



One Hour

By JJ Argus



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

College was great, and Zoe was having a great time, and meeting a lot of friends in her first year. The courses were boring, of course, but then she'd expected that. She hadn't come because she felt a calling for anything, but because it was expected of her, and her parents pretty much insisted that if she didn't she'd be a big loser all her life.

So she took mostly liberal arts courses which were not very challenging, and spent a lot of time out at restaurants and bars, as well as, of course, the many parties at sorority houses and fraternities.

Partying wasn't what she was here for, but of course, it was what she liked, what she wanted to do, what brought Zoe the fun and pleasure and excitement she craved. But she knew her parents wouldn't be amused at her failing as easy a course as English, not when they were forking out \$30,000 a year for her to attend.

It would also screw her up next semester because until she'd finished the basic English courses she couldn't take the higher level ones, like creative writing, that she wanted to. Zoe had an active imagination and she very much wanted to be a writer, perhaps for a magazine until she could write and sell her own novels.

Professor Cambridge had always seemed to be a fairly nice man, though he could also be kind of fussy. Still, his occasional bursts of temper were always with one of the guys, not the girls, especially pretty girls like her.

Zoe was, of course, well aware of her affect on men, and appreciated it. It was nice not to have to do things for herself, nice to have guys buying her things and taking her places, nice to be wanted and greeted wherever she went – as long as they were reasonably polite about it, of course.

Just because they took her to a nice restaurant and then to a movie or something, didn't suggest she owed them anything in return, of course. Other than the pleasure of her company, which was certainly worth quite a bit given the number of men eager to experience it.

But partying did distract her from her studies, at times, and especially ones, like English, which seemed so basic and simple she didn't really feel she had to study at all. She was going to be a writer! Of course she had no problem with English!

And of course, given her English class tended to be first thing on Mondays it was also an excellent choice for her to skip when she had a late night Sunday, or just didn't feel like yawning her way through one of Cambridge's boring lectures on stuff she already knew anyway.

Unfortunately, time had crept up on her. She'd missed a lot of classes and a lot of assignments, and she was now actually in danger of failing the course. But sometimes men could be ... persuaded... to be nice to her, even where she was in the wrong. And Zoe casually accepted she had done wrong here.

Still, she looked like... she looked. Men always wanted to be nice to her because of that, and Cambridge was a man, albeit an old man with graying hair.

Zoe was an intelligent girl, and calculated that the best time to ask for a favor from the professor would be when he was in the best mood, which was likely to be Friday after classes. Who wasn't in a good mood on Friday when work was almost finished?

She also decided to dress for the part. She wasn't going to be obvious about it, of course. She wasn't going to wear something revealing, something showing a lot of cleavage, say, or something with a short skirt. That would be cheap, tacky and demeaning.

But... well, there was nothing wrong with accentuating her appearance. She usually pulled her blonde hair back in a casual tail for school. Today she brushed it so it shone and let it hang free across her shoulders, parted in the middle, and carefully sprayed to stay in place.

She wore her red sweater-dress. It was form fitting, and she knew she had a very attractive form, yet the dress had a turtleneck top, so could hardly be said to be revealing. The hem was a few inches above her knees, but quite respectable. She wore a black belt around her slender waist to accentuate her hourglass shape, and then for good measure put on a pair of frameless glasses.

They were actually from a costume shop, part of a sexy librarian outfit she had worn at a Halloween party, and were clear glass. But she thought they made her look intelligent and sophisticated. And of course, she wore a pair of high heels.

She hung around until the tail end of his visiting hour, not that he got a lot of visitors. His class was, after all, quite easy, then braced herself, with a sad-but-

hopeful expression on her face as she went up to the half open door and knocked.

She pushed it open and saw professor Cambridge turn at his desk from where he looked to be grading papers.

“Yes? Visiting hour is about over, Miss... ahm... Connors, isn't it?”

“Yes, professor,” she said, in her meekest voice. “I won't take more than a minute!”

He shrugged and turned the chair around, beckoning her in.

She came in, making sure her shoulders were back to emphasize her firm breasts.

“Ahm, professor, I'm afraid I've missed a few classes lately, and I missed the last deadline for the assignment on nationalism,” she said in a meek, self-effacing voice.

He got up. He was shorter than her even without her heels, and went to a file cabinet.

Zoe watched, looking hopeful, and actually was. Maybe he was getting her another assignment she could do in place of the one she'd missed.

“English 101-B, Connors,” he said, reading from a file folder.

His eyes flicked up to her.

“You've missed forty percent of my classes.”

Zoe felt a sinking feeling.

“You've missed several assignments, getting zero for each of them.

“I've uhm, been sick,” she said.

He sniffed doubtfully and looked down again. “Given the amount of marks you've missed you need to make... math isn't my strong suite, but about 120 out of 100 marks on the final to pass this course,” he said, closing the folder and

putting it back into the drawer.

“I was hoping there might be ahm, some kind of extra assignment I could do!” she blurted.

“What kind of extra assignment?”

“Well uhm, I don't know. I mean, uhm – .”

“You've missed forty percent of classes so far. Do you suffer from some kind of disability, Miss Connors?”

“No, sir, it's just that...”

“That the classes are Mondays at 8:30 and you didn't feel like getting out of bed.”

“No! I mean, that is... I did read the books!” she said. “I mean, I know English!”

“Oh you know English. So you don't actually need to attend classes. Is that it?”

Yes! she thought.

“No! I mean, it uhm, I guess.. maybe... it seemed like an easy class to cut,” she said helplessly.

“Uh huh. Well, turned out you were wrong.”

“But... surely there's something I could do to make up for – .”

“For missing forty percent of my classes? You mean like a hundred page report on the shallowness of today's students?”

Zoe blanched. A hundred pages!?

“Or maybe on the merits of attending classes and not being so arrogant and lazy as to think they were for more ordinary students?”

“I'm not... lazy,” she protested feebly.

“You're also not passing my class.” he said flatly.

“But... but that's not fair!”

“Not fair? It seems eminently fair to me.”

“But no one told me I was... I mean, you didn't tell me I was missing too many classes!”

“You're supposed to be an adult, Miss Connors. You're in university now, not high school. You're paying a great deal of money to attend classes. If you chose not to, why should I or the university protest?”

Zoe felt her heart sink.

“But – .”

“But, but, but. You're not a little girl, Connors. If you were a little girl I could consider you nothing but a lazy, spoiled brat and perhaps take some sort of remedial action to correct your behavior. But I have no responsibility to correct the behavior of an adult.”

She bit her lower lip anxiously. “Well... maybe I am ... a spoiled brat,” she said uncertainly.

He raised his eyebrows.

“I mean.. my father says I am,” she said lamely.

“I am not your father,” he said.

She groaned miserably.

“So you're going to fail me!?” she asked in disbelief.

He stared at her. “Is there some reason you think you deserve to pass? Maybe because you have long legs and a nice body and pretty blonde hair?”

“I didn't say that!” she said, flushing.

“If you want to pass, Connors, you have to work at it.”

She felt her hopes rise. “At what?” she asked eagerly.

He shook his head and sighed. “Connors, first you have to admit you don't deserve to pass.”

She looked down.

“Okay,” she said.

“No, no, Connors. Not like that.”

She raised her eyes.

“I want you to say the following: I'm a spoiled brat who skipped classes and don't deserve to pass your class, sir.”

She felt her face flush further.

“Say it,” he ordered.

“I'm a spoiled brat who skipped classes and don't deserve to pass your class, sir,” she said.

“And what are you willing to do to make amends?”

“Anything!” she blurted.

“Uh huh. I have my doubts.”

He went past her and closed the office door, and Zoe felt a sudden jolt as she saw him lock it. She wasn't afraid of him, of course. For one thing he was smaller than her, for another, if she screamed someone would surely hear it, even through the closed door, and for another, well, he just didn't seem like much of a threat.

Still, closing and locking the door implied something other than a lecture on her bad attendance or him suggesting a new writing assignment, and she felt anxiety swirling within her.

“As I said, Miss Connors, I've no interest in correcting the behavior of an adult. But it's certainly my duty to correct the behavior of a ... girl, a spoiled little brat, say. Would you say that you're a spoiled little brat, Connors?”

She bit her lower lip anxiously. “Uh, yes sir,” she said warily.

“Perhaps I could correct your misbehavior for you, Miss Connors. That would be my duty as an educator, helping to turn a spoiled brat into a more dutiful and functioning member of society. But of course, I couldn't do so without your complete consent. It is, after all, no longer acceptable in our school systems to administer corporal punishment on students, however badly they behave.”

She stared at him in disbelief, feeling her chest lock tight for a moment. She was sure she had misheard him, then sure she had misunderstood him, then knew she hadn't. She opened her mouth to say something cutting, something insulting, something angry, to express her indignation that he would even dare to suggest –

But that would get her nothing but a fail mark. He was absolutely correct in that she'd behaved in an immature fashion and didn't deserve to pass. No appeal of her failure would get her anywhere. She did deserve to fail.

But she definitely didn't want to.

“Wh... what kind of... corporal punishment?” she gulped.

“What is the traditional punishment for spoiled brats?”

“Make me sit in a corner?”

He laughed in amusement. “Oh no, Miss Connors. I don't think a time-out is what you need. You've already gotten more than enough time-outs by staying in bed when you should have been at class. No, I had something rather more direct in mind.”

“Wh-what?” she gulped.

“Something that will treat that lovely bottom of yours most rudely,” he said.

She felt herself blush even more deeply.

“You wouldn't dare!” she blurted.

He raised his eyebrows again. “I wouldn't think of doing anything against your

consent of course,” he said. “One cannot simply give a spoiled brat a spanking in this day and age, however much she deserves it.”

Zoe's heart pounded and she looked around the room anxiously.

It was a fairly normal office, with a dark wooden desk sitting before the window looking out on the quad, bookshelves on the left and a padded chair on the right, along with some filing cabinets.

“Y-You want to ... to spank me?” she squeaked.

“Don't you feel you deserve a strong punishment for your misbehavior?”

“Well... well yes but... but I was thinking of... an assignment – .”

“Your assignment is one hour of obedience to anything I tell you to do.”

She looked at him, stricken.

“One hour. And you'll get your chance for a pass – provided you can pass the final exam, of course.”

“But... but... I... I'm not...”

“You don't think one hour is enough? I admit I'm being fairly lenient. You have missed many hours of classes, after all, and hours of work on assignments.”

“But you can't – !”

“Not unless you agree, of course,” he said mildly.

“I-I... what would I have to do?” she gulped.

“Anything I tell you to.”

Zoe blanched. The professor was, after all, far from her ideal of an attractive man! He was slender, short, and had unruly gray hair. He was probably in his fifties, which was ancient! He had an unremarkable face and narrow shoulders. At least he wasn't fat, she thought, feeling panicky.

“Which will it be, Miss Connors? Fail or punishment?”

“But that's not fair!” she cried.

“Fair? Who said anything about being fair? Is it fair that I'm going to fail half a dozen other students while giving you the chance to pass? Just because you're female and attractive? What's fair about that? Do you think you and I would be having this conversation if you were a male student? Of course not! I'd have tossed you out of my office.”

He pushed his office chair in against his desk.

“Bend over the desk,” he ordered.

She gaped at him.

“Or leave. It's all the same to me.”

Zoe felt her pulse racing and her mind spinning as she tried to think of what to do, of what to say, of how to react to his utterly outrageous demand!

He shrugged and went to the door, then started to open it.

“Wait!” she cried.

He halted and pushed the door closed again, then glared at her.

“Make up your mind, brat.”

She flinched and then looked at the desk, then, with heart pounding, she moved to it and slowly, hesitantly, bent her lithe young body forward across the top of the chair he'd pushed in against it.

She heard the door locked and gasped, turning her head around.

“Lift your skirt.”

“But – !”

“An hour. Doing what you are told. Was that not what I informed you would be required?”

“But – !”

“Anything I ordered. Did I not state myself clearly?”

She blushed hotly and then, feeling a wave of humiliation, reached back, turning her face away from him, and pulled the tight, elastic fabric of her sweater dress so that the hem slid slowly up her thighs, then up across the softly rounded curves of her bottom.

Her heart pounded like a drum, and she waited tensely for him to touch her, but nothing happened for long, long seconds.

“Now pull down your panties.”

She cringed and almost straightened up, determined to refuse. But suddenly she was struck by a completely unexpected emotion, by a wild rush of something dark and almost foreign sweeping through her mind. This was so utterly outrageous, so shocking, so unbelievable! How dare he treat her like this!?

His behavior was appalling, and inexcusable! She was being persecuted, picked on, treated horribly! And sexually! She was being sexually abused, she thought with a sense of wild emotions. Yet instead of this adding to her misery it gave her an odd sense of comfort.

She was just a poor, helpless (and lovely) girl being cruelly victimized by this... this evil, cruel, perverted old man! She was helpless to resist in his foul clutches! Poor her! She had no choice but to obey his filthy orders!

And as her fingers reluctantly slid back and gripped the string of her thong, she felt a strange sense of heat as she peeled it over her buttocks and down. As it bared her naked sex she cringed under a fresh wave of humiliation, yet the dark breathless excitement rose still further.

Zoe had never felt like an exhibitionist, though of course, she loved the way guys (handsome ones anyway) looked at her and wanted her and lusted after her. And she had certainly never felt any interest in masochism and barely understood the concept.

But now as she tugged her thong down to her thighs and knew he was staring so lewdly at her naked sex and bottom, more than just embarrassment assailed her. She felt vulnerable and helpless and abused, and that, for some strange reason, began to make her body thrum with a dark sense of breathless excitement.

“Very lovely. Has anyone ever told you you have a lovely bottom, Miss Connors?”

She cringed again, then yelped as something came down across her upraised buttocks with a sting of pain.

She jerked her eyes around to see him holding a strap in his hand!

“I asked you a question, brat,” he said sternly.

Blushing furiously, she turned her eyes away.

Crack!

“Oh!”

“Answer me at once.”

“Y-Yes!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Owh!”

“Yes, sir,” he said. “Say it.”

“Yes, sir!” she exclaimed helplessly.

Crack!

“Ohw! Please!” she cried.

Crack!

“Ohww!”

“Please sir,” he corrected.

“Please, sir!” she cried.

“Please what?”

Her mind was spinning and she turned her head around in confusion.

“Please don't punish me? But we have both agreed that you need to be punished. Have we not? Do you wish to renege on our agreement? You're free to leave.”

“No!” she gulped.

He raised his arm and brought it down sharply, and she cried out as the belt snapped down across her raised bottom. Her hips bucked forward sharply and she moaned, half pushing herself up.

“Resume the position,” he said sternly.

Trembling, Zoe obeyed.

Crack!

The belt snapped stingingly across her bottom again.

“Are you sorry for being a brat, Miss Connors?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” she cried weakly.

Crack!

“Ohw!”

“Are you sorry for skipping my classes?”

“Yes, sir!”

Crack!

“Ohw!”

Her panties had slid down her legs and were now pooled around her ankles. She felt them pulled away as he leaned over, and gasped as her left foot was momentarily yanked out from under her.

“Spread your legs wide.”

Another rush of embarrassment swept through her, and she cringed once again, but obeyed, and then felt a sizzling dark thrill as she knew he stared at her.

“Why have you got no pubic hair, Miss Connors?”

Another flood of embarrassment hit her.

Crack!

“Ohhh! Please, sir!”

“Answer the question.”

“I-I... it's... I mean... lots of girls do it!” she moaned.

She gasped, eyes widening, as he slapped her mons lightly with the strap.

“For what purpose? So that you can be more visible to men who look at you like this?”

Her mind burned with humiliation!

“I've heard that the sensations when a man licks you there are superior without any pubic hair. Is that correct, Miss Connors? I'm certain you've had considerable experience.”

She closed her eyes tightly, then cried out as the belt snapped across her bottom again, even harder.

“Ohw!”

“I asked a question, Miss Connors. Think of this as an examination, a makeup test.”

“Y-Yes,sir!” she moaned.

“I see.”

Her eyes went wide and wild as she felt him suddenly cupping her sex, his hand stroking and caressing her sex. She felt his fingers stroking across her clitoris as his hand slid below her and back.

“Very smooth. You do an excellent job of shaving, Miss Connors.”

The belt cracked across her bottom once again and she jerked and cried out.

“Yes, it feels very soft. And you have a lovely looking pussy.”

His finger traced the line of her sex as Zoe stared at the desk in shocked disbelief.

“Very neat looking, nice coloration,” he said.

She felt him spreading the lips of her sex.

“Nice tight, firm lips, not sloppy looking,” he commented.

She gurgled as she felt herself being penetrated! It was his finger, she thought, though it felt rather thick as it pushed slowly into her sex. Meanwhile, his fingers slid in under her clitoris, stroking it casually.

“Yes, very nice, very attractive. You like being attractive, don't you, Miss Connors?”

Zoe was speechless.

Crack!

“Oh!”

“Answer me, brat. Do you like being attractive?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Are you proud of having a sexy body?”

It would have been absurd to deny it.

“Yes, sir!” she moaned.

Crack!

She whimpered as the strap struck her bottom again. Her flesh felt quite hot now,

and sore. It throbbed alarmingly. Yet another sensation was rising much faster from where his fingers stroked across her clitoris. His other finger, his thumb, she thought, was inside her, pressing down as his fingers stroked up, in effect, rolling and massaging her clitoris between them!

Zoe felt her nipples tingling within the cups of her bra, felt a churning, crackling sexual tension beginning to fill her body and mind.

Crack!

The belt cut across her buttocks again.

“Are you a bad girl, Miss Connors?”

She moaned helplessly.

Crack!

“Oh!”

“Answer me, brat.”

“Yes, sir!”

“Say it then.”

“I-I'm a bad girl, sir!”

Crack!

“Again.”

“I'm a bad girl, sir!” she cried.

“And what should happen to bad girls, Miss Connors?”

She didn't answer, and cried out as the belt cut across her bottom again.

“What should be done to bad girls, Miss Connors?”

“Th-they should be punished!” she moaned.

Crack!

“Sir,” he said patiently.

“Sir!”

Crack!

“They should be punished sir,” he said.

“T-They should be punished, sir!” she gasped.

“Spread your legs wider.”

She felt a jolt of dark energy as she obeyed and he moved more directly behind her. She felt his thumb pull out of her, and a longer finger slide in to replace it. She could feel that she was growing very moist, and cringed at the thought he would recognize it, even as his long finger turned and twisted within her.

He pushed a second finger into her, then a third, stretching the walls and lips of her sex as she moaned helplessly. He pushed them in and out as he twisted them clockwise, then counterclockwise, then she felt his thumb stroking across her swollen clitoris.

She gasped and hissed as his fingers turned and twisted inside her, continually stretching her so that she ached. He was not gentle, yet she felt a wild, dark rush of sexual energy boiling through her veins despite that. She was still gripped by a sense of disbelief, her mind reeling from what was happening, and her hips began to spasm as his thumb stroked roughly across her clitoris.

“Oh! Oh! Please!” she moaned.

This time it was his open hand slapping down sharply against her bottom.

“Sir,” he growled.

“Please, sir!” she whimpered.

“Please what? Please make me come like a whore? Was that what you wanted to say, brat?”

His hand slapped down again.

“Was that what you wanted to say?”

“Please!” she moaned, the heat like a fever, filling her with a sense of desperate need.

Panting, she ground herself back against his fingers, moaning and gasping as she felt them sinking deeper. She jammed herself back with a helpless sob, impaling herself all the way to the knuckles, crying out as he flicked his thumb across her clitoris, now with a bit of nail, now without, now with, now without, and hard.

She came, and his hand abruptly shot out to cover her mouth as she cried out again and again, grinding and bucking back as convulsions wracked her slender body.

He drew his fingers out of her and stood back as Zoe lay groaning across the desk, gulping in air, then he turned and opened several cabinets, before coming out with a ping pong paddle. The rubber coating had come off, and he smiled as he turned back to the blonde girl, who was just then starting to push herself to her feet.

Her face was red and she dropped her eyes when she turned around.

“Did you enjoy that, Brat?”

She tugged her dress down over her hips as she looked down at the floor and he smiled thinly.

“We're not finished, Miss Connors,” Cambridge said. “Remove that dress, please.”

She looked up anxiously.

“But – .”

“Now!”

She flinched, then slowly turned and peeled the sweater dress up above her hips again.

“All the way,” he said.

She froze, then undid the belt and pulled the dress up all the way over her head, holding it in front of her.

“Take off the bra.”

She flinched, then put down the dress and reached behind her, undoing her bra and slowly pulling the straps forward over her shoulders. She took it off, and held her arms over her chest, facing the window.

“Turn around, Miss Connors,” he said, putting down the ping pong paddle.

She turned obediently, dropping her eyes again to the floor, heart pounding again.

Connors went to the desk beside her, opened a drawer, and took out a plastic ruler, then stepped back.

“Hands behind your neck, fingers interlaced,” he ordered.

She raised her eyes, stricken.

“Now!”

Moaning low in her throat, the red faced girl obeyed.

“Back arched. Legs spread!” he said, putting his foot between her ankles and rapping it against one.

Zoe obeyed, trembling, filled with disbelief again as she stood on his floor utterly naked, back arched and breasts thrust out for his examination! He stepped forward and she gasped as his hand began to caress her breasts, first one, then the other, caressing the underside, then stroking casually across, following the contours of her body.

“Very nice. You have very lovely breasts, Miss Connors,” he said. “But I'm sure you're fully aware of that.”

He picked up the flexible plastic ruler and rubbed it against a very stiff nipple,

then drew it back slightly and slapped it down.

Zoe gasped, but didn't move.

“Such hard little pink nipples, too,” he said, making her face heat even more.

He slapped the ruler down again, and again she gasped.

“Are your nipples particularly sensitive, Brat?”

He slapped the center of her breast again, and then again, and Zoe felt her nipple starting to throb, starting to warm. He wasn't hitting her hard, only casually using his wrist to slap the ruler against her nipple, but it still startled her and produced a little sting. Repeated blows were starting to turn her flesh pink and make her nipple burn, though.

“Such a bad girl,” he said. “Tell me you're a bad girl, Connors.”

She gulped and he hit harder, making her moan and tremble.

“Say it.”

“I-I'm a bad girl, sir!” she moaned.

“You certainly are.”

He shifted the ruler and began to slap at her other nipple, and she moaned as embarrassment and outrage churned through her mind. Yet a dark, visceral sense of outraged excitement was starting to boil up within her again, and it astonished her to feel it spreading through her body.

Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap, the ruler smacked down across the center of her right breast, then her left, turning both a throbbing red as she stood stiffly in place, heart pounding.

“A very bad girl, he said sternly.

He brought the ruler down between her legs and rubbed it against her hairless sex, and Zoe felt a new sense of shock and anxiety. Surely he wasn't going to hit her there!?

He brought the ruler up and looked at it, then held it out to her, smiling.

“Do you see how wet it is, brat? Why do you suppose it's so wet?”

She felt another rush of humiliation as he held it before her face.

“Such a dirty girl,” he purred.

He placed it between her legs once more, rubbing the smooth plastic back and forth across her clitoris, then slapped her sharply.

Jaime cried out, jerking in place, her legs starting to close.

“Legs wide!” he barked.

Moaning, she obeyed, and he slapped her again, then again, each time sending a sharp, unpleasant ache up through her lower belly.

He pulled back, then pulled his chair out from his desk and ordered her to kneel on it, facing him.

“Hold the same position, brat, legs apart, back arched, hands behind your neck.”

Dazed, she complied, still feeling mortified at having let him make her climax like that!

He put down the ruler, then took something else from a cabinet and brought it over to her. It was, she realized, a can of whipped cream. It had a round plastic top, which he removed. He held the thing to her breast and sprayed a narrow line of whip cream around her nipple, then did the same to the other one.

Zoe felt a surge of anxiety, for the only reason she could imagine him doing such a thing was to lick it off! The idea was gross! On the other hand, it was better than him hitting her aching nipples with the ruler again!

He sprayed a narrow line down her taut body, down her belly, and right over her clitoris, then up between her legs. She moaned and trembled as he put the rounded cap back on the can, then put the can on the seat under her. She felt it rubbing lightly against her sex, then harder!

“Lower yourself onto it, Miss Connors,” he ordered.

“What!?! But... but it's too big!” she cried.

“Nonsense. If a man had a cock that thick you'd climax as soon as you saw it. I know girls like you, Connors. You love having big, hard, thick cocks up inside you.”

He pressed the thing harder against her and she moaned at the pressure. It made her ache down there, though admittedly that was still far from actual pain.

He reached around and jerked back on her hair to force her head back more sharply.

“Elbows back, slut!”

She gasped at the word, feeling another wave of disbelief sweeping through her as she felt the pressure of the can increasing against her sex.

His fingers had been rough on her, though, and had loosened her up considerably. Her own lubrication and now that of the whipped cream, meant that she could now feel the thing slowly pushing into her, slowly forcing the lips of her sex further and further apart!

“Please! Please, sir!” she whimpered.

“You're free to go, Connors, if you want. Of course, if you leave before the hour is up, or disobey me, then you still fail. I always keep my bargains, after all.”

She shuddered as she sank down, feeling the ache grow worse as the pressure grew. The professor leaned forward and closed his lips around the center of her left breast, sucking and licking at her as her nipple pulsed with dark excitement.

His tongue lapped across her tingling nipple and across the center of her pink breast, then switched to the other, as his hand pushed down on her shoulder. She felt the can slowly, ever so slowly spreading her farther, and then, with a cry, she felt it penetrate her, felt the lips of her sex sliding down the round pink top, forced wider and wider, until they gripped the can itself!

The professor licked his way down her chest and belly, then knelt, licking at her clitoris!

Zoe swayed helplessly, gasping, dazed, as she slowly sank down and her body began to crackle with the most intense sexual electricity she could ever remember!

She sank down still further, the hard, thick can pushing up into her belly, stretching out the walls of her sex as the professor licked harder. The sex-heat

began to inflame her mind like a drug, and ate away at her inhibitions.

She sank down willingly, embracing the ache, the pain, feeling the can thrusting deep inside her as the professor's tongue licked hard at her clitoris, and then the orgasm rushed towards her, swept her into its embrace, and set her body bucking and shaking as she cried out in helpless pleasure!

The professor's hands gripped her thighs and pulled, and she cried out even more loudly as he forced her down further, the can making her ache with the fullness inside her!

Not that she really cared! With the wild dark heat sweeping around her all she could focus on was the pleasure, her body bucking and shaking as she arched back even more sharply, grunting breathlessly as she impaled herself on the can.

“Such a nasty little girl,” he said, standing. “And so loud, too.”

He turned and opened a filing cabinet, then another, before taking something out and smiling. It was a red rubber ball.

“I confiscated this from someone in a class last week who was playing with it.”

He pressed it against her lips.

“Open your mouth, slut.”

She gasped again at the word, and then, blinking and swaying, opened her mouth. He pushed it harder against her lips,

“Wider!”

She moaned and opened her mouth as wide as she could, and he squeezed the malleable rubber to force it through her teeth. It expanded again on the inside of her mouth, of course, as he pushed and prodded at it. It filled her mouth, pressing down against her tongue and up against the roof! And it was certainly too big for her to close her lips!

He pulled her out of the chair and turned her around and pulling her hands down, then around and up and back behind her back. She gasped as he forced them up between her shoulder blades and held them there.

“Keep your hands like this, Brat,” he ordered.

He took a thick roll of rough twine from a cabinet and circled her wrists multiple times, tying them together, then drew the twine around her right arm, then back around her left several times, pulling, forcing her elbows closer together.

He bent her forward, then, so that her breasts hung down below her, wobbling delicately, and began to wrap the cord around them! He circled each breast a half dozen times, keeping the twine close against her rib cage, squeezing her breasts out into two taut mounds of throbbing flesh as he ran the twine back behind her once more, through her arms and then pulled her upright.

He fed the twine down along her spine, held it at the small of her back, then fed it around her hips several times before pulling it down between her buttocks. The can was almost buried inside her, with less than an inch remaining outside! He fed the twine across it and up between her legs, tied a knot in it, then fed it up to her waist, to the twine which encircled her hips, then back down once again.

Zoe stood there dazed, trembling, her will having collapsed, along with her pride.

She groaned at the pressure on the bottom of the can, and felt the rough knots against her clitoris as he tied off the twine. Then, smirking, he carefully tied two lengths of twine to her extremely hot and swollen nipples, pulling the knots tight enough to make her cry out!

“Kneel, slut,” he ordered.

She half collapsed to the floor, and he kicked her knees apart so they were wide, then sat down and took out one of the English texts. With his hands gripping the two lengths of twine tied to her nipples, he began to read to her.

“..of course, adjectives were historically classed together with nouns.”

He tugged sharply on the twine and Zoe yelped as it pulled at her nipples.

“You are listening, are you not, Miss Connors? Excellent. Now then, the main syntactic role of the adjective is to qualify a noun or noun phrase, giving more information about the object signified.”

He tugged on the twine again and again she gasped, her upper body pulled forward.

“Is that clearly understood, Connors?”

Zoe gasped and jerked her head up and down.

Cambridge shook his head and tugged on the twine again, forcing her to lean further forward at the pull to her nipples, then reached for the ball and worked it out of her mouth.

“An oral reply is required, Miss Connors,” he said.

“Y-yes, sir!”

Zoe ached inside! Yet she ached in a strange, dark, helplessly exciting way which she could not understand! She was overwhelmed by the position she found herself in, bewildered by how she had let things come to pass, and by her own reactions!

She stared down at the base of the can which the lips of her sex were so tightly clasped around with a sense of bewilderment. She could feel it high in her belly, aching, and knew how thick and long it was so had a sense of amazement it had even fit inside her!

But a strange, almost masochistic sense of breathlessness gripped her now that the worst of the humiliation seemed to have numbed her mind to more. She clung to the idea that at least Cambridge would have to pass her after this, and she would never see him again!

But that didn't stop her from the sense of shock at being tied up, at letting herself be tied up, and kneeling like this, before this... this horrible man!

“Now then, can you tell me what an adverb is?”

“I-it modifies a verb,” she gulped, then cried out as he gave the twine a sharp yank and her nipples stung hotly.

“Sir,” he said.

“Sir!”

“And it also modifies an adjective or another adverb. So your reply, like the effort you have put into this class thus far, is inadequate. Now then, what is a participle?”

She stared at him blankly, her sputtering mind finding it quite hard to think clearly.

He shook his head sadly. “A participle is a form of a verb that is used in a sentence to modify a noun or noun phrase.”

He picked up the ball, tugged on the twine to force her to lean forward again, and worked the ball back into her mouth. He then gathered in her hair and pulled, forcing her to scramble forward and up across his lap! Her breasts, swollen and hard from the cord wrapped around them, ground across his body before sliding across his left hip.

He settled her on her belly, with her head and shoulders hanging down to the floor, then brought his hand down against her bare bottom.

Crack!

“The old fashioned ways are best in teaching children,” he said.

Crack!

“Pain, like pleasure, lives on in their minds much better than anything else.”

Crack!

Zoe yelped and moaned, at the stinging blow, her body jerking so that her stiff nipples ground against the side of the chair she was draped across!

“Such a bad girl,” Cambridge said.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

His hand kneaded and caressed her buttocks between each slap, then moved down to grip the base of the can. She felt his hand sliding down over the bottom

of the can, then pushing on it. Her eyes widened and she jerked and cried out even more loudly as the pressure of the plastic nose high inside her ground against what surely must be the very back wall of her pussy!

He stopped pushing, his fingers finding her clitoris instead, or rather, the rough twine which went down her abdomen, and the knots over her clitoris. Her hips jerked convulsively as he ground those knots back and forth across her swollen clitoris.

He stopped and resumed his spanking.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“You'll thank me one day, Miss Connors,” he said calmly.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Her bottom began to burn once again, and Zoe cried out, gripped by a sense of complete helplessness as his hands ran over her soft skin.

“There was a time sluts like you would be sold at market, did you know that, Miss Connors?” he asked. “Up on a stage, naked, for sale to whatever man had the coin to purchase you as a bed slave.”

He pushed her off his lap but gripped the twine to force her to scramble back up and around onto her knees before him, and she shuddered as she saw him unzip his trousers and pull out a raging erection.

It was not, she saw with a sense of shock, small and slender like Cambridge. It was, in fact, large, quite large, the largest she'd ever seen in person! It was nearly as thick as the can inside her, and quite long!

“Now let us see to your first oral exam, Miss Connors,” he said.

He reached for the ball and squeezed it so he could work it out of her mouth, then put it aside and drew her forward between his knees by pulling on the twine around her nipples.

“Let us see if you have put much effort into this subject, or if you've decided that this too is something you can simply put in the least effort because of your

looks.”

He rubbed his stiff erection across her face, then pushed it into her open mouth, and she gurgled as he pushed down on her head.

“Suck, slave girl,” he ordered.

Moaning, Zoe obeyed, bobbing her lips up and down, marveling that the skinny old man had such a big cock. It was almost too big to properly wrap her lips around as she sucked and bobbed, but she managed. Perhaps, she thought, if she got him off quickly he'd lose interest!

She licked very rapidly on the underside of his cock in hopes of producing just that result, but Cambridge jerked back on her hair after a moment.

“Are you a dog? Are you an eager little girl eating an ice cream cone? Clearly, you have failed to learn this subject either,” he said. “And so I must teach you, as is my duty.”

He removed his pants and shorts entirely, and then guided her mouth in against his balls as he slumped down more.

“Now start with slow licks, then longer ones. Kiss them. That's it, slut. Now suck them gently into your mouth. Gently, slut,” he said, slapping the back of her head. “Gently. Draw them fully into your mouth and massage them there with your tongue as you suck. You see? You can learn something if you apply yourself.”

He lifted his stiff erection up and back against his belly then guided her to lick slowly up its length, then twine her lips around it. He dropped it, then, and showed her how he wanted her to slide her lips over it slowly, sucking rhythmically, then guiding her down... and down... and down!

She gurgled, eyes widening as he pushed it deep into her mouth. Always before she had kept her hands wrapped around a guy's cock, and just sucked around the head. Now she had no control whatever, and with his hand on the back of her head and his other hand gripping the twine biting into her nipples she could not back off!

“Suck,” he said. “Suck, you little blonde slut.”

She shuddered and obeyed as he pulled at her hair to pull her back, then pushed her down again, his thick, now slick cock sliding back and forth through her lips and so deep she almost gagged each time.

Then Cambridge stood up, jerked her head back sharply, pulled on the twine to force her back to arch, and thrust straight down into her throat.

Zoe's eyes bulged and she trembled and shook. She gurgled helplessly, but the sharp sting to her nipples and hair seemed to have somehow distracted her throat enough that while she gagged somewhat, his thick cock was able to slide deep without her stomach turning.

She stared in amazement at the sight of her lips wrapped tautly around the shaft less than an inch from the base, then gurgled as he jerked her forward the rest of the way, and she had the entire thing inside her.

“Ahh, now that's how you do it, little girl,” he sighed. “This is how a slut like you should please a man. I can't believe you thought you could get by with less.”

He pulled slowly back, as Zoe's heart and head pounded and her chest began to burn. The fat head popped free of her throat and she gulped in air in deep, ragged, desperate breaths as he chuckled and rubbed his sopping cock across her face.

“If you're going to get by on being hot stuff, blonde girl, you had better know how to perform,” he said. “And if you're going to pay so little attention to your lessons here you'll need something to fall back on when it looks like no promotion is in sight.”

He drove himself back into her mouth, and then pulled her relentlessly forward by the hair, shoving himself deep in her throat again!

Zoe gurgled and gagged once more, but not as strongly, and felt a sense of amazement that she was actually deep throating a cock, and a huge one, as easily as this! She had, of course, experimented with such a thing before, but given it up fairly quickly for fear that it would simply make her throat up.

Besides, it wasn't like anyone had ever complained before!

He lifted his cock upwards, pressing it back against his belly, and had her suck

Her voice trailed off and he got up, picked up the strap and gave her several sharp blows to the bottom.

“Did I not give you orders to keep talking until I said to stop?” he demanded.

“I'm a bad girl! I'm a bad girl! I'm a bad girl!” she gasped.

He went back to his desk.

“I'm a bad girl. I'm a bad girl. I'm a bad girl. I'm a bad girl,” she said, over and over again for at least five minutes.

“What is a demonstrative pronoun, Connors?”

“I uhm, a pronoun that demonstrates something?” she gulped.

“Give me one.”

“Uhm... I uh... can't.”

He got up, strap in hand, and she winced as he swung it down several times across her bottom.

He jerked back on her hair and she gasped in pain as her back arched and her nipples were pulled sharply against the twine.

“This is your hair,” he said, as he held it in his fist.

He gave several short, quick tugs, as his other hand moved down to finger her nipples.

“These are your nipples,” he continued.

He pointed at her wide eyes.

“These are your eyes.”

He released her hair and bent over, his hand thrusting between her legs, and she gasped as he pushed up against the base of the can.

“This can is buried in your hot, sluttish little pussy,” he growled.

He took his semi-flaccid cock out of his open trousers and gripped her hair again, pulling her head back and turning it to the side.

“This is my cock,” he said, guiding her lips onto it.”

He pointed down between her legs. “That is your hot little clitoris.”

“Are you starting to get the idea of what a demonstrative pronoun is now, slut?”

He pointed at some papers on his desk.

“Those are the test papers,” he said. “He pointed at a jacket hanging on the wall. “That is my jacket.”

He pointed at her, then. “This is a slut.”

His cock had hardened rapidly in her mouth, and he buried it to the base, then traced his finger along her lips. “These are you lips wrapped around my cock.”

He held her tightly in place as her squirmings grew more frantic from lack of air, his cock buried in her throat, then pulled slowly back.

“Now you know what a demonstrative pronoun is, Connors.”

He returned to his desk and sat down, and she gulped in air, gasping for breath, and wincing at how hot and stinging her nipples were.

“Are you a bad girl?”

“Y-Yes, sir!”

“Say it and keep saying it.”

“I'm a bad girl,” she gasped breathlessly. “I'm a bad girl. I'm a bad girl. I'm a bad girl.”

After another several minutes he interrupted her again.

“What is an action verb, Connors?”

“A-a verb that describes an action, sir.”

He shook his head. “An action verb name a physical or mental action, an abstract action. Give me an example.”

“Uhm, the cat bit the dog,” she said.

“And the action verb is?”

“Bit.”

“Bit sir.”

“Bit, sir!”

“That is a physical action. What about an abstract action?”

She hesitated and he stood up, then jerked back on her hair again so that she gasped in pain as her nipples stung. His cock rubbed along the lips of her open mouth, then pushed inside and she closed them and began to suck.

“The slut is learning how to fellate a man,” he said. “The abstract verb is learn.”

He hardened rapidly in her mouth and he thrust deep.

He pulled back and held his cock just above her open mouth, still holding her hair back tightly. Saliva dripped from his cock into her mouth as she gasped for breath.

“The professor's cock dripped into the slut's mouth,” he said. “Dripped what, Connors? Dripped nothing, of course. Therefore, dripped, though a verb, is intransitive.”

He pushed himself into her mouth again and she closed her lips around him, sucking.

“The slut sucked the cock,” he said. “Sucked being the action verb.”

He shoved himself deep into her throat again, pumping in and out now as he held tightly to her hair. Zoe gurgled and gagged weakly as he moved up and down, then gasped dazedly as he pulled out and went back to his desk to sit down.

“Are you a bad girl, Connors?”

“Y-Y-Yes, sir!” she gasped.

“Say it.”

“I'm a bad girl. I'm a bad girl. I'm a bad girl –,” she moaned breathlessly.

He worked on marking the tests for long minutes as she softly chanted the words.

She rolled her eyes up at him as she knelt in place. Her knees were aching now, and her nipples were hot little pebbles of pain! She wondered if he was going to keep her there kneeling in the corner the entire hour!

“A preposition is a word that shows the relationship between a word in the sentence and the word that is the object of the preposition, Connors. Give me a sentence using a preposition.”

Zoe halted her chanting, but her mind was hardly functioning at its best just then, and she couldn't for the life of her think of anything!

He sighed and shook his head.

“Very well. The blonde slut kneeling in the corner, is being punished” he said. “So obviously 'in the corner' is directing us to this particular slut, as opposed to some other slut. Or we could say, the blonde whore with the can shoved up her pussy is looking for special treatment. What is the preposition, Connors?”

“W-with the can shoved up her pussy, sir,” she gulped.

He got off his chair and came over to her again, his cock hanging out. She groaned as he pulled her head up and back and around, then let her lick and suck him erect before burying himself in her throat once again.

“One single hour, Connors. That seems hardly enough time for you to make up the hours and hours of class time you missed, not to mention all those assignments,” he said, as he held her lips pressed tightly against the base of his cock.

“Why are you being punished, Connors?” he demanded as he pulled back.

She gulped in air in ragged, frantic breaths for long seconds.

“B-because I missed class, sir!” she gasped.

“Because you're a lazy slut, Connors.”

“Yes, sir!” she panted.

“Let me hear you say it.”

“I'm a lazy slut, sir,” she said dully.

“You are being punished because you're a lazy slut. Say it.”

“I'm being punished because I'm a lazy slut.”

“Keep repeating it.”

He returned to his desk again and she parroted the words as she slowly regained her breath.

“I'm being punished because I'm a lazy slut. I'm being punished because I'm a lazy slut. I'm being punished because I'm a lazy slut. I'm being punished because I'm a lazy slut. I'm being punished – .”

After several more long minutes he got up again and returned to her. Once again he pushed himself into her mouth and let her suck and lick him back to full erection, then plunged deep into her throat and pumped in and out in long, slow strokes.

He pulled out, this time and then unhooked her nipples from the hook and pulled her to her feet before bending her over the desk. She groaned as she felt him gripping the can, but this time he cut away the twine holding it in place, then slowly pulled it free of her body.

She felt sooo good at not being so stretched, at not having the thick metal can lodged so high in her belly! But her relief came too soon, for he spread her legs and pressed the round nose, wet with her juices, against her back passage.

At first she was too busy gulping in air, too dazed to really notice. That allowed him to press harder and harder until the thing was able to force her sphincter to

surrender, and push into her ass. She groaned, then, eyes fluttering, her mind starting to be drawn to the ache as the thick can pushed down her anal tunnel.

“Oh! Oh! Please!” she gasped.

Crack! His hand slapped her bottom sharply.

“Sir, Connors,” he growled.

“Please, sir!” she moaned.

He ignored her, relentless, as he twisted and turned the can, pushing and pulling on it, slapping her bottom to distract her as he forced it deep into her ass. He then drew her to her feet and untied the twine which had been pinching her nipples so painfully, and sat himself down on the armchair, then pulled her in to straddle him.

Zoe swayed, moaning, as her knees sank into the padded pillow, then moaned as she felt his cock rubbing against her aching entrance. She sank down, however, and the feel of his slick, warm flesh was indescribably better than the hard, cold can. It was not as thick, and the soft, tactile caress of his slick flesh was shockingly erotic.

She groaned as she sank down its length, especially as her nipples began to tingle from being released from the biting grip of the twine. Her clitoris was exquisitely sensitive now, after having had the knotted twine grinding against it, and now his slick finger found it, sending a starburst of sensation sweeping up through her body.

“Oh! Oh!” she cried. “Ohhhh!”

He tsked, jerked back on her hair, and forced the ball back into her mouth again. With that done he began to lick and suck on her tingling nipples as his hands gripped her buttocks and lifted her up and down.

Zoe's body was gripped by a tumultuous wave of heat as raw sensation flooded her nervous system. The feel of his cock inside her was incredible as she began to work her spasming muscles and ride him. She felt the churning sexual heat screaming higher into her body, flashing over into a feverish, nearly desperate need.

She rode him frantically, crying out again and again as his fingers stroked her clitoris and his mouth sucked and licked at her nipples! The orgasm swamped her mind and had her screaming outright, her head thrown back as she rode him for all she was worth!

Dropping down low enough, she felt the jarring impact of the base of the can against his thighs, which forced the nose to jam deeper into her ass. That was a deep, throbbing ache, but given the way her nervous system was overwhelmed by the tornado of sexual heat it only served to arouse her further.

She cried out in pleasure every time she dropped down hard on his cock, her mind overpowered by the raw pleasure as her orgasm went on and on, slowing, easing, then rising and quickening repeatedly, until she realized that rather than one absurdly long orgasm she was having, for the first time ever, multiple orgasms!

She rode him like a wanton, breathless, sobbing animal, until finally his cock exploded in her belly, and she sank down, trembling, sweating, and half conscious as she straddled his body.

“You're not a bad little fuck once you get going, Connors,” he said, squeezing her bottom. “You just need to be inspired.”

He kneaded her hard breasts, then lifted her up and set her on her feet, holding her firmly so she wouldn't collapse, then guided her to his desk again, bending her over.

Zoe moaned, her taut breasts squeezed against the hard wood as she bent over, eyes glassy.

“This is supposed to be a punishment,” he said sternly. “I don't think it proper to reward a student who skips so many classes with this much pleasure. Had I know what a slut you were, Connors, I'd have found some other punishment.”

He picked up the ping-pong paddle he had fetched earlier, and caressed her upraised bottom.

“As it is, we shall have to make do with what is at hand,” he said.

She shuddered, her legs jerking and spasming as he pressed against the base of

the can, almost completely sinking it into her body. Then he pulled her legs together and brought the paddle down against her bottom with a sharp blow.

Crack!

Zoe squealed, her head jerking up at the sharp stinging blow. Another followed it, however, and another, and another, and another, as she yelped and moaned and then began to cry out again and again.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Have no fear. I'm not hitting hard enough to bruise these beautiful buttocks,” he said.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“We wouldn't want to cause any damage to such a delightful bottom.”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“But you do have to be taught a lesson.”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Zoe's eyes filled with tears as her bottom burned hotly, each stinging blow rattling around in her skull as her woozy mind sputtered and rolled. Yet the blows continued until she was sobbing openly, until she had stopped struggling and simply lay in place, defeated.

Only then did the professor pull her upright, then he had her straddle the the arm of the leather chair, one leg folded beneath her against the cushion, and the other straight out on the side of the chair.

He stood before her, her hair gathered above her head filling his fist as he pulled her forward to bend at the waist. He got some tissue and let her blow her nose, then dabbed at her eyes before pulling the ball from her mouth and guiding her mouth to his balls again.

Dazedly, she obeyed, licking and sucking his balls and cock, mouthing the latter until it began to harden again, then bobbing up and down along it. He shoved

himself fully into her throat repeatedly, and she became numbed to the sensation even while feeling a strange sense of victory at being able to do it so easily now. She hardly gagged at all!

He was in no hurry, however. Every time he buried himself in her throat, he held her tightly in place for long seconds, then pulled himself completely free, and demanded an answer on a question of grammar.

“Name the four main parts of speech, slut,” he ordered, her hair tightly gripped in his fist as she knelt before him.

“Uh... uh... a uh.. noun and a verb and... and adjectives and adverbs,” she panted.

He slapped her cheek lightly.

“Sir, slut.”

“Sir!”

She moaned at the pressure against her sex. Her clitoris was still highly sensitive, and the lips of her sex hot, swollen and wet. Moreover, the big can was still stuffed up her bottom so that, however much she was bent forward, she felt the pressure deep inside her as the base pressed against the leather.

“Repeat the answer in a proper sentence, slut.”

“The four main parts of speech are nouns, verbs, adjectives and adverbs, sir,” she moaned.

He thrust himself deep into her throat again, holding her lips pressed against him for long seconds, then slowly pulled her up and back by the hair.

Zoe cried out as she sank back onto the can, now almost impaling her.

“All right, slut, what is declension?”

Zoe was gulping in air dazedly, and he slapped his cock against her face.

“Answer me, slut.”

“I... I uh... declension indicates singular or plural, sir!”

“That is correct but an inadequate answer.

He picked up the plastic ruler and pulled her hair up and back, arching her back as he gave the center of each breast a half dozen sharp blows. Of course, that put her weight down on the can, which made her cry out as somehow her body found room for it, and every last inch was forced up into her abdomen.

“Give me an example of a noun and a pronoun, slut.”

But Zoe was woozy and shell-shocked and her brain was only partially functioning.

He slapped her face and jerked on her hair.

“Slut is a noun,” he said. “the word 'she' could be used as a pronoun in place of slut.”

She felt his fingers at her clitoris, rubbing, stroking, and she shuddered anew, her hips grinding against him, grinding against the leather she was straddling, her eyes glazed.

“Sluttish little blonde animal,” he growled.

He pulled her off the chair and turned her to the wall, then gripped the twine in the middle of her chest and pulled, tightening the loops around her throbbing breasts. He slipped the thick twine around a hook on the wall, then jerked her hips back, slapping her bottom sharply.

“Spread your legs, slut,” he ordered, slapping her bottom again.

He jerked her thighs apart, and Zoe cried out as the movement jerked the twine harder against the hook, tightening it still more around her breasts. The ball was soon stuffed back into her mouth, and the professor pulled her hips back even more.

She felt his tongue at her sex, then, as he knelt behind her and angled his head up between her trembling thighs. She gurgled and moaned and trembled and shook as his tongue licked hungrily at her clitoris. His fingers parted the lips of her sex and his tongue shot up inside her as she squirmed and moaned and her hips bucked and rolled in wanton heat.

He stopped, rose, and picked up the strap, then cracked it down against her upraised bottom.

“Bad girl,” he said sternly.

The blow stung, but not intensely. Her body was still hot and the skin tender, but her insides were squirming, as was her mind.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

She gasped and moaned and squirmed, but made no effort to resist.

“You must begin to pay attention to your studies, Miss Connors,” he said.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Unless, of course, you decide to drop out of college and become a prostitute or a stripper instead. I think you would have a fine career in the sex trade,” he said.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Zoe jerked and moaned, her bottom starting to ache fiercely again, but Cambridge halted and knelt behind her again, his tongue lapping hungrily at her sex.

His fingers pushed into her roughly, turning and twisting, thrusting in and out, first one, then two, then three, stretching her open as his lips sucked on her clitoris.

At the same time, she felt his fingers at her back passage, felt him gripping the base of the can and pulling it slowly back. An enormous ache within her began to quickly subside, and she felt an astonishing wave of relief and pleasure as the big can was drawn slowly back down her back passage, and then finally pulled free.

He stood up and she felt what had to be his own cock sliding into her. Her body had the same reaction it had when she'd entered her vaginally. His slick, warm flesh felt so much better than the cold hard can, so much more comfortable and natural, that she groaned in delicious, sensual pleasure as he pushed into her.

He wasn't as long or as thick as the can, either, which her body easily accommodated now given the stretching she'd had. He managed to bury himself in her ass without any real difficulty. Though she felt a little spike of achiness inside it was nothing compared to the can, and she felt the heat rising within her as he ground himself against her buttocks, then began to pump in and out.

“I've thought about doing your tight ass since the first time you showed up in my class, Connors,” he growled, gripping her hair and yanking it up and back.

She grunted dazedly as his thrust grew more and more powerful, as his hips began to batter against her buttocks. The feel of his slick, hard cock driving up and down inside her made her mind roll and pulse with dark excitement as he used her, and the harder he thrust the wilder the sexual energy

grew within her.

It seemed incredible to her that, having already had repeated orgasms at the hands of her fiendish, perverted, sadistic professor, she was going to come again while he sodomized her, but her mind and body were in such a state of wild disarray, of dazed, feverish heat, she had no control over herself.

The orgasm exploded deep within her, and she sobbed breathlessly as her hips bucked and jerked and her aching nipples were ground against the top of the desk.

Cambridge thrust harder, his hips pounding against her buttocks with hard, brutal strokes that shook the desk she was bent over. Then, finally, he came, spilling himself deep inside her, his cock softening almost immediately as he groaned in relief and pulled back.

“You may now get dressed, Connors,” he said. “But you have not yet passed my class. You must pass the final exam. If you do, you will pass the class. So you still have work to do. I suggest you study well, because if you fail Connors – .”

He jerked her upright by the hair and she gasped.

“If you fail the final exam, my makeup test will be much, much more harsh than this. Do you understand me?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” she moaned.

He untied her and she stumbled into her clothes, then left, her mind still so dazed she was halfway across campus before she even paused to realize she had no idea where she was going.

She had, she realized, accomplished what she had set out to do, but... but she was stunned at how it had happened, still in disbelief she had allowed that perverted old man to do such horrible things to her, and horrified at herself for having gotten so incredibly turned on by so much of what he'd done!

Was she sick in the head!? Why had she not left his office immediately and gone to file a formal complaint!? Well, because that wouldn't have gotten her the mark, of course. But still, even having stayed for his cruel, sadistic punishment and abuse, how could she have become so incredibly aroused?! Her orgasms had been more intense than any she'd ever felt before!

And why, even now, did she feel a strange little sense of squirming delight that she'd learned how to deep throat a man?

Was it because she'd engaged in a perverted series of sex acts, yet didn't have to really feel any fear of word getting out? Being gossiped about had restricted her sexual adventurism and experimentation all her life. But she knew Cambridge would tell no one about what he'd done with her, no one at the school anyway.

Now all she had to do was pass the final.

But... what if she didn't!? He had clearly held open the possibility she could make further... amends and still pass his course. But he'd also made clear that her punishment would be much worse than it had been today!

What would he do to her!?

She felt a wild rush of anxiety at the thought, but with it came a dark, bubbling sense of forbidden heat. What would he do to her?

She knew she did not dare fail the test to find out. But a part of her wanted to!

End

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

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