choked voice.

His fingers found her clitoris, and she squirmed and ground her hips back against him, impaling herself on his cock.

“Tell me,” he ordered.

“I love your cock in my ass!” she cried.

His hand shifted off hair, and clasped her neck from the front, squeezing but not tight enough she couldn't breath.

“Are you my whore?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Say it, slut.”

“I'm your whore, sir!”

His hips ground obscenely against her, his stiff shaft twisting inside her belly. He started thrusting, then, his fingers rubbing harder against her clitoris even while pressing up against the base of the vibrator he'd all-but buried inside her.

The orgasm blossomed deep inside her. It spread out slowly, like a wave coming ashore, and then suddenly intensified, turning her insides to fire as she cried out again and again, hips grinding desperately against his fingers, buttocks grinding back onto his cock.

He tightened his hand on her throat, shutting off her breath, making her skull feel ready to explode from the furious release of sexual energy. Every beat of her heart made the ferocity of the orgasm build higher and hotter, until she trembled and shook, convulsions wracking her body.

Then he let her breath and shoved her down and forward, her face against the floor again as he buried his cock in her ass and ground himself against her.

He was not finished, though she groaned weakly, eyes glazed. He had, at some point, removed his shoe, which was thankful since at that moment he shifted his body to one side and extended his foot, then brought it down on the side of her head, grinding her face into the rug. He worked his hips in and out in slow, deep strokes, the dazed girl trembling and moaning and gasping for air as she recovered her wits.

“Tell me you're a filthy slut,” he ordered.

Leah moaned dazedly.

His foot pushed down harder and she grunted.

“Tell me you're a filthy, cock loving slut,” he said.

“I-I'm a filthy, cock loving slut,” she groaned.

“Again.”

“I'm a filthy, cock-loving slut!”

“Again. Keep saying it.”

Gulping in air, panting, moaning, Leah continued to say the words as he drove his thick cock deep into her ass with long, slow strokes for what felt like long minutes. Then he abruptly shifted his position again, drawing his foot back, seizing her hips, and pounding himself into her with unrestrained passion.

Leah gasped and yelped and moaned and cried out as his hips hammered against her upraised bottom with jarring, bruising force, his cock spiking deep into her body again and again and again until finally, he groaned aloud, buried himself inside her, and stopped.

\*

It was... relentless. Leah had never imagined anything like it. Sex was an activity which took up some minutes, then was done. But this wasn't ever done! As soon as he'd finished one thing he started in on something else!

He freed her wrists, but only so she could crawl for him, and he stood watch, clutching the riding crop, waiting to bring it down across her bottom with a stinging blow if she failed to do it properly. Leah crawled back and forth on the carpet, pausing several times at his orders, either to drop the front of her body low and spread her legs wide, or to rise up and back on her knees and arch her back.

She had to stand, with hands behind her neck, chest thrust out, or drop to her knees the same way, or, on her knees, raise her hands and arms in a begging position, like a dog. She had to stand on the balls of her feet, bent over, hands to the floor, spreading her legs wide, or lay back on the floor and draw her legs up and back, spread as wide as she could to expose herself to his use.

And all the time that little red hand was alternately sliding back and forth across her swollen clitoris or slapping stingingly at her buttocks or breasts!

He had her go through what she considered the most obscene yoga exercises imaginable, given she was naked, displaying her body for his appreciative eyes, and then had to masturbate with the dildo, while he looked on.

That seemed an incredible thing to do! And at first, blushing despite all she'd already done, she pretended to with great reluctance, but the act of pretending soon became real as he watched her, as she plunged the thing in and out of her body and stroked her fingers across her clitoris. And when she climaxed it was unfeigned.

\*

She'd been anxious but mystified when he made her lay on the floor, watching as he tied ropes around her ankles of the long boots she wore. Then he pulled over a chair and lifted the ropes up, putting them through separate rings which were driven into the overhead ceiling beam.

He drew them back together on the floor and pulled them taut, then began to pull together. Leah gasped as she felt her feet raised high, her legs following. Her body slid across the floor and then her hips rose up, rose higher, until she was awkwardly balanced on her shoulders.

He pulled again and she moaned helplessly into the gag he'd pushed back into her mouth, raising her right off the floor until she hung upside down, her legs spread wide, her heart pounding. She moaned into the gag as he tied off the ropes, then knelt behind her.

She felt his hands on her wrists, and felt them unclipped from each other. He released her left, but held her right, pulling it down and out to the side, where he slid another rope into the ring on the leather restraint, tied it, then pulled it down to the side and tied it off to a ring set in the floor.

She quickly found herself spreadeagled, upside down! Her head pounded and throbbed at first, but the longer she hung there the less it seemed to pound. He tied a blindfold over her eyes, then pressed something into her ears, what felt like plugs or – .

“I'm a slut,” she heard.

It was her own voice! Her eyes widened behind the blindfold. She'd had no idea

he was recording her voice! Suppose someone heard that! Worse, what if he'd gotten video!? What if there had been a hidden camera in the room!?

“I'm a filthy little cock loving slut! I'm Jacob's whore. I'm Jacob's sex slave. I love sucking cock...” her voice went on and in her ears as she writhed against the ropes.

Then something pushed hard against her sex, and a moment later began to vibrate with alarming power. She gasped and moaned, already doubly penetrated by the thick dildos he'd stuffed inside her front and back!

But she was alone. Or at least, she had no way of knowing if he was even there. She was in a black world with no vision and no sound but that of her own voice. She couldn't move, and her head was fuzzy from being upside down. The overriding sensation she felt was the vibrator jammed against her.

But she'd still been breathlessly excited when he pulled her upside down, and this new experience was not exactly calming her down. She moaned into the gag, feeling strangely as though she were floating on air. Though, perhaps that wasn't so strange given she was hanging in mid-air!

And then she began to hear a strange background to her own words in her ears. It was as if Jacob had spliced together a recording, or multiple recordings with her own voice. The other voices were all male, and were only a little louder than whispers, though she could make them out if she tried.

“Wow, look at that chick!”

“She's so hot!”

“I'd like to fuck that!”

“That girl needs my cock!”

“What a beautiful ass she has.”

“I love her tits.”

“I want to run my hands over that body!”

“I want that ass!”

“I'd love to bend her over and do her!”

And on and on they went, different men, their voices filled with hunger and lust, just below the sound of her own voice.

“I'm a fuck toy! I promise to have sex with anyone who wants me! I'll let anyone do anything they want with my slut body! I want to be a prostitute! I want to have sex with women! I want...”

Was he trying to brainwash her or something, she thought dazedly. Maybe he was! But then, wasn't this an experiment... of sorts?! She moaned and wriggled, arching and writhing in mid-air as the vibrator ground against her with remorseless power.

The first orgasm had her thrashing and twisting and crying out into the gag. And so did the fifth, and the tenth. She lost track of them after that, but somewhere around what she thought might be the twentieth orgasm she was so exhausted she could hardly do more than tremble and shake, her hips bucking spastically.

By then she had lost track of time, and to some extent, had lost track of everything else, of where she was, why she was there, and what was happening. She could feel that her body was sheeted in perspiration, but that knowledge had no impact on her dazed mind. She ached, but didn't know it, or why, or care.

She hung in a semi-conscious state, groaning, wildly overheated, gasping for breath, whimpering as her internal muscles spasmed again and again, aching from the overuse.

Another orgasm hit her, and another, and another, and another, and she trembled and shook and gurgled dazedly through them, exhausted and helpless, mind blank to everything but the sheer raw sensation tearing through her.

And then she was being moved. And there was warm water around her. And then she was being laid on something unspeakably soft. Her wrists were still bound behind her, but fingers worked the gag out of her mouth, then slipped the blindfold off.

The lighting was soft, but she still blinked her eyes at it. She was in a bedroom,

in a deliciously comfortable bed, with sheets around her, head propped on a feather pillow. Jacob was beside her, laying on his side, and his hand gently stroked her breasts as he bent to lick and suck on her nipples.

She moaned weakly, eyes closing as his mouth made its slow, patient way over her body, spending a lot of time on her breasts, then licking and lightly nibbling at her flesh as he moved lower, pushing back the sheets.

Her sex felt numb, but when his soft lips and warm mouth covered it she moaned in pleasure. His tongue lapped at her clitoris, which ached but... ached deliciously with every touch. Then he was atop her, over her, inside her. She groaned as his weight pressed her into the bed, as his lips covered her mouth, as his chest pressed down against her breasts.

It was all so... different from the buzzing grinding she'd gone through. It was so much softer and nicer and delightfully full of light and warmth and the feel of flesh against her flesh.

Another orgasm lashed her senses and sent her mind spinning, and then she got to relax, to lay back, close her eyes, and sleep.

\*

The next morning started as a replay of the previous night. His lips and tongue were on her, his fingers caressing her, then he was inside her, thrusting strongly until she cried out with orgasm.

He helped her sit up, helped slide the boots onto her feet and up her legs, helped her stand. Her body ached everywhere, but when he attached the leash to her collar she followed him out the door and down the stairs, then knelt on the floor in the kitchen.

It was odd, she thought, as he sat down. He'd spoken about trauma, about being traumatized and how that could change a person's view of the world. She felt shell-shocked by what had happened to her, by the long, crackling waves of pleasure which had made her dance upside down in paroxysms of heat, passion and desire.

Was she different? She wasn't sure. She certainly obeyed him quickly, almost instinctively, for she still carried the riding crop, and was quick to lash it down

on her breasts or bottom or anywhere else in range if she displeased him.

“Up, slut,” he said, squatting next to her with the vibrator from the other day.”

She shuddered, but obeyed, and he slid it under her, then guided her down onto it. She groaned as it slowly pushed up through the soft, tight folds of her sex, her weight pushing her down further and further, until it was almost buried inside her. He didn't turn it on, though, something which made her feel profoundly grateful.

He sat down and looked at her, and she looked back, flushed.

“Are you a slut?”

“Yes, sir. I'm a slut, sir.”

It didn't seem as exciting and wicked saying it as it had yesterday, maybe because she'd already said it so many times, and heard herself saying it so many more times.

“Are you my whore?”

“Yes, sir. I'm your filthy whore, sir.”

No, the weird part was, she thought, that it sounded... natural to say it.

“Back straight, whore,” he said, snapping the crop up against the underside of her breast.

She winced but jerked her shoulders back, and he fed her a piece of a bagel.

“And what do you want to be in life, slut?”

“I want to a stripper, sir,” she said. “I want to be a prostitute. I want to be a sex slave.”

Those words sounded a little more exciting, if for no other reason than the wicked images they created in her mind.

He fed her another piece of bagel, having her lick it out of his fingers.

“Who owns this body, slut?”

“You do, sir.”

“Why?”

“Because I'm your sex slave, sir.”

“Hmm, so I can invite a bunch of friends over to gang bang you, right?”

“Yes, sir!” she said, her chest tightening.

She was sure... fairly sure... he was just saying that, that he had no intention of doing it, almost certain, in fact. However hot and nasty it felt to say it, to pretend it, she would be horrified if ten men showed up to find her like this!

He fed her another piece of bagel, then another.

“You love the feel of a big cock inside you, don't you, slut.”

“Yes, sir. I love to feel a big cock inside me,” she gulped.

His fingers combed through her hair. “Because you're a cock hungry little sexual animal, aren't you.”

“Yes, sir,” she gulped. “I'm a cock hungry sexual animal.”

The big dildo inside her seemed to be throbbing. Or maybe it was her throbbing around it!

“Yes, you are.”

He fed her another piece of bagel, then got up and moved away. When he returned he had something odd looking in his hand. It looked sort of like the tail from a coonskin hat, only longer and when he dropped low to show it to her she saw it was attached to a mushroom shaped thing. It was hard to tell without her glasses, and he hadn't let her have those back.

“Get down on your face on the floor, slut,” he ordered. “Raise your bottom high and spread your legs wide.”

Moaning, Leah obeyed, biting her lower lip as she felt him pressing the mushroom thing against her back opening. It was thick, part of it was, and she groaned as he twisted and pushed it to work it inside her. It disappeared, or seemed to, and then the tail hung outside her like... well... a tail.

He undid the clip holding her arms together and had her get on all fours, then crawl back and forth across the kitchen, the tail trailing behind her. He smiled, then tore up the rest of the bagel and put it on a bowl on the floor. He poured some milk into another bowl and set it next to the first.

“You can eat now, sex animal. Just remember, animals don't use their paws.”

Stomach swirling, Leah crawled over to it, then lowered her upper body onto her elbows and forearms.

“Raise your bottom high and spread your legs. Your legs should always be spread wide in welcome of any man who wants to use you like a whore,” he said.

And so she did, stomach continuing to swirl and chest tightening with a strange dark excitement as she ate the bagel and slurped at the milk, her breasts pressing against the floor, her bottom up and knees wide.

It was such an obscenely undignified position, so outrageous and going against every rule of modesty she'd ever been taught that doing it made her stomach swirl and churn even more, left her insides thrumming with sexual heat once more.

God! This was so wild and slutty! She was such a slut!

He snapped a leash to the collar around her neck, then had her crawl back and forth at his heels, the tail wagging behind her, then led her to the living room where he sat to watch the cable news.

“Sit, animal.”

She sat on her heels, spreading her legs wide.

“Hands on your outer thighs.”

She obeyed, waiting.

When he showed her a dildo she gulped, wondering where he intended putting it, but then he tossed it across the room.

“Fetch, slut.”

That was so fucking outrageous! And yet, in the mood she was in, she obeyed, hurriedly crawling across the room for it. She didn't even try to pick it up in her hands, but bent to pick it up between her teeth, then crawled back to hand it to him.

He took it, slid the head into her mouth, and she sucked breathlessly as he pumped it in and out. Then he pulled it out and tossed it again.

“Fetch, slut.”

She crawled after it, picked it up in her mouth and carried it back.

“Good slut,” he said, patting her head.

Leah felt heat rushing through her.

He put it into her mouth again and she sucked and licked as he pushed it in and out, then once again he tossed it and she crawled to fetch it back.

He held it up to her and she bobbed her lips up and down it.

“Take it into your throat, slut.”

Moaning, she forced herself down its length until her lips were closed around his fingers on the base. She gagged a little, but was too aroused to care as she slid back up once more.

He rubbed the spit-wet cock back and forth along her lips.

“What are you?”

“I'm a filthy slut animal, sir!” she gasped, chest heaving.

He threw it and she fetched it and then she bobbed her lips up and down again

before swallowing it.

Abruptly, he bent forward, his right arm wrapped around her waist, swinging her around so she was side on to him, then lifting her up and dropping her across his lap.

*Crack!*

“Naughty little slut,” he said, his hand caressing her bottom.

*Crack!*

“Naughty little sluts need to be punished,” he said, fingers kneading her buttocks.

*Crack!*

She gasped, legs jerking at the third slap, then moaned as his hand dropped down between her thighs to finger her clitoris.

“Are you my slut?”

“Yes, sir! I'm your slut, sir!” she croaked.

*Crack!*

His left hand slapped her as his right continued to finger her clitoris.

“Yes, definitely in need of punishment” he said.

*Crack!*

“And a future prostitute or stripper. Such a bad little slut!”

*Crack!*

She moaned and her hips ground helplessly against him as he fingered her, rubbing down against her clitoris and pushing it back against the hardness of the dildo he'd driven up deep inside her.

“I'm sure I can find someone to pay to fuck a hot little slut like you,” he said.

“But a stripper, I don't know. Can you dance, slut?”

*Crack!*

“Ow! Y-yes, sir!” she whimpered.

“We shall see.”

He had her crawl upstairs on the leash, and into the room where she'd spent what must surely have been hours hanging upside down. She hadn't even noticed the pole on one side of the room yesterday, or if she had, she hadn't paid any attention.

Now he led her up to it, pulled her to her feet and removed the leash.

“Dance, slut.”

He pulled over a chair and she gulped, staring at the pole, then at him.

He snorted and picked up a remote control, then pressed a button. She heard her own voice again, proclaiming herself a slut. That stopped and music came on. He shifted through several songs, then settled on one.

“Dance, you filthy little slut.”

Leah moaned, gripping the pole hesitantly, then with more confidence. Wasn't she a hot, sexy, incredibly desirable girl men lusted after? Of course she was!

She began to roll her hips back at him, grinding and pushing her bottom out, body bending and rising and bending again as she spread her legs.

This was so wild!

She turned, back against the pole, reaching up to grab it, rolling her hips as she gave him a vampy look from under her long lashes. She began to roll her head now, sliding her tongue across her lower lip. She turned, twisting, swinging around the pole to face him again, exhilaration sweeping through her as heat pulsed between her legs.

She turned to grind herself against the pole, her legs moving forward so that she

was grinding her sex against the cool, hard metal. She moaned at that, gulping in air as she arched and twisted, turned and rolled her hips, slid her hands up and down her body and through her hair.

“Give me a lap-dance, slut,” he said.

And so she did, straddling him, grinding herself against him, but getting herself more aroused than he was, though she could feel his hardness through his trousers. She came first, gasping and moaning, riding him, grinding her burning, swollen clitoris against the rough fabric of his jeans as she gurgled and cried out in pleasure.

“You didn't beg my permission to come, sex slave,” he said as she slumped against him. “Clearly that must be punished.”

The punishment was to be tied much as she had the previous night, only right-side up. And this time he whipped her, the long, thin whip snapping across her body with more bark than bite, making her yelp and twist and gasp at the stinging blows, but doing little to detract from the dark heat consuming her mind.

The blows mounted, however, turning her skin red, making it flush hotly, aching even as the wild thrill of it all turned her insides to jelly.

After that he pulled the plug from her bottom and rammed his cock up her ass, riding her furiously through two orgasms before coming himself.

\*

Leah spent just the weekend there before returning to her dorm room, returning to her studies. But the experience left a lasting and profound impression. She was definitely not the girl who had come to see her professor that afternoon for a quickie.

She was the sexual animal she'd proclaimed herself, or at least, something like it. She got rid of her glasses, and her wardrobe changed dramatically. She became an outrageous flirt, began going out to parties with Chelsea, and wound up sleeping with the buxom blonde not long after.

She had developed a lust for bondage and submission, as well, and by the end of

the semester had already experienced multiple sex partners at the same time, both men and women, at the professor's house, while she was tightly bound.

The professor made her dance for them, too, to strip for them, to give them lap-dances, and brought her to amateur night at a strip club. That had been a terrifying, horribly embarrassing, yet thrilling experience which had nearly made her body sprout flames from the excitement of showing herself off to all those men!

When the end of term arrived she gave up looking for the usual summer jobs. She traveled to Los Angeles and found a summer job in a strip club. It paid far and away more than any other kind of summer job, and she reveled in showing off her body and acting like the complete slut she had often proclaimed herself to be.

She wasn't, of course, not entirely. Leah hadn't lost who she was. She had simply found a passion in defying conventions, in acting like a slut, in throwing herself into the role of the sexual animal. She became more of an exhibitionist, and delighted in turning men on.

And of course, she delighted in the money, as well.

By September she was glad to return to classes, richer in many ways, certainly in money, but also in the number of wild experiences she'd had in L.A.. That experiment had pushed back her horizons and allowed her to thrive on passion and heat without the guilt which would otherwise have assailed her.

But of course, as experience built on experience, her passion for the wild life only grew. She stopped hiding that side of her personality, proud of her sexual experience, conquests and sophistication.

She narrowed her major, that year, from psychology to the psychology of human sexuality. There were papers to write, she knew, and maybe even books. Who knows, maybe she'd even make a video or two...

End

Have praise, suggestions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

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