



## TEACHER'S PET

by

Argus

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### Chapter One

I was born small, was a small kid, and never really grew very much. Even now, fully grown, I'm barely five feet tall naked.

I was, however, gifted with a pretty face. No, pretty doesn't describe me adequately. I have a particular kind of face, a sweet, cute, elfin, doll-like face that when younger made adults smile and pat my head all the time.

I have a tiny button nose, large, incredibly soft, moist brown eyes, a small round face, and a small mouth with full, pouty lips. My hair is a rich, soft, silky chestnut brown that gleams in the sun. It's straight, but thick and full, parted in the middle, and flows down around my face and over my shoulders to half-way down my back.

Being small, and looking cute as I did, I tended to use my looks to get things, or to get away with things. I became expert at looking and acting innocent and fragile and helpless. When I would look

that way everyone would smile and feel sorry for me. Who could punish a girl that looked so sweet?

It got me out of a lot of work, and a lot of punishments, and people were always eager to do things for me, because I was so sweet.

I guess I really cultivated this fragile image, so much so that I began to think of myself that way. And whenever someone was mean to me, or punished me, I kind of felt like a sacrificial martyr.

I guess, as I got older, and hit puberty, and as sexual thoughts boiled within me, as they did in all adolescents, my images reflected my self-image. Many of my favorite fantasies involved rape; some man or men brutally raping poor, helpless little me.

I really got into that.

Around this time I remember provoking my step-father into spanking me, doing it purposefully, for sexual purposes. You see, not only did I get off on the - well, on letting a man see my naked behind, which was a terribly naughty thing to do, of course, but I also got off on being held helpless across his lap as his hand cracked down on my bare bottom.

Thinking back, I wonder if he didn't have some idea of what I was after. I mean, I was a bit old for spanking, and there was no real reason to pull down my pants and panties to do it. Maybe it turned him on a little too.

Like I said, I have a terribly sweet face, and though I never grew very large, I do have, and developed early on, a slender, but firmly feminine body. My breasts are not huge, but given the petite size of my torso, they seem much larger than they are. My hips are slim, but because my waist is so incredibly tiny they seem very womanly.

I look great in tight jeans, and did even back then.

So maybe that was why my step-father continued spanking my bare bottom, and didn't wonder at why I was being so naughty all of a sudden, and only around him.

The first time I had an orgasm any way but masturbating, was when I was across his lap getting spanked. His hand was cracking down quite hard on my ass, and I was gasping and panting and whimpering in response, trying to hide the heat flaring inside me.

I remember rubbing my thighs together as he spanked, then daringly letting my legs come further apart, imagining his eyes on my nearly hairless pussy. Then I would close my legs again and grind my thighs together. As I did this I came thunderously, and every crack of his hand made the sexual heat flare higher.

One day he was wearing white pants and I guess my pussy was so hot, and my orgasm so wonderful, that my pussy left a dark stain on his pants, and I guess he realized what was happening, or maybe just faced reality. In any case, he could either start fucking me, or stay away from me, and he decided to do the latter. He never spanked me again no matter how I taunted him, and I soon stopped.

But I was frustrated. Sometimes when I masturbated I would do it on my knees, bent over. I would push one hand through my thighs and rub my pussy, and slap my other hand down on my bottom until they were red and sore.

Spanking does hurt, but to me, it's a brief pain. After the first few spanks my bottom starts throbbing with heat, and each additional blow would just add to that heat until my behind seemed to radiate heat. There was no pain then, just heat. The stinging sharp pain from each new blow tended to be muffled and shielded by the heat.

I lost my virginity to what would by any visible witness, be called date rape. It wasn't, though. I'd provoked it. I wanted sex, really, really wanted it, but I wanted it to be...well, to be like my fantasies, to have poor sweet little me abused by some horrible guy.

Not only would this fulfil my sense of the dramatic and my martyr wishes, but I would still be a sweet, "good" girl. After all, if I were raped it could hardly be my fault. How could anyone call me a slut or a whore when a nasty guy had forced himself on me?

So one day in the finished basement of a guy's house, with the rest of the place empty... I got myself raped, and raped good. It was to set the pace for my life. I teased a boy mercilessly, getting him as hot as possible, and then taunted him and told him I was leaving, that I'd only gotten him hot for amusement. He was more than slightly outraged, and I let him tackle me, let him strip me, and let him ride me violently, protesting all the while.

It was fabulous!

But dangerous. It wouldn't have taken many such incidents before I got a reputation, so I confined myself, mostly, to masturbating while having dark, nasty fantasies. I arranged to be raped a few more times, of course, but always with boys I hardly knew.

It wasn't until I graduated and went to UCLA that I was able to really experience the kinds of things I'd so long dreamed of. Los Angeles was a huge city, and UCLA was a huge school. I had the anonymity there to do what I wanted without getting a reputation, just so long as I didn't do it with the same people I had classes with.

The problem, though, was that I was going out with men now, not boys, and encouraging rapes by them could get me really seriously hurt. What I needed, was a guy who would be turned on by tying me up and raping the hell out of me, yes, and spanking me too.

Oh, I'd had regular sexual affairs, but the sex just wasn't as good, and though, with some encouragement, I could persuade guys to tie me up sometimes, and even spank me, their heart just wasn't in it. I never knew the thrill of fear and the pain I got with my raping.

I found the man of my dreams in a freshman literature class. The professor was a thirtiesh man with curly, prematurely graying hair, handsome, tall, and well built. He had a dreamy voice, very thick and sexy,

What attracted me to him, though, was when I went to his office one day to submit an assignment. He was standing in the doorway talking to another teacher. He told me to just take the assignment in and drop it on the pile on his desk.

I did, quite casually. One of his desk drawers was open, and I could see a book inside. It was, from its cover, a cheap paperback, and, just out of curiosity to see what kind of a book a professor of English literature would read for relaxation, I bent and took a look.

The title shocked me as did the cover. I quickly backed away and eased between the two men as primly as possible. The title had been "Whipped College Girls", and the cover had shown a big breasted woman hanging naked from her wrists while a man stood behind her holding a big whip.

My mind raced as I considered the possibilities. Perhaps he had confiscated it from a student. No, they didn't do that sort of thing in college. Well, then, perhaps he was doing some kind of a study of pornographic literature.

In this politically correct day and age? Not likely. He'd be hounded off the campus by feminist groups. The only reason the book could be in his desk was because he was reading it for entertainment. That kind of a book turned him on. Those kinds of stories turned him on.

They turned me on too.

Next class, I couldn't help but wonder, as Professor Evans looked out on the class, if he was picturing some of us girls all naked and hanging from our wrists, if he wanted to whip us and spank us and rape us.

I was determined to find out.

After some thinking, I decided to catch him alone in his office, not during his visitation periods,

because I didn't want us disturbed by other students, but at some other time.

I hung around the English department for days, being as casual as possible. I found out he wasn't married, and that he played squash Monday nights, and had a late class on Thursdays. I decided to try Thursday.

It was almost six when he came bustling across the courtyard from his class. I hoped he wasn't in a hurry. That would put him in the wrong mood for what I was planning. I wasn't going to come out and ask him to rape me, or anything, but I was going to teasingly make it fairly clear - in a deniable way, what I was after.

I hid, and let him go down the empty hall and into his class. Then I hurried over. Boy, what timing. He had walked in and pushed the door back behind him. It was swinging closed when I caught it, slipped inside, and then pushed it back.

He went to his desk and put down his briefcase. "Uhm, Professor Evans?"

He whirled in surprise, his mouth open.

"How did you get in here?" he demanded.

"You opened the door. I came in after you."

"Who are you?"

"Robin Morgan, From English 101."

"Consultation times are clearly posted on the door, Ms. Morgan." He frowned, sitting down at his desk and shuffling through some papers.

"I know," I said, in my most fragile, breathy voice, "but it'll just take a second."

I eased across the floor and up to the side of the desk.

"Well, what is it?" he asked brusquely.

"Uhm, my, uhm, assignment isn't finished..and I was, uhm, hoping you could give me an extension?"

I looked pouty and soft and fragile. He glanced up impatiently. His eyes gave a little flicker, perhaps at how pretty I was, perhaps at the tight blouse and short, loose, cheerleader type skirt I was wearing.

"I don't give extensions, Ms. Morgan," he said. "You had plenty of time to do the work."

"I know," I said, in my little girl pouty voice. "I was out partying all the time."

"Is that why your parents sent you here, to party?" He frowned.

"No." I pouted sadly, letting my lip quiver a little. "If my step dad knew he'd probably put me across his knee and spank me."

His eyes flickered a little once again, and he leaned back a little in the chair.

"I think you're a bit old for spanking," he said softly.

"Oh, he says girls are never too old to be turned across a man's knee." I sighed. "He spansks my mom sometimes too."

"That's...hardly a modern attitude, and probably illegal."

"Oh, well, they're old fashioned. Anyway, I think my mom likes it," I said, giving him a conspiratorial whisper.

"Some women do like it," he said.

"I'm really sorry I wasn't more responsible, sir," I said. "I know it was bad."

"Yes...yes, you've been...a bad girl," he said carefully, testing.

We were both fencing very carefully here, neither wanting to push over the edge until we were sure of the other. He had more at stake than I did, though.

"Well," I said, as if just thinking of it. "Uhm, I know it was wrong of me, and uhm, I'd be willing to do extra work."

"What kind of work?"

"Anything. Anything at all. I know I should be punished for being late."

"And what did your...step-father used to do when you were late?"

"He'd spank me," I gulped.

"Did you deserve it?"

I nodded, pouting sweetly.

"Do you think you deserve it now?"

That was a direct question. He was pretty sure now.

"I do. I've been a bad girl," I said, pushing my lower lip out.

There. I couldn't get much more direct myself. My heart was pounding, my pulse racing, and I felt a kind of crackling sexual electricity rolling over the surface of my skin.

He gazed at me thoughtfully, lustfully, warily. Then pushed his chair out from behind the desk and stood up. He moved against me and I caught my breath. He took my arm and led me around behind the desk, then turned me towards it.

"See all these?" he said, his voice a little rough. "These are all assignments handed in on time."

"I've been a bad girl," I repeated.

I bent forward, possibly to examine the assignments on the desk, but not really of course.

He moved away, going over to the door, then locked it. He looked at me as he locked it, and I looked at him, and wondered if his heart was pounding as violently as mine was. My face was flushed and then with a kind of rattling sigh of breath I bent forward across the desk, laying my upper body down on it and spreading my arms above me.

My body was trembling with excitement as I lay there. I was panting for breath, my belly fluttering and quivering with anticipation and lust and heat. My mind was in a state of hyper excitement as Professor Evans moved around behind me.

I felt his hand on my back, and bit back an exclamation of shock. Then it eased downwards, trailing my spine, sliding down over my bottom, along my cleft, down, under me, past my short skirt, between my legs.

He cupped my pussy in the palm of his hand, squeezing gently, mashing the soft flesh upwards as my legs spread involuntarily. He rubbed his hand back and forth against my pussy as I closed my eyes and moaned low in my throat.

His hand slid back and I felt my skirt raised over my hips, then his hand on my panties, on the string. He tugged my bikini panties down over my hips, sliding them down below my buttocks to my thighs. He let them rest there, and for the longest time he just seemed to stare at my naked bottom and pussy.

Then his hand slid onto my bare buttocks, stroking the soft, ivory flesh. Again, as before, his hand slid up and down between my buttocks, then in under me, cupping my puffy little pussy pad, rubbing it and squeezing it softly, letting his middle finger ease up between my pussy lips to slide along my pink flesh and up across my throbbing clit.

"Are you a bad girl?" he said finally, his words a throaty growl.

"Y-es," I gasped.

His hand slid out from between my thighs and then I yelped as it cracked down hard against my behind. I felt the sharp stinging pain and knew he had left a red palm print on my now burning flesh.

I waited in anticipation for the second blow, but he seemed in no hurry at all, and even as my insides rolled and shook and my pussy snapped and crackled with heat and sexual electricity he just stood there behind me.

Then he opened one of the drawers of his desk. I started to push myself up, just to see, but his big hand came down on the back of my neck and pushed me back firmly onto the desk.

"Are you a bad girl?" he asked a moment later.

"Yes," I sighed.

"Say it."

"I'm a bad girl," I moaned.

"Again."

"I'm a baaad giiiiirl," I moaned.

Then I cried out in pain as something hard cracked loudly against my behind, hurling my soft thighs into the edge of the desk. I jerked my head around to see him holding what looked like a ping pong paddle, only without the rubber coating.

"Turn around," he growled.

My bottom was burning with pain, and the urge to jerk and shake it, to reach back and grab it protectively, was overwhelming, but I obeyed him, turning forward again, laying my chest down so that my breasts pillowed out against the desk, and reaching above me to grasp the other edge of the desk.

Again the paddle smacked down on my bottom, producing a loud CRACK! of noise, and a blast of intensely sharp pain. I cried out again. I couldn't not. The pain was terrible, much worse than a spanking.

Again it cracked against my bottom, and again, and again, and again. Each time I cried out, even though I clenched my teeth in an effort not to. My bottom was now a flaring burning ache, burning horribly, and each new blow from the paddle sent a flashfire of stinging pain through my system.

I felt tears stinging my eyes as I panted for breath and whimpered helplessly. The paddle hurt worse than anything I'd ever had done to me on purpose. Oh, it hurt! My bottom was on fire.

And still it cracked down.

**CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!**

I was weeping from the pain, groaning and sobbing as the terrible blasts ripped into my tender cheeks. Yet finally, as my behind became a fiery furnace of heat, the intensity of the blows began to fade behind that curtain, that throbbing, radiant flaring heat.

"Dirty little girl," he growled. "Dirty slut."

Again the paddle cracked across my red flesh, then again. I felt something at my pussy then, the paddle. No, the handle of the paddle. It ground against my soft, puffy meat, then twisted from side to side as he worked it up inside me.

He jammed the rounded handle into my dripping snatch, grinding it roughly from side to side, then pumping it in and out several times.

"This is all you sluts ever want, isn't it?" he sneered. "Dirty little whores needing their pussies pumped."

He pulled the handle out and again the thing cracked against my ass, then again, then again.

I was shacking and whimpering, my body flooded with intense emotional turmoil. Hot, sexual lust and even hotter pain boiled through me.

His hand cupped my pussy pad again, squeezing really hard, making me cry out again in pain and jerk upright. I felt his hand in my thick brown hair, and was suddenly jerked back sharply. My scalp ached and my head reeled as he forced my head way back, arching my back painfully.

His fingers ground up into my pussy, kneading it roughly, digging into the soft, malleable flesh as I quivered and jerked helplessly against him.

Then he flung me forward again and my breasts were crushed below me against the desk. He gripped my panties and tore them off, then roughly spread my legs. I heard his zipper, then felt his cock against me.

He gripped my thighs, his fingers digging roughly into the soft flesh, jerking them wider. Then his cock pressed into me and thrust sharply. Again I cried out as I felt his thick cock, his very, very thick cock forced up into my belly.

He rammed it in to the hilt, so his cockhead actually mashed up against my cervix, then ground himself against me.

"That what you want, you little slut?" he sneered. "You happy now?"

He twisted his cock around inside my belly a little more, then began to pump. He used long, savage strokes, each thrust a brutal lunge that spiked his cock deep into my pussy slot and smashed his hips against my aching buttocks.

"This is what all you little bitches need," he growled. "To get fucked hard! To be bent over and FUCKED!"

His cock and his words both pounded into me. I was breathless and gasping like a fish out of water, my mouth opening and closing, my eyes wide. I was still clinging to the opposite side of the desk as Evan's rodded his big tool into my burning pussy tube, and couldn't move, could hardly breath.

The sexual heat was roaring like a bonfire inside me, blasting through me with tremendous power and strength. Everything else, the whole world, all my thinking processes, everything around me, was shrouded. The only clear thing in all of existence was that hard cock ramming up repeatedly into the deepest recesses of my sopping, crackling pussy.

Again and again it hurtled forward, spearing me, impaling me, driving so deep inside my guts that it felt like it was going right up into my stomach. His hips were crushing my sore, burning buttocks, smashing my thighs bruisingly hard into the edge of the desk, but it was all secondary to that terrible, wonderful, violently thrusting cock.

I'd been fucked before, as I said, even raped - sort of - a few times, but I'd never been fucked so very hard, especially by what felt like a really, really big cock. I mean, not only were my elastic pussy walls bloated out around it but the soft cockhead was punching against my cervix with considerable

force.

I'd never taken a cock that deep before, and I'd never been fucked so - so carefully. What I mean is, I'd been fucked really fast before, during the rapes, but Professor Evans wasn't fucking me fast so much as he was fucking me **HARD**.

He would tear his cock back until just the head lay nestled within my moist pussy lips, then he would throw all his weight behind it as he rammed it into me as fast and brutally as he could, stabbing it into me like it was a weapon, sending his stiff meat slicing up through my guts to impact against my tender cervix.

Then, when my mind was already spinning and dazed from the sexual pandemonium inside me, the Professor's fingers gripped my thighs again and jerked them apart. I mean wide apart. He lifted my legs up off the floor and jerked them so wide my lower belly came off the desk.

The Professor held my legs apart like I was a bellows, then hurled his mighty staff straight up my pussy tunnel and into my cervix. I don't know...maybe he was trying to force the thing right into my very womb. Whatever he was trying to do I didn't think I could survive much more of it.

On the third thrust I came. All the heat within me seemed to concentrate between my legs and then explode, blasting out through my bones and blood and muscles with an intoxicating rush of pleasure. I cried out in shocked delight, my eyes rolling back in my head as bolts of flaming heat sizzled along my spine.

The orgasm rolled over me, with not one peak but many, each churning my mind into a frothing maelstrom, each coinciding with another deep, terrible thrust of his powerful cock.

I couldn't see anything but a hazy cloud covered in sparkly lights. My hearing was blocked by a roaring like an express train going through a tunnel, and my body was gripped by a prolonged series of muscular spasms as the massive orgasm disrupted my entire central nervous system.

The one real conscious thought I had was that I was going to faint, that I was actually going to be fucked unconscious.

But the orgasm began to fade away, leaving just a soft, glowing aftermath. I realized the Professor had stopped fucking me, that his body was pressed heavily against mine, his arms on my back, his cock buried in my belly. I wondered if he had come, then, feeling his cock softening within me, realized he had.

We were both panting for breath, our energy drained by our orgasms. The professor pushed himself erect and slid his cock out of my pussy. Suddenly I felt his hand on my hair, jerking me backwards. I cried out weakly, the pain and suddenness of the movement jarring my fragile awareness.

He pulled me off the desk, and my rubbery legs wouldn't support me, so I slid to my knees.

"Get out, slut. I'm done with you," he snapped.

He gripped a thick mass of my hair then and wrapped it around his cock, rubbing and cleaning off the come and girl milk that coated his shining tool. He looked down at me in contempt, and I flushed in embarrassment.

"Go on, get out," he repeated.

He let go of my hair and pushed his cock back into his pants, then zipped them up.

I slowly climbed to my feet and staggered towards the door.

"Wait a second. Don't forget these," he said, coming up behind me with my torn panties.

I turned and held out a trembling hand but he jerked my skirt up instead and shoved them against my snatch. I stumbled back against the door, gasping in surprise as he forced my panties up into my hot wet slit, jamming and cramming them fully inside me.

Then he spun me around, pulled open the door, and shoved me roughly out before slamming it behind me.

I walked slowly back to the dorm, my thigh aching, my bottom stinging. I wondered how much of his behaviour was real, and how much was an act. The thought that it was real both embarrassed me and made me hot. I mean, well, it was so degrading being treated like that, but in a sexual context it really fulfilled my image as the poor abused innocent.

It was so outrageous, is what I mean. He was acting so cruel and nasty, deliciously nasty. It seemed to appeal to something deep inside me, something that craved, not only pain and force, but degradation. His nasty words had really turned me on, and his actions, like cleaning his cock with my hair and then shoving my panties into my oily snatch, were just so offensive and hateful, that it made me shiver to think about them.

And how could I not. My panties were still up inside my slit, and I could feel the fresh, cool air against my overheated pussy pad as I walked.

My roommate was out when I got back, thank God. I stripped, then carefully reached between my sore pussy lips and tugged the panties out, tossing them in the trash. I went to the full length mirror and examined myself, noting my red thighs and ass, and wondered what bruises I'd have tomorrow.

Professor Evans ignored me in class. I kept a careful watch, expecting his eyes to at least flick briefly over me, but I never caught them.

It was a big class, over two hundred students, but he must have known where I was. I wondered if he were ignoring me deliberately, or if he really didn't care.

After class I waited for him, but he brushed past me as if not even noticing I was there. I scurried after him.

"Professor Evans," I called.

He looked back but continued walking as I hurried up beside him.

"I wanted to ask you about the assignment," I said breathlessly.

"I told you before, Ms. Morgan, no extensions," he said.

"I didn't really want to talk about that," I whispered when there was nobody close.

"Don't walk with me," he said.

"Why?"

"I don't want anyone seeing me walking with a slut like you. Go and wait for me by my office."

He turned a corner and I halted, swallowing my words. I was a little shocked and shamed at the words, at the casual use of them in conversation like that. Did he really think so little of me? Did I care? Wouldn't it be more exciting if he really did despise me so?

I walked to the English department building and went up to his floor, then waited impatiently, my stomach bubbling again.

Then he appeared, again brushing past me without a word. I followed him to his office and he let me in, then locked it behind me and went to his desk. I stared at him with a small frown on my face. I was confused. Like I said, it was kind of a turn-on to be treated so...so nastily, on the other hand I was a little indignant.

I started forward and he held up his hand. I halted.

"Crawl," he said.

I gulped and caught my breath, then with hardly a second thought, I eased down to my knees and crawled forward across the floor to him. He sat in his chair watching me, his face expressionless.

I crawled up beside his chair and he pushed it back a little. "Stand up," he ordered.

I stood, licking my lips a little nervously.

"Show me your tits."

I blinked in surprise. He was being so crude! It must be deliberate, I thought. His face had that look of bored contempt, and it embarrassed me to comply with his order. I did, however, because it excited me more.

I slowly unbuttoned my blouse and opened it, then shrugged it off. I was wearing a filmy black half bra. I smiled at him, then reached between the cups and opened it, pulling it apart and back over

my shoulders, baring my proud, high riding breasts to him.

His face still didn't show any expression. I had seen boys tongues fall out at sight of my breasts, seen their eyes widen, their jaws drop, yet he looked bored. I stood there uncertainly, wondering what he wanted me to do next. My pussy was starting to really bubble with heat at this...this mean treatment, but I wasn't used to this and wasn't sure what came next.

"Strip naked," he said.

Of course.

I stepped out of my shoes, then pulled off my socks. The carpet felt strange, even erotic against my bare toes, because the idea of being naked in his office was intensely arousing.

I undid my pants and skinned them down, then slipped off my panties. My face was flushed as I stood upright and looked at him. Still, he showed no hint of what he was thinking.

"Turn around," he said.

I slowly turned my back to him, spreading my legs a bit.

"Bend over and grip your ankles, and spread your legs."

I reddened further, and felt another flare of heat between my legs. I bent way over, spreading my legs, knowing the image he would see, the raw, graphic view of my ass and pussy.

I held my position for long, long seconds, waiting.

"Go and sit down," he said.

I stood up and turned again, surprised at the order. I did as he told me, though. For some reason it didn't enter my mind to disobey. I walked around the desk and sat in one of the chairs before it.

"Not like that," he said. "Sit down like the slut you are. Slump down and drape your legs across the arms of the chair."

Again his words filled me with both embarrassment and heat. I swallowed repeatedly, then raised and spread my legs, slumping down a little as I draped them across the arms of the chair.

"Put your hands on your tits," he said.

I did.

"Now squeeze them. Show me how soft they are."

I squeezed my soft, rounded breasts, kneading the flesh as he watched. This was so...kinky, and I loved it, even though something inside me was writhing in embarrassment.

"Harder. Squeeze them harder."

I worked my fingers harder into my soft, fleshy tits as he watched, mashing them in and up and together, groping and fondling them in front of him.

"Pinch your nipples," he said. "Play with them."

A sexual haze seemed to have fallen across my mind, and my hands shook a little as I pinched my already erect nipples, rolling them between my fingers, pulling them outwards, watching his eyes as he watched me.

"Let me see you masturbate," he said, smiling thinly.

The words jarred me like a blow, and I gaped at him in shock for the longest time. Masturbate! In front of him! I mean, God! I didn't even discuss masturbation with my closest girlfriends, and he wanted me to actually do it while he watched!

"I...I ca - ."

"Do it!" he snapped, his hand cracking down on the desk with a loud bang.

I gasped in fear and shock, my eyes wide. I was already breathing hard, and my heart skipped a beat at the sudden violence in his voice. The idea of - masturbating in front of him was so incredibly shocking, so - well, so degrading, demeaning.

I wasn't sure if I could. I mean, well, there are limits, aren't there?

But yet my hands began to slide tentatively downwards, and before I had even been able to make a conscious decision I found myself rubbing softly at my hot, oily pussy slit.

The sexual electricity crackling through my body, and the incredible sexual trauma of masturbating in front of someone meant that I wasn't rubbing softly for long. My pussy was too hot, and my arousal at too high a state.

Within seconds my resistance had utterly crumpled and I was stroking my fingers up and down my slit, grinding over my clitty with hard, fast motions. I was panting, my entire body throbbing with heat, enveloped by it. I stared at him as I thumbed my clitty and then slowly worked a finger into my snatch.

I pumped the finger in and out of my pussy slit, my body throbbing harder and hotter with each passing second. My breathing became loud and ragged as my head began to jerk and loll back. I pumped two fingers in and out of my snatch as my other hand friggged my clitty desperately.

I was going to come! I was going to beat off right in front of this man!

My head fell back across the chair and I drew my legs up and back, grunting and whimpering and

whining as I pumped my pussy.

I felt the orgasm bubbling up, felt my guts churning, felt my brain pressing against my skull.

Then I came, groaning in wondrous pleasure as I sawed my fingers across my buzzing clitty and stabbed the others up into my little hole again and again. My body jerked spastically, my head bouncing up and down as I gurgled in orgasmic release.

I thought my head would explode from the release of pressure. I jerked and shook and trembled as the rush of sexual power blasted through me, helpless under the onslaught, unable to think or control myself.

It was the most powerful orgasm I'd ever had from jerking off.

When my eyes refocused and I was able to bring them to bear on Professor Evans again he was looking at me with complete contempt. I felt a rush of humiliation at what I had done, felt dirty and small.

"Only a cheap slut with no pride would masturbate in front of someone," he sneered. I looked down, unable to meet his gaze any longer.

"Come here. Crawl around here, you little bitch."

Heart yammering, I slid awkwardly off the chair and crawled around the desk to his side. He pushed back his chair and motioned me forward.

"Take out my cock and suck it," he ordered.\

He kept his hands on the armrests of his chair as I crawled in between his spread legs and reached for his pants. I undid his belt, then opened his pants and unzipped them. I reached in, and found he wore no underwear. His cock was semi-hard, and I wondered what kind of a man he was to have watched me and not gotten a boner.

I knew how to suck cocks, anyway. I held it in my hands and licked up along the underside, like it was an ice cream cone, then sucked the head into my mouth, working on the underside with my tongue as I massaged it between my gums, and sucked.

I massaged his balls gently, then pulled my lips free of his cock, sliding my tongue down to the base of the shaft. I licked at his balls, then sucked one into my mouth and sucked. I pumped my hand up and down his cock as I sucked one ball, then the other.

His cock was nearly hard now, and boy was it big. I could hardly fit my lips around its thick girth, and it must have been over ten inches long easily. I licked up and down the shaft, then puckered my lips into a kiss and pressed his cockhead against them. I pressed down, letting his cockhead slowly force its way through my lips, keeping my lips tight as his cock slid up into my mouth.

I bobbed up and down on it as I massaged his balls with my hands, thinking as I did, how slutty

and erotic I must look. I mean, I was utterly naked, kneeling on the floor bent over his crotch, sucking his dick. Imagine if someone walked in and saw. How degrading!

My puss began to steam again, and I gingerly slid a hand down between my legs and started to rub at my clit.

Then the Professor's hand cracked down on my ass with a sharp report and a sharp burst of pain.

"I didn't tell you to diddle yourself, you slut!" he snarled.

He dragged me up across his lap suddenly, pulling my mouth off his cock. I gasped in shock and surprise as he slapped my ass again, then gripped my hands and pulled them behind my back. I felt him pinning my wrists together, then heard his desk drawer open.

A moment later something, a thick cord, was wrapped around my wrists. I groaned in lust as I felt it criss-crossing my slender wrists, and my pussy became a steaming swamp almost at once. I spread my legs a little, raising my ass.

His hand cracked against my ass again, then again, then again.

"You fucking whore!" he whispered, cracking his hand down on my jiggling ass. "All you think about is this, isn't it?" he demanded, clapping his hand on my pussy mound and squeezing hard.

I groaned in pain and wriggled helplessly as he squeezed my pussy pad. His hand came back and then he slapped it down - on my pussy!

I let out a shocked cry of pain, then another as he cracked his open hand against my pussy again. His fingers stabbed into me, wriggling deep into my slit, then pumping savagely in and out as he cursed me with vile, obscene words.

My mind spun, and I was on the verge of coming. I sobbed as his hand cracked against my pussy again, but the pain was soooooo good, so wonderful. I wanted more, no matter how much it hurt.

## Chapter Two

His hand cracked against my bottom again and again, then slapped against my pussy pad once more. He abruptly gripped me by the hair as he shoved me off him and onto the floor. I cried out in pain as he tore at my hair, pulling me onto my knees as he stood up behind me.

"I'll show you how to suck a cock, you slut!" he sneered.

He jerked back on my hair, again making me cry out in pain, forcing my head way back. He straddled me from behind, his legs wide, then shoved his cock into my open mouth. He held my hair tightly, ignoring my squirming and muffled cries of pain.

He held his cock in one hand, my hair in the other, and pumped his cock down into my mouth so deep I almost gagged several times. He jammed it against the inside of my cheeks, first on one side,

then the other, then up against the roof of my mouth. Then he shoved his cock down especially hard, especially deep, and it punched through into my throat.

My eyes opened wide and I let out...or tried to...a scream of fear and negation as I felt his cock slide into my throat. No sound came out, though. His big fat tube of flesh completely blocked my throat, making it impossible to breath.

I felt his prong sliding down deep into my throat, and struggled helplessly to pull and twist away. But Evans had my hair in too tight a hold, and my hands were tied firmly behind my back. I couldn't move much, could only shake and wriggle. I felt fear rising, the fear, the terror of not being able to breath. But the heat was so vast, so intense, it was hard to care.

His cock slid right down my throat until his balls were pressed against my chin and his groin was pressed against my lips. He sniggered down at me as he held me like that, his cock bloating out my throat, making my head throb and belly turn over. I fought down nausea as he filled my throat from top to bottom.

Then it got worse. He began to pump his cock inside my throat. The thick meat slid up and down, scraping against the sensitive walls of my throat, making me choke and gag as he fucked his cock up and down.

"This is how I shut up smart-mouthed college girls," he sneered. "You bitches think you're worth something? Well this is what you're worth. This is what you're good for!"

He fucked his cock steadily inside my throat as my vision swam and started to fade. My chest burned and my head throbbed as I ran out of air.

Then he pulled his cock back out. The cockhead popped free of my throat and I coughed and choked and gulped in deep, sweet mouthfuls of air.

He didn't let go of my hair, but he eased up on the grip, letting my head come up. He moved around in front of me then, gripping his cock in one hand. I was taking in deep, ragged breaths of air, in between coughing fits, and he rubbed his spit-wet cock all over my face as he waited for me to catch my breath.

"Maybe you'll do a better job of sucking now that you can't diddle yourself, you little whore," he sneered.

He pushed his cock against my lips and before I could close them it was inside. I sucked frantically, hoping to keep him from shoving it down my throat again. He gripped my hair and head in his hands and fucked his cock slowly in and out of my mouth.

He abruptly pulled his cock out and jerked me up by the hair. I sobbed in pain as my scalp burned again, then grunted as he shoved me down hard on his desk.

I thought he was going to fuck me like yesterday, and was grateful for it. Despite the shocking

throat fuck I was still hot, my head still dazed with sex and lust.

He had pushed me down over the corner of the desk, rather than one of the four sides, and he positioned me so that the two right angles were pushing up against my thighs hard enough to keep them up and apart, and my toes dangling above the floor.

Then I felt his cock against my round little butt-hole.

I'd never been sodomized before. None of my "rapists" had done it, and the boys I'd fucked had been more interested in my pussy too. Getting one up the ass was one of those things I'd fantasised about for a long time, but never dared ask anyone to do.

"Oh God," I gasped. "Oh! Oh! Unngh!"

He was rough and crude, giving me little time to adjust. He forced his cockhead through my anal opening and ground and twisted it inside me as he drove it deeper and deeper. My ass ached and burned as he jammed his prick up me with savage violence.

"Ungh!" I cried. "Oh God!"

He didn't even have to hold my legs open. The desk did that, leaving his hands free to slap repeatedly at my bottom as he forced his cock fully into my rectum.

Despite the pain, when I felt his hips press firmly against my buttocks, and knew I had taken his whole big cock up my ass, I shuddered and came. It was just that electrifying, that shocking, to be so crudely sodomized after so many years of fantasies.

The fact that my wrists were tied behind me only made it that much better, that much hotter. My hands pulled repeatedly at the bonds, not to try and free themselves, but as a constant reminder that they were bound tight and helpless.

My insides were twisting and rolling as the orgasm washed over me, and every time I jerked hard against the bonds, and they bit into my wrists, it felt the pleasure roar higher, like a fire with oil poured on it. I was trembling and shaking, groaning and whimpering, my anus sucking and chewing on his cock as I came.

He slapped my ass and ground his hips into me harder, sniggering down at me as he felt my insides spasming around him.

"Slut," he sneered. "Filthy whore! Coming with a cock up your ass!"

He slapped at the side of my head, then against my bottom again.

"Nothing shows a bitch college girl what she's worth like a good stiff cock up her asshole," Professor Evans sneered, slapping his hand across my ass again.

"How's it feel, slut? Huh? Like it?"

He ground his hips against my sore ass flesh, then began to jerk his cock back, fighting the suction of my rectum. He jerked it back and forth in short pumping motions, his cock flesh tearing at my ass flesh.

As my orgasm faded he began to fuck into me in earnest, grunting with effort as he sawed his big cock up and down my rectal tube.

I'd had things in my back opening before, I should tell you, and knew how to ease up on my anal muscles so they wouldn't clamp down. I knew it, but doing it wasn't easy, not without him giving my ass time to adjust. I slowly managed, though, or maybe, more likely, he just forced my ass into submission.

Soon he was fucking his cock steadily into my unresisting anal tube, his hips slapping against my buttocks as he rodded his tool into me. I lay there and groaned in weary pleasure, eyes closed as I groaned weakly.

His cock fucked harder and faster, and every dozen strokes or so he stopped with his cock buried up inside me and ground his pelvis around against my ass.

He gripped my hair then, pulling my head off the desk, pulling me back against him, ignoring my cries of pain as he dragged me upright.

Well, not really upright. I couldn't close my legs because the sides of the desk were between my thighs, and he was pressed too firmly into my backside for me to slide back off the desk far enough to get my toes on the floor. So all he did was bow my body back against him and put most of my weight on my pussy.

Which was what he was intending, I guess.

In fact, he gripped one of my legs to make sure I was in exactly the position he wanted, with my pussy pad...my soft, soft sensitive little mons, grinding down directly against the corner of his desk. It hurt like fire. I screamed, actually screamed as my pussy was crushed against the corner of the desk.

I was nearly mindless with pain. Yet the Professor held me like that as he fucked his cock up into my asshole. I think I would have passed out from the pain if he hadn't found the position too awkward for the hard fucking he wanted and hadn't let me go.

He fell forward onto the desktop again, my breasts smashed down below me. I groaned dazedly as he resumed his hard anal rape, reaming out my tail with his wildly, savagely rutting prong.

He increased his strokes, the whole desk jerking now as he hammered himself into my ass. Then he came inside me, spewing his thick white seed up into my bowels as he cursed savagely and ground himself into me.

"Oohhh! Bitch! Bitch! Fucking bitch! You got it! OOhhhH! Take my jism! Uhhhhhhhhh!"

His cock pistoned back and forth on a smooth, buttery layer of semen. My numbed anus made no attempt to hinder it as it pumped steadily, slowing down now, and starting to soften.

"Baby, your ass was made to be fucked," he panted.

He pulled his cock out of me, but I could feel my little hole remain open, gaping, as I lay there groaning, weak, breathless. At least he didn't rub it in my hair this time. I guess he'd decided to lay in a supply of paper towels after my last visit.

I felt his fingers at my ass, then felt something soft pushing inside. I didn't have to look around to know he was shoving my panties up my ass. He stuffed it in all the way, then slapped my ass a final time, laughing lightly.

"I don't want to see you wearing panties again. Understand?" he demanded, gripping my hair.

"Yesss," I sighed.

"Yes, sir!" he snapped, pulling on my hair.

"Yes, sir," I groaned.

"From now on I want you in the front row, right in front of my desk. I want you wearing a short skirt and I want your legs open. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," I gulped.

"I want you over here tomorrow night at five. Keep your evening free."

"Yes, sir."

He untied my wrists and I slowly straightened up, bringing my arms around in front of me and rubbing them. They were red and sore, lines circling them where the ropes had bit in.

My ass felt sore too, stinging, and, of course, my panties were stuffed up inside. I didn't dare take them out, though. I quickly put on my bra and shirt and skirt, then stomped on my shoes and hurried out.

I didn't have English the next day, but I felt horny and anxious all day in anticipation of that night. I guessed Professor Evans was going to bring me to his place, and there...well, who knew what he would do to me?

I wore a short sweater dress. It hugged my body, was casual enough, but kind of sexy. I wore a lacy black bra under it, but no panties. That made me a little nervous but I didn't dare disobey the Professor. I still wasn't sure if he was kind of crazy or just acting with me.

At five I was in the hall waiting for him. He didn't show up. I paced back and forth waiting. Finally,

at quarter to six, he walked down the hall. He ignored me, going directly to his door. My stomach fluttery, I followed, only to have him stop me at the door.

"Wait out here," he glared.

He closed the door in my face and I waited outside for another half hour, getting impatient. Then he came out again and walked past me. I glared at his back, then trotted up after him.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Speak when you're spoken to," he snapped.

Like I said, I wasn't too happy being treated like shit outside of a sexual context. I know I liked it then. It turned me on then. But I wished he would be a little more respectful at other times. It was like being hit. I liked some pain during sex, but if someone walked past me on the street and slapped my face I'd be furious.

So I was pouting for real, not just acting, as I followed the Professor down the stairs and around back to the parking lot entrance. We went out and he led the way to a blue Chrysler. Nice car.

He was carrying a briefcase, and went to the trunk, unlocking it and placing the briefcase inside. Then he turned to me.

"Get in," he said.

"What?"

"Get in the fucking trunk," he snapped.

"I'm not getting in the trunk!" I exclaimed.

"I'm not having my seats dirtied up by you. Now get in the trunk."

"Fuck you!" I snapped, fed up with his attitude.

His hand shot out and gripped me behind the neck. His other hand shot in between my legs, and he jerked me forward and literally picked me up and threw me into the trunk. I yelped in surprise as I fell, then turned quickly, only to have the trunk slammed on me.

"Let me out, you fucker!" I yelled, pounding my hands on the inside of the trunk lid. "Let me out. Asshole!"

I heard the key in the lock and recoiled. The trunk lid jerked up and he glared down at me angrily. He bent forward and grabbed at me. I tried to fend his hands off but he gripped my wrist and twisted it around, turning me roughly onto my belly.

"Let me go, you son of a bitch! Fucking pervert!" I cried. "Let me go or I'll scream rape!"

He jerked my head back by the hair and as I opened my mouth shoved a rag in. Then he pulled my wrists together and I felt metal sliding around them, then heard the metal click shut. I kicked angrily, but he grabbed my legs and pinned them together, then metal slid around my ankles, and clicked closed.

Handcuffs, he was using handcuffs. I writhed angrily, pissed off at him for doing this outside of sex. He opened a tool box and took out a roll of electrical tape, then tore off a strip and taped it over my mouth to keep the rag in.

Then he slammed the trunk again.

I thought about kicking at the roof, but was afraid of what he'd do next. So I lay there sullenly as the car started up and moved off. I bounced around a little, finding it difficult to brace myself with my hands cuffed behind my back, but the ride wasn't too rough.

It took about half an hour for him to reach wherever he was going. I heard the sounds around us change, becoming closed in, like we were in a garage or something. Then I heard the sound of a garage door sliding down, and the echoing sounds grew much louder, until the car shut off.

The car door opened, and the car shifted as Evans got out. Then the door slammed closed. He came around to the trunk and opened it, then reached in and grabbed me by the arms, pulling me out. He bent and hefted me over his shoulder, then turned and walked away from the car.

He carried me around the car...we were in a small one car garage...and over to a door. He opened it and carried me through into a house. I didn't see much of it because he carried me upstairs immediately, brought me into a bedroom and flung me down on a large double bed.

He pulled me into a sitting position, ignoring the glares I was giving him, then jerked my sweater dress up over my hips, exposing my bare pussy. He lifted it up under my arms, then pulled the front part over my head so the dress was just hanging around my arms behind me.

He turned me onto my bell and unlocked the handcuffs, then pulled the dress off. I tried to pull free but he caught my hands easily. He turned me over, smiling down at me smugly. He jerked my hands up and apart, holding them down against the mattress.

Then he slid forward, kneeling over my head, using his knees to pin my arms down. He reached above me to the top posts of the four poster wooden bed and pulled down something, a kind of thick strap. He wrapped it around my right wrist and buckled it tight, then tugged something so it jerked back tight against the corner post.

He pulled another strap down from the other corner post, buckled it around my other wrist, and again, cinched it tight, so my arms were immobilized.

He got off me then and went to the foot of the bed. He gripped my ankles and lifted my lower body off the mattress, tugging me towards him so hard my spine hurt. Then he unlocked the handcuffs holding my ankles together, and one by one, strapped and buckled them to the bottom posts.

I was laying spreadeagled, naked on the bed, and my indignation began to fade as the sexual scene began to ignite my imagination. I tested the straps, or restraints, and found them to be so tight, and so strong, that there was just no way in the world I was going to be able to get out of them unless someone let me out.

I was, for the first time, completely, utterly, one hundred percent helpless. Evans could do anything he wanted to me and I would not be able to resist in the least.

He went to a closet and opened it, then brought something out, something black. He came over to the bed and sat beside me, then tore the tape off and pulled the rag out of my mouth. I licked the inside of my mouth experimentally, then started to speak.

But right away I found my mouth stuffed with a leather ball gag. I knew what it was because I'd seen it in a bondage magazine. I didn't want my mouth blocked, but the idea of having a ball gag on was exciting, and as he strapped it around my head I found myself getting into the sexual helplessness and eroticism of what was going on.

My pussy started to heat up and my breasts began to swell with excitement as I stared up helplessly at him. I was utterly exposed and utterly helpless. I writhed on the bed, purposefully making the muscles move below my skin, making myself look hot and sexy, straining and arching my back repeatedly.

He turned away and went out the door, leaving me by myself for a minute. Then he returned, carrying a can of something, a pair of scissors, and a...a safety razor.

He sat cross legged on the bed, and I noticed a towel over his shoulder now. I looked at him, dumbfounded, wondering what in hell he was going to do.

Then he put down the can...it was shaving cream...and began to carefully cut away my pussy hair with the scissors.

I knew then that he was going to shave my pussy hair off. I moaned into the gag and writhed on the bed, but he ignored me, as I knew he would. I was hot and getting hotter. The idea of having my pussy hair shaved off was deliciously erotic, even though it was bound to prove embarrassing at the common showers we had at the dorm.

He snipped my pussy hair short, then got the can and sprayed foam over my crotch. I didn't have much hair, of course. I liked to wear really tiny, high-cut bikinis, and even had a thong which I wore when I was in a particularly daring mood, so I had gotten into the habit of trimming my little brown bush into not much more than a small strip along my slit.

Professor Evans started at the top and carefully shaved away what the scissors hadn't gotten. He was very careful, shaving in one direction, then the other, testing the smoothness of the skin below and repeatedly going back for any little bit of stubble he'd missed.

He rubbed the towel over my groin, and I was tremendously excited to see my pussy completely

bare. I couldn't actually see my slit in this position, but I knew it must be awfully, awfully naked and exposed.

Then he cupped my pussy mound, and I knew just how naked I was. As his hand rubbed up and down against my pussy I could feel not a trace of a hair between his hand and my skin. He stroked his finger along my pussy cleft, and I could feel it with new sensitivity, and longed to see my naked slit.

My insides were twisting and churning with lust, and I had forgotten all my anger and indignation as the desire rose up within me. I humped up against his hand as he fingered my slit, wanting him to fuck me hard. He slid his other hand over my belly, stroking and caressing my skin. It moved over my breasts, squeezing softly, fingering my nipples.

Then he got up, taking the shaving cream, razor and scissors back wherever he got them. He came back in a minute, and again went to the closet.

My insides were on fire with lust and sexual desire, for I was in the position I had dreamed and fantasised about for so many years, bound and gagged, naked, a lewd, nasty man about to do terrible things to my frail, beautiful body.

I wanted him to jump on me, stick his cock in my pussy, and fuck me as hard as he had the first day. In fact, if he had gone to the phone and called up some friends, telling them to come over and fuck the slutty girl he had, I not only wouldn't have been frightened, I think I would have had an orgasm without even being touched.

He came back from the closet, carrying two long cylinders of some sort. One was white and plastic, the other was black plastic on the bottom half, and shiny metal on the top. Both were shaped like little rockets, and I realized right away they were vibrators.

He got on the bed between my legs, then turned on the two sex toys. They buzzed softly in his hands. He smiled and leaned forward, then pressed each of the purring vibrators against my nipples.

He rubbed them gently back and forth across my hard nipples, making them seem to tremble and vibrate too. My nipples tingled and buzzed and got hot and hard, so hard that they ached.

He slid the vibrators down off my breasts then, sliding them up and down the sides of my ribs, then down over my hips and in along my inner thighs.

He pressed the metal one up against my sex, right against that small spot between the bottom of my pussy slit and my anus. He twisted it slowly as he ground it against me there, and slid the other one, the plastic one, up into my pussy cleft, sawing it back and forth along the slit, then holding it still up against my clitty.

Well, I was so hot that I was ready to blast off right away, and I began writhing and jerking and humping up at the vibrators, moaning into the gag in my mouth as my guts flared with heat and my pussy grew into a sparkling firestorm that threatened to race over my body and consume it from

the inside out.

Then he pulled them back and turned them off. He got up and left the room, leaving me writhing and moaning in disappointment, my pussy throbbing with heat and needing only a slight push to set it off into a wildfire explosion.

He was gone a few minutes, coming back with a little jar and a bowl. As he climbed into the bed and sat down I looked down and saw that the bowl was full of ice cubes. I moaned and let my head drop back onto the bed.

The Professor picked up an ice cube and held it over my right nipple, letting his fingers melt it until a drop of ice cold water dripped onto my nipple. I gasped as the cold met the pulsing heat of my round little strawberry and sizzled against it.

Another drop fell, and another, then he pressed the ice cube directly against my nipple, rolling it slowly over the hot little tit bud in a circular stroke.

While I was concentrating all my attention on that he picked up another cube and pressed it directly against my slit, forcing it through my tight pussy lips and rubbing it up and down against the glistening pink flesh inside.

My pussy began to burn with cold now, and I was grinding my hips and shaking them in an effort to get it away. The cold bit into me terribly, especially because I was so hot and I cursed him wildly through the ball gag as he continued to rub it up and down my slit.

He eased the other ice cube over to my other breast, rolling it all over the breast first, then zeroing in on my nipple, stroking it from side to side against it as I shivered and moaned unhappily.

Small, icy drops of water trickled slowly down the sides of my round breast mounds, down along my ribs, and down my lower chest and onto my belly. I pulled repeatedly, instinctively at the straps holding me helpless, twisting and shaking myself as the cold nipped at me.

Then he took the ice away, dropping it into the bowl, and picked up the vibrators again.

The two tubes buzzed into life and began sliding up and down my sides, along my ribs and over my belly. One circled my belly button several times before settling in against it. The other slid up along my sides and into my arm pits, then up along the side of my throat.

He moved them slowly, tauntingly over my body, easing them onto my chest, slowly circling around and around the periphery of my swollen, half frozen breasts, then circling closer, along the edges, then into the meat, then directly over my nipples, rubbing and stroking back and forth across them.

The vibrators eased down off my breasts and along my belly, then in between my legs. The Professor eased the metal one down along my slit, then pushed it slowly between my lips and up inside me. He twisted and pumped it in and out as he forced it deep into my snatch.

At the same time he mashed the head of the other vibrator up and down, and back and forth across my clitty.

He drove the metal one into me then started pumping it up and down inside my tight tunnel, grinding the second across my clitty as I lay there helplessly. My body began to vibrate in tune to the sex toys and I groaned as the sexual heat rose up like a curtain and enveloped my body.

I let my head fall back, no longer watching what I could experience through other senses. The vibrator continued to pump in and out of my pussy tunnel as its mate ground back and forth over my sparkling little button.

My pussy was sucking and squeezing on the vibrator as my insides began to roil and churn with heat. My breasts became hot and sparkly as well, the nipples, still tingling with cold, longed to be pinched or sucked.

I ground my bottom into the bed, humping as much as I could against the vibrators as the sexual excitement made my head throb and my mind float.

He pulled them away then and turned them off. Before I could even moan in complaint he had the ice cubes in his hand and held them against my nipples. I cursed in disappointment and discomfort, glaring at him fiercely as I pulled at the straps.

He only smiled, then eased one of the cubes down to my slit and pushed it inside me. His fingers eased in behind it, pushing the icy pebble of water deeper inside my belly. He picked up one of the vibrators and pushed it into me, without turning it on, using it to force the ice cube way up inside me.

He pulled it out, then inserted another ice cube, again using his fingers to push it deeper, then inserting the vibrator to push it to the bottom. The icy cold seemed to numb my belly from within and I shivered helplessly as my insides reacted. He turned on the vibrator and I felt it grinding against the ice inside me, my entire belly trembling and shaking in response.

He pressed another ice cube against my pussy and forced it inside, then another, then another. He picked up another and tauntingly waved it back and forth over my face, then pressed the two cubes against the sides of my throat, rubbing them slowly up and down there before sliding them over my shoulders and down onto my nipples.

He froze my nipples again, then slid one cube down my belly and in between my legs. Instead of popping it into my freezing pussy, though, he pushed it against my wrinkled little anus and slowly forced it inside.

He slid his hands onto my breasts then and began to stroke and caress them, at first very lightly, then with stronger touches, his fingers rubbing back and forth, then squeezing, kneading, massaging the tender, sensitive flesh.

He pinched my cold nipples, twisting them from side to side and rolling them between his fingers. He tugged them upwards and let them drop back, then pinched and tugged them again. Finally he

bent forward over me and began to slide his tongue over my breasts.

As with the ice cubes, his tongue lapped around and around my breast in a circular motion, slowly easing in closer to the center, towards my nipple. It moved teasingly around the , then slowly, lightly, flicked across the nipple.

I felt a wave of incredible sexual electricity come from that nipple when his tongue touched it. I was still shivering and shaking due to the ice cubes in my pussy and ass, but as cold as I was down there my breasts were heating up quickly.

He was squeezing and massing my breasts all the time his tongue moved on them, and when his lips slid over one nipple he squeezed the breast tightly, mashing the meat upwards so he could suck in a huge chunk and gnaw on it.

After more than ten minutes working on one breast he shifted to the other and began the same thing all over again. The ice cubes inside me had melted by then, but the effect lingered on. I was sure my insides were cold as hell, and my guts were still shivering.

I felt the wetness at my groin, too, and knew the water was slowly trickling and dripping out of my pussy, and maybe my ass too.

All this time he had been fully clothed. Now he moved off me and got off the bed. Then he slowly began to undress, carefully hanging things up, tossing other things, socks and underwear, into a laundry hamper in the closet, acting as casual as you'd please, like I wasn't even in the room.

Naked, he turned towards me again. His chest was okay, but nothing special. He was a fairly well built man, and obviously got in some exercise, but he was no muscle man. His cock, on the other hand, was obviously the biggest muscle he had. It was hard as a rock and sticking straight at me as he walked.

It's hard not to find something like that funny. I mean, if you've ever seen a man with a hard-on walking, watched his dick bouncing up and down, you'll know what I mean. Still, I was so...hot, so frustrated, so in need of a cock, that all I felt was lust as I saw him bring that big prick over to me.

He got onto the bed and straddled my body, his knees pressing into my sides, then he sat down on my belly, making me grunt in discomfort. His hands roamed over my breasts again, mashing and squeezing them, then he eased forward on his knees and pressed his cock in between them.

He squeezed my breasts from the sides, mashing them up around his cock as he began to pump it up and down in my cleavage. My boobs were feeling super tight and super hot by then, and I loved the hard rough handling they were getting, but I was increasingly frustrated too, wanting him in me, wanting him to fuck my pussy as hard as he could.

Professor Evans, of course, was not interested in what I wanted. It was his own pleasure that he was concerned with. Right then it meant he wanted to fuck my titties.

In a way I found it quite pleasurable, and exciting, to have my tits fucked. It was, after all, just

about the only thing he hadn't done to me yet, after fucking me, sodomising me, and throat fucking me.

It was also something that my friends and family would consider thoroughly degrading, simply awful. I could only imagine telling my girlfriend Rhonda, for example, that a man had fucked my tits. She'd be furious. So that added a kind of pleasure to what he was doing.

I still wanted him up my pussy, though. I would have been satisfied with the vibrators if he'd fucked me with them, or even his fingers. My pussy felt terrible vacant and hungry. The more his hands and cock mashed and squeezed and rubbed against my sensitive tits the hornier I got. The hornier I got the more my pussy clutched and sucked at air.

He let go of my breasts and slid further up my body, leaning forward as he undid the straps of the ball-gag. He slowly pulled the gag out of my mouth, and for the first time in what seemed hours I was able to breath through my mouth.

I drew in several deep breaths, then he shoved his cock into my mouth. I should've known.

He reached under me and lifted my head up as he began to slowly fuck into my mouth. There was nothing I could do, short of biting his cock, but lay there as he pumped his prick in and out of my lips.

Then, of course, he thrust forward hard and jammed his cockhead into my throat. It was even more uncomfortable in this position than it was the first time he'd done it. Then, my head had been tilted back, and his cock had had a straight line through my lips and down my throat. Now, it pushed especially hard against the back wall of my throat as it kind of bent inwards.

It was horribly uncomfortable, and my throat ached terribly. I also kept trying to cough and swallow, but couldn't do either. Nausea was a real possibility as the thing drove deep into my gullet and pumped slowly up and down.

Then he pulled his cock out all the way, after only a few strokes. He gripped his cock in one hand and pumped his fist up and down the shaft several times. Then he came, grunting in pleasure as his cock spewed out a thick white stream of juice that splatted against my face and into my hair.

Before I could say a word the gag was back in my mouth. He eased back, sitting on my breasts as he caught his breath, and incidentally, making it very hard for me to breath. He smiled smugly at me, then swung his legs aside and got off.

He picked up the two vibrators and knelt between my legs, sliding the metal one fully up my pussy, then jamming the plastic one up into my ass. He buried both of them in my belly to the hilts, then turned and padded out of the room.

I was alone for a while, naked, helpless, tightly bound, unable to speak or really even move much. I was incredibly angry with him for wasting his hard-on without giving me a fuck. I had been so hot when he got on the bed that I just knew I would have had a massive cum if he'd fucked me. Instead I was still hot and hungry, and the fact his juice was trickling slowly down my cheek and nose only

made me hotter.

The vibrators were slowly turning my guts to mush as they buzzed away inside me. I could feel my pussy and ass shaking and vibrating along with them, and the vibrations seemed to be moving right up my spine. My whole body was soon quivering.

The thing was, though, that I needed some contact, some movement. I was hot and getting hotter, but I needed someone to fuck me, or at least rub my clitty the way he'd been doing with one of the vibrators before.

My skin seemed to tingle like raw flesh, my breasts were swollen like balloons, pushing out tautly against the thin covering of skin. My nipples were hard little diamond points, ready to explode at a touch. I was writhing and straining madly, even trying to bounce my ass up and down to produce the desired cum, but as horribly aroused as I was I just couldn't quite make it over the edge.

I was sweating freely, my thick hair matted or tangled about my face and head. I was groaning through the gag, my fingers twisting, toes jerking, little bottom grinding and bouncing weakly. And I still couldn't cum.

I was about ready to blow like a volcano at a single touch when Professor Evans finally padded back into the room. He sat on the edge of the bed, then reached over and laid a hand gently on my belly. I strained up against it, moaning feverishly.

He eased the hand up my body, onto my chest, then stroked my breastbone between my breasts. Then he reached behind my head and undid the ball gag, pulling the thing out of my mouth.

"Fuck meeeee!" I gasped, as soon as I could talk.

"Not interested," he said.

"Pleeeeeease!"

"Uh, uh."

"Use the vibrators then," I panted.

"Nope."

"Then untie me!"

"Nope."

"Fucking bastard!" I groaned.

"Don't be insolent, Ms. Morgan."

"Untie meeeee!"

"When I'm ready."

"Pleeeassee," I moaned.

"You really are a cheap whore, aren't you," he sniffed.

"Pleasee."

"Aren't you?" he demanded, gripping my hair and jerking my head back.

"Yess!" I gasped.

"Tell me what a cheap slut you are!"

"I...I'm a cheap slut!" I gasped.

"You like to wiggle your ass in front of men, don't you, showing off your round little ass."

"Yess!" I gasped.

"You'll fuck anyone, won't you? You'll do anything for a hot cock up your dirty twat!"

"Yesss," I groaned. "Fuck meeee!"

He crawled onto the bed and knelt between my legs, then slid his hands up and down my thighs.  
"Tell me what a whore you are."

"I'm a dirty whore! I'm a slut!" I panted.

"You want me to stick my cock up your dirty little cunt hole?"

"Yessss! Pleeeassee!"

"Say it."

"Pleeease! Fuck my cunt! Stick your cock up my dirty cunt!"

"Maybe I should fuck your asshole instead. Would you like that?"

"Yesss! Fuck my asshole!" I panted. "Fuck my asshole!"

I was nearly crazed with sexual desire by then, my insides boiling over with lust and need and heat as the two vibrators continued to purr and shake inside my guts. I needed his cock like a starving woman needed food, like a junkie needed his fix. I needed it desperately, needed to be pumped, needed to come.

"Maybe I'll bring my dog up here to fuck you," he smiled.

I was angry at him, tired of the game. I wasn't interested in any more bondage or degradation or stupid word games or begging. I wanted to be fucked right NOW! Or if not I wanted to be untied so I could frig my clitty and come off on my own.

"Untie me you fucker!" I screamed.

He leaned forward and casually slapped my face. I gasped in surprise and pain and shocked as my head was thrown to one side.

He reached to my slit then and gripped the vibrator, pumping it furiously, stabbing it up into my guts like a weapon, pounding it up into me with furious force, making me grunt and moan in shocked pleasure. He was sawing it heavily against my clit as he rammed it in and tore it back, and I felt a heaving blast of pleasure that began to blossom within my tight, sweating loins.

Then his other hand slapped down across my right breast. There was a tremendous blastwave of pain, of fiery, white hot agony, and in the midst of it was a tiny sparkling hard center of pure pleasure. He continued rutting the vibrator up into my guts as his hand rose and slapped down again, this time on the other swollen breast.

I cried out in shock and pain and pleasure, madness taking hold of me as I strained and jerked and trembled and thrashed in near mindless delirium. Again and again his hand cracked down on my stinging breasts, first one, then the other, cracking down faster and faster as he pounded the vibrator up into my cunt slit.

And somewhere in the midst of it I came.

The massive tidal wave of sensory overload blasted through me, shattering and fragmenting all other sensations, drawing them in on itself to build higher and higher. A howling, cataclysmic sexual firestorm tore through my body. Stunning bolts of pleasure rippled up and down my spine, and the world spun and shifted around me.

The orgasm blew higher, battering at my mind and consciousness, roaring through my skull and slashing across my sore, tender body. My breasts seemed to explode into two separate little orgasms that joined together with the main one. The burned with intoxicating pleasure.

I couldn't breath or think, could only react, bouncing and thrashing in maddened sexual release, every nerve ending flaring out with overload as the protracted fireworks continued to rage throughout my body. Then there was a final concussion wave of pure ecstasy and I stiffened, shook violently, then fell back panting and groaning, nearly unconscious.

While I lay there, totally exhausted both mentally and physically, the Professor undid the straps that held me prone. I didn't care. I didn't care about anything. I basked in the warm, soft afterglow, all bliss and contentment, ignoring him and everything else.

The Professor, though, was far from finished with his games.

He turned me onto my belly, then brought my wrists together behind me and tied them up. He produced a long, long rope from somewhere, probably under the bed, and proceeded to wrap me like a mummy.

Well, not quite, he was much more precise in his rope work than that.

With my wrists carefully tied behind my back, crossed exactly, the rope criss-crossing them several times, he tied it off, then dragged me to the edge of the bed and sat me there. I swayed weakly, but made no effort to oppose him as he circled my waist a couple of times, then tied the rope to my wrists again.

He pushed me over on my side, then pulled the rope down the crack of my ass and up between my legs, then slid it through the rope around my waist and tugged sharply. The rope dug up tight between my pussy lips and against the vibrators, which were still in my pussy and ass. The rope forced them in to the hilt.

He pulled the rope back down between my legs again, then up the crack of my ass and jerked tight, again pulling it in hard. I was starting to protest weakly then, but he ignored me, tying off the rope, then raising me to a sitting position again and bringing the rope up my back and over my right shoulder.

He circled my left breast, then dragged me by the hair off the bed, making me kneel beside it and lean way over, until my head was pressed against the mattress. Then he pulled the rope tighter, through a slipknot, squeezing it against my round, dangling breast right near the base, squeezing it down and out like a fat ball of tight, taut flesh.

"Oohhhh, Goddddd! That's too tiiiiight!" I cried.

"Shut up, slut."

He pulled the rope around my left side, under my arm, then up behind me and down over my left shoulder. Then he formed another knot and slipped it over my right breast, tightening it and squeezing my right breast out like he had my left.

He pulled the rope behind me and tied it there, then slipped another loop around my throat, making it hard to breath. He strung the rope down my back, looped it through the rope around my waist, then continued down to my thighs.

He looped the rope around my thighs twice, then around my legs again just above the knees, then again at mid-calf, and once more at my ankles. I was tied up so tightly I couldn't twitch by the time he'd finished.

By that time, of course, I'd recovered enough from my cum to protest, if I'd chosen to. I doubted it would do the slightest good, though. Besides, I was still hot, and being tied up was kinky enough and hot enough for me to get into.

I ached and throbbed in places, where the rope squeezed too tightly. That included my breasts, which were crushed out into fat, round balls of flesh, and my pussy, where the ropes dug up between my pussy lips. I was also feeling cramps from inside me, because the ropes had jammed the vibrators so deep into my pussy and rectum.

The Professor put on a robe, then scooped me up and slung me over his shoulders as he had before, then carried me out the door and back down the stairs. He dropped me on the couch, then went into the kitchen, leaving me laying there looking at the news.

He came back with a beer and sat down, then dragged me across his lap. He sipped from the beer as he gazed down at me, casually stroking his hand over my fat, hard breasts, down along my belly, then along the rope in between my legs.

He took another drink from the beer, then picked up the remote control and changed channels. His hand returned to my body, stroking my breasts and pinching my nipples mostly. He didn't speak, and I didn't say anything to him either.

The vibrators started getting to me again. Them, and my being tied up, and him stroking my breasts. I found it hard to keep still, and my body jerked fitfully, wriggling and twisting as the sexual power built up inside me.

I noticed my titties were a deep red in color, but didn't know whether that was from being slapped, or being tightly squeezed by the ropes, or both. They both hurt and felt...felt...deliciously hot, throbbing with the beat of my heart, the nipples incredibly hard.

He rolled me over onto my belly, then his hand stroked up and down my back and over my buttocks. His fingers slid through my long hair, then picked up the remote control and changed the channel again as he sucked back more beer.

His hand returned to my ass, squeezing and kneading it, then he slapped his hand down, making me yelp in pain.

"Are you a bad girl?" he asked.

"Yes," I gulped.

"Why?"

"I...I'm a dirty slut," I said.

"That's right." His hand CRACKed down on my ass again, making me gasp in pain. "Would you like to suck my cock?"

"Yes," I breathed.

"Beg for it."

"Please can I suck your cock?"

"Sir."

"Please can I suck your cock, sir?"

"Slut. All you college girls are sluts. I ought to rape every fucking one of you."

"Yes, sir," I groaned. CRACK! The sound echoed around the room, accompanied by my cry of pain.

"You'd like to get raped, wouldn't you."

"Yes, sir. Please rape me, sir," I gulped.

"I think I'll throat fuck you again. Would you like that, whore?"

"No."

"No?" CRACK! "Why not, slut?" CRACK!

"OOowwww!" I cried. "You can if you want!"

"I didn't ask if I could!" CRACK! "I said, would you like it?" CRACK!

"Yessss!" I cried.

"Beg for it then!" CRACK!

"Please fuck my throat, sir!"

"Again!" CRACK!

"Please fuck me in the throat, sir!"

He shoved me sideways, rolling me off his legs and almost directly onto the coffee table that was sitting in front of the sofa. He rolled me onto my back on the table, then gripped my hair and dragged me by it until my head fell over the edge of the table.

My cry of pain was abruptly silenced when he parted his robe and shoved his already hard cock into my mouth.

Three

I was trussed up like a turkey, my arms underneath me, my legs tightly bound together, and my head hanging over the edge of the table, upside down as he held it in both hands and began to slide his big cock back and forth through my lips. I drew in deep breaths of air, knowing he would shove

his cock down my throat as soon as he thought it slick enough.

Then he did, throwing his weight behind it and forcing it right down my throat to the hilt. My head was completely upside down, my hair on the floor as he pressed his groin into my face. His balls were around my nose and I was looking out between his legs as he began to throat-fuck me.

He let go of my head briefly, laying both hands on my swollen, reddened tit orbs, squeezing and stroking them as he slowly pumped his cock back and forth in my throat. Then he seized my head again and fucked faster, sighing in pleasure as he rammed his cockhead down my gullet.

He pulled his cock out just as my chest was getting ready to explode, and rubbed his cock over my face, then stood up. He walked away out of my sight, and I tried to wriggle back down along the table a little, to pull my head over the side.

He returned then, only to wrap my hair around his hand and drag me off the table with it.

All the fantasies I had about men raping me and abusing me, I never imagined how much they would pull on my hair. The Professor was doing it more than most, but then he had more time with me than most. Almost all the guys who'd raped me had pulled on my hair, though. Maybe I should get it cut short.

Because it hurts! Boy, does it hurt.

I was on the floor, and the Professor quickly turned me around and slammed me belly down across the coffee table.

"Are you a bad girl?" he demanded.

"Yesss," I groaned, my scalp still smarting.

"Dirty little girls like you need to be punished, don't they."

"Yes, sir," I gulped, turning to look at him. I felt a wave of lust and fear as I saw the belt he held in his hand. It was a thin black leather belt, doubled up in his fist. He smiled grimly and gripped my hair, turning my head around.

"You want it, slut? You want the belt, dirty girl?"

"Nooooo," I whimpered, heart pounding.

I was already wriggling from the buzzing vibrations of the sex toys rammed up my pussy and ass, now my bottom jerked instinctively, as if to get out of the way of the coming blow.

I braced myself as best I could, clenching my teeth as I waited for him to swing the belt. I heard a low swishing sound, then something hit my ass hard, followed a split second later by a blast of pain and heat that made me scream.

The paddle had been bad, but this was worse, much worse. It didn't just sting it bit and burned. The force of the pain stunned me. Then he swung it down again, again it cracked against my ass and I screamed in pain. Then again, then again. I begged him to stop, wept gut wrenching tears, shook in misery and agony, and still the belt slashed and cut across my tender round bottom.

Just like getting spanked, though, and just like with the paddle, my ass soon throbbed with heat, radiated heat, and the heat, the constant burning heat, began to obscure and shade and shield me from the super sharp pains as the belt cut across my ass.

The pain was reduced to a bearable amount. Don't get me wrong, it still hurt like hell, but it was no longer as terrible as it had been, and I was able to breath again, to catch my breath. I continued to cry out in pain as the belt whipped down on my behind, but the pain was tolerable.

In fact, more than tolerable, because as I came back to earth from my screaming fit I found that my pussy was bubbling worse than ever, that the vibrators had set my entire skeleton trembling, that my insides were hot and heavy and moist.

Now I was able to accept the blows, to grab them and make them part of my sexual debasement. I was able to lie there and bask in the abuse he was heaping on me, to glory in the abuse and mistreatment. I was a poor, helpless, beautiful, innocent little waif being brutally beaten by a terrible man.

I closed my eyes and shuddered in sexual delight as my body was enveloped in a fantastic flood of pleasure. I groaned and whimpered and gasped and cried out as the belt came down, jerking helplessly, my body bound tightly, my breasts aching as the two fat tit balls were crushed below me against the table.

A volcanic eruption blasted through my pussy and I screamed in pleasure and wondrous ecstasy as my body was ripped by a tremendous orgasm. The pleasure swamped me as the belt continued to crack down on my buttocks. Each new blow kicked me higher and higher until I was nearly maddened with the power of the bone jarring, gut tearing ecstasy roaring through my body.

My pussy and rectum sucked and chewed on the wildly buzzing vibrators, drawing them deeper into my body, as I jerked up and down and gurgled in maniacal pleasure.

I couldn't call what Professor Evans and I had a relationship, not really. I mean, what did I know about him? What did he know about me? We never went anywhere. We never sat down and watched TV together. Hell, now that I thought of it, I didn't think he'd even kissed me.

Wasn't that strange?

He spoke little to me, and when he did it was either an icy formality, where he called me Ms. Morgan, or to heap obscenities on me, calling me slut or whore. In a way, that was good. It kept him a stranger. It kept him dangerous. It kept my body in a state of anxiety when I was around him. And it kept me hot.

As he'd ordered, I showed up at his class without panties the next day. It was a little scary walking

around without panties, but in a way it was soothing. My ass really hurt after the hard whipping he'd given it with the belt. My beautiful twin cheeks were criss-crossed with angry red welts.

The rope marks on my body didn't fade immediately either, including the round ones that surrounded my breasts. I had to wait until late at night to have a really quick shower, so nobody would see me and remark on the very strange bruises and welts on my body.

Not to mention my completely hairless pussy.

Once I was able to see it I was appalled at how...how naked it was, how utterly visible my tight little bald slit was. It was embarrassing to think of him, or anyone, looking at it.

Sometimes, when I wasn't with him, I would remember the things I'd done, the things I'd let him do, and the things he'd said, and blush red. When I wasn't in a state of heat I never would allow a man to get away with that. When I was horny, though, there was almost nothing I wouldn't let him do, and I was always horny around Professor Evans.

I couldn't see him for several days because of work that needed doing in other classes. The weekend was coming up, though, and I wanted to arrange something with him for Friday or Saturday. I didn't have a class with him so waited by his office door, intending only on arranging a time and place to meet.

I was definitely not going to ride in the trunk of his fucking car again, that was for sure. Who did the son of a bitch think he was, anyway? I would damned well drive there myself if he didn't want me in his car.

He came around the corner and saw me standing there, and his eyes became hooded and dark. I swallowed nervously, even though all I was going to do was arrange a time. I mean, I had a class to get to so there was no way I was going to get involved in anything else just then.

He walked up to the door and unlocked it. I looked around to make sure nobody was there and was about to ask him if he had anything going this weekend when he opened the door, grabbed my arm, and roughly dragged me inside.

He jerked me around like I was a weightless rag doll, closing the door and then whirling me back against it hard. I gasped as my back slammed into the door and he glared down at me from inches away.

"Where the fuck have you been, you whore?" he snarled.

"Please," I gulped. "I had classes."

"Classes?" He grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and shoved me back against the wall, his face coming down close to mine. "What does a cheap, two-bit whore like you need classes for?" he demanded.

I stared at him, heart pounding, then he eased up and let go of my collar, moving back a step.

"Look," I said, "Uhm, I was just...I mean, I just came to see if you, uhm, if you were free this weekend."

"Why?" he growled. "Because you're in heat? Because you want your little cunt pumped again?"

"Uhm, I uh, just thought we might...do something," I gulped, red faced.

Was this an act or did he really think this way? If the latter, he was a nut case. Then again, that just made it more dangerous.

"I just thought I might whip your ass again! How about that?"

"I uhm, have a class," I said nervously.

"Don't you think you should be punished for staying away so long?"

"I...yeah, uhm, on the weekend," I gulped, feeling a kind of tingle in my pussy.

"Do you really think your cunt can last that long without having a cock in it?"

"I'll...try," I gulped.

"And what about me?"

"I..."

He grabbed me by the collar again and jammed me back against the wall, actually lifting me off my feet briefly. "Do you think I should have to wait until you get around to summoning me?" he demanded.

He jerked me towards him, then slammed me back again, then jerked me forward and forced me down onto my knees.

"Don't!" I gasped. "I have to..."

"Shut up, slut," he growled, unzipping his pants and pulling his cock out. "This is what you have to do."

He jammed it into my mouth and held my hair and head as he pumped it rapidly in and out. I stopped trying to fight him, hoping I could bring him off quickly. After all, I knew he had a class too. He couldn't take long.

As I was expecting, and by now was able to cope with, the Professor tilted my head back and forced his cock down my throat. It was still awfully uncomfortable, but I was able to suppress the panic about not breathing, and even control the gagging reflex to a certain degree.

"You fucking slut," he panted. "You shouldn't be in college. You should be in a God damn whore house!"

He held my head in both hands, crushing it between them as he pumped his cock faster and faster in my throat. I couldn't make a sound in protest, though I pushed against his stomach in an attempt to slow him down. Instead it only seemed to make him mad. he twisted my hair cruelly, making me scream...well, silently.

"Put your hands down, you bitch!" he hissed. "Put them down or I'll get my fucking handcuffs! NOW! Or I'll fuckin' suffocate you! You'll die choking on COCK!"

Already my head was starting to throb, my face to heat up and my chest to ache. I let my hands drop to my side, kneeling submissively as he started pumping his cock in and out of my face again. My vision started to cloud over, then he pulled his cock free and I coughed once then drunk in the air, taking deep, ragged breaths. The man was insane!

"I'm going to have to teach you some discipline this weekend, Ms. Morgan," he hissed. "I'll see you in the parking lot downstairs at seven sharp."

He shoved his cock back into my mouth and punched it down my throat, then began pounding it into my face with a furious stroke, smashing his groin into my nose so hard I was afraid he was going to break it.

He pulled out again, and while I was gasping for breath he pumped his cock several times, then came in my face, shooting wad after wad against my skin, then rubbing his slimy cock all over it. He sniggered, then jerked me to my feet again and flung me against the door.

He twisted me around and his hand came up against my face, rubbing the cum all over it, spreading it around in a shiny coating of jism.

"I want you to keep that on, slut," he growled. "A whore like you needs jism on her face to remind her what she is."

"You...bastard! Pervert," I gasped.

"Pervert? Look who's talking, you little whore," he sneered.

He tore the front of my pants open and jammed his hand down inside them, shoving them inside my panties as well. His hand squeezed my pussy so hard I cried out in agony and pushed desperately against him, but then he curled his fingers and thrust two of them up inside me, driving them in to the hilt.

He drew them out again and jammed his arm against me to pin me to the wall. He held up his fingers, shiny with cunt honey.

"What's this, whore? Huh? What's this?" He shoved them into my mouth hard. "Suck them. Suck them off," he leered.

Frightened, I sucked on them, tasting my own pussy juice as he pumped them in and out. Then he tore them out and shoved his hand down into my pants again. His fingers stabbed up into my pussy hole again and he pumped them savagely, bringing his thumb down on my clitty as he did, grinding it between them as he held me against the wall.

He jerked my head back by the hair and growled like an animal as his teeth gnawed at my exposed throat. His heavy body jammed me into the wall as heat sizzled up and down my pussy tunnel, his fingers pumping ruthlessly, his thumb grinding my sparkling hot clitty against them.

My mind was rolling over and over, shocked, frightened, and yet inundated with sexual lust and passion from his ruthless sexual attack. I made no effort to stop him beyond a feeble pushing at his chest. My head was pulled tightly back so that I couldn't even see him as he chewed and sucked and bit at my throat.

His fingers continued to thrust into me again and again and again, almost lifting me off my feet with the force of their hard, spiking stabs. My pants slid slowly down to my knees as my ass jerked and bounced against the wall behind me.

"This is what you want, you cheap twat," he growled. "You want your dirty little cunt hole pumped and fingered. Don't you? Don't you?!"

He sniggered and then pinched his thumb down horribly hard on my clitty, squeezing it so hard I cried out in pain and shock, my bottom smashing back against the wall as I sought to escape his cruel touch.

But the pleasure only soared higher as he resumed his furious grinding and rubbing motions, and continued to pump his fingers up my snatch to the knuckles. I was overcome by a thick, hazy mass of sexual pleasure that soaked into my body and soul and made me shiver and tremble and jerk helplessly, grunting like a beast as my pussy burned up.

It was horrible, but it was wonderful. It was like I had no control over my body. My pussy was firing deep, massive blasts of pleasure and heat up through my body and it was all I could do to stay on my feet. My mind was spinning and my eyes focussing and unfocussing as I was caught up in an erotic, sexual maelstrom.

The Professor continued to jam what now felt like four fingers into me. They were squeezed together like a dagger as he stabbed them into me again and again, ramming them up my cunt pipe with all his strength, making my grunt and gasp in heat and pain and lust as the thrusts repeatedly slammed me back against the wall.

My breathing was harsh, ragged, strangled, filled with gasps and moans, and flustered, dazed emotional cries.

Then he let go of my hair, jerking my head back up only to slam it back against the wall. His hand slid around my slender throat and squeezed as he redoubled his pumping motions, ground his thumb down even harder against my clit, and leered maniacally into my glazed eyes.

I came, a nova going off in my skull. My entire body shook and shuddered in a frantic, uncontrollable sexual dance of ultimate joy and bliss and ecstasy. My body was convulsed by massive ripsawing burst of fiery pleasure that made nerve endings snap and muscle twitch.

My head throbbed louder and louder. My chest burned. My vision swam. The Professor had tightened his hand around my throat so that I couldn't breathe at all. The orgasm roared through my throbbing skull and shook me to pieces, and I became a spastic, trembling, shaking mass of raw, ragged flesh.

My ass slapped back against the wall as my vision spun and clouded over. My breasts seemed to explode inside my blouse as my pussy blasted out heat like a volcano. My eyes rolled back in my head and I sagged against his grip, held up by the hard, pumping of his fingers, and the hand he had around my throat.

Then it was over, and he let me slide down to the floor. I sat there, gasping for breath, body covered with sweat, head against the wall, pants around my ankles, panties sopping wet, trying to regain some control of my senses, of my body.

He squatted down next to me, pursing his lips in disapproval. "Didn't I tell you before not to wear panties again?" he said. "I didn't just mean in my classes. I meant all the time. I don't care where you are or what you're doing, I don't want you wearing panties ever again. I don't want anything between me and your cunt."

He reached down and tore my panties off, shredding the thin material easily, then bunched them up and pushed them against my pussy, his fingers slowly, pushing and jamming the material up inside me until nothing remained.

Then he dragged me to my feet and opened the door and flung me out into the hall. I stumbled and fell, reaching weakly for my pants, jerking them awkwardly up and around my hips.

He walked past me and continued on to his class, leaving me laying there trying to button my pants with fingers that didn't want to work right.

I decided to skip next class. I was too drained, too weary, both mentally and physically. I couldn't understand why or how I had responded so quickly to him when I hadn't even been in a sexual frame of mind. I mean, I'd just gone to get a time and place, nothing else. Yet he'd been able to...to...to masturbate me to a massive orgasm, against my will.

Well, not really. What he had done was change my will. I'd given into him because my body had willed it. My body had willed it because it, or my mind, or a combination of them both, had liked, had revelled, in his crude, forceful sexual attack.

I mean, I liked that kind of thing in a sexual context, as I've said before, but I expected to be treated with respect at other times. I didn't expect to have a man jerk my pants down and shove his fingers into my cunt and be able to jerk me off right out of the blue.

I wondered if maybe I should stay away from the Professor, maybe find someone else, someone safer. I knew I couldn't, though. I felt a powerful sexual attraction to him, to what he did, to his cruelty and crudeness, and doubted I would feel as hot with someone safer, someone who was acting the part, who's heart might not be in it.

And there was the danger. I felt he Professor was dangerous, could do almost anything to me, and that made me burn with lust every time I was with him.

Before going to his office I had resolved to never again go in the trunk of his car. Now, well, if he wanted it, I would do it. It wasn't so bad, after all, I told myself. It was a good car, and didn't bounce much.

And the prospect of a weekend with him was so frightening and so exciting that I didn't dare refuse. What would he do to me, I wondered.

I had to find out, no matter what pain was involved, no matter how degraded he made me feel.

Friday at seven I was in the practically deserted parking lot waiting, my stomach filled with butterflies, my pussy already a little steamy in anticipation of what he would do.

The parking lot was against the side of the English department building. There were no windows on the side of the building, and the street was not a busy one. There was a vacant lot across the street, so the parking lot was a pretty barren place by seven. There were only three cars in the lot, one of which was the Professor's Chrysler. There were some overgrown bushes along the wall, but nothing else in sight except a big dumpster.

Most women would have been frightened to hang around there, worried about rape. Hell, I was here to get raped.

The Professor showed up fifteen minutes late. It was starting to get dark, though there was still plenty of light to see by. It was also kind of cold. I was wearing a jacket, sweater, pants...without panties...and tennis shoes. I had an overnight bag slung over my shoulder and was pacing back and forth behind the Professor's car when he appeared.

He ignored me, going to his trunk and unlocking it, then putting his briefcase in. I looked at him anxiously, expecting him to order me to get in. He turned and gazed at me with a narrow, piercing glare, looking me up and down.

"Give me that," he said, holding out his hand.

I passed him the bag and he tossed it in the trunk, then turned back to me. "Get your clothes off," he said.

"Wha...what?" I gulped.

"Now."

"But...but suppose someone comes?"

"Then they'll know what a whore you are. Strip."

"But...Professor..."

"Did you hear me?" he snarled.

I licked my lips nervously and looked around. As I said, the place was pretty barren. That didn't mean cars weren't driving by every couple of minutes, or that someone else might not come out of the building to get these other cars. Still, the idea was deliciously kinky, getting naked outside, out in the open, where anyone could see.

"Get your clothes off, slut," he hissed.

I swallowed repeatedly, then unzipped my jacket and took it off. He held out his hands and I tossed it to him. With a small hesitant movement, I bent and untied my shoes, then took them off one by one, slipping off my socks and stuffing them inside before tossing them to him.

Again I hesitated, because this was a big step. I looked around, turning my head from side to side, then reached down and pulled my sweater out of my pants, then pulled it up and off, tossing it to him. I reached behind me and undid my bra, my breathing coming faster and faster as I pulled it off over my shoulders and tossed it to him.

I unbuttoned, then unzipped my pants and skimmed them down and off, then stood up naked, tossing him the pants. He tossed them into the trunk with the rest of my clothes, then turned again. I was standing very awkwardly, kind of huddled against the cold, and against any eyes that might somehow catch sight of me.

"Stand straight," he ordered. "Put your hands behind your head and push your chest out. Spread your legs."

My breathing ragged, my pussy hot, I obeyed him, straightening up, thrusting my chest out and putting my hands behind me.

The Professor smiled, or maybe smirked would describe it better.

"Now turn around and get down on all fours," he said.

I felt a flaring heat, then turned and did as he ordered. I heard the trunk slam and turned around to see him unlocking the driver's door. He got in, closed the door, started the engine, and that was when it hit me that he was going to leave.

I jumped up and ran to the car, grabbing at the door as he pulled away. I slapped on the glass and yelled but he ignored me, not even turning his head as he drove across the parking lot, accelerating so I had to let go.

He left me standing naked in the parking lot, and I stared in shocked horror as he disappeared down the street. I looked around frantically for cover, but there seemed to be none. I finally sprinted back to where he'd been parked and tried to hide in the bushes there.

I was sure he'd come back, and where was I supposed to go anyway? About twenty minutes or so later a man came out of the building and went to a Toyota, got in and drove away. I stayed hidden against the wall, behind the bushes as much as possible.

Another half hour passed and a lady came out of the building, got into another car, and drove off. Now the lot was completely empty. It was almost dark now, and because all the other administration buildings on this street were largely deserted, there was little traffic on the road. I hadn't seen a single car in twenty minutes, in fact.

Then a car did drive along the road. Not only that but it turned into the lot. I eased as deep into the bushes as I could...not that that was very deep, but to my horror the car drove up right in front of me, turning in its high beams as it halted six feet or so from the wall.

The driver's door opened and someone stepped out. "Hello, slut. Still here?" he said.

"Professor!" I gasped, standing up and pulling out from behind a bush.

"Been having fun?"

"You are a rotten..."

"Don't say anything you'll be sorry for," he glared. "Maybe I'll leave you here all night if you're not polite."

I took a deep breath and held it, blinking into the bright light, not even able to see him.

"All right," I said. "Can we go now?"

"I'm not in any hurry," he said. "Stand there against the wall. Move back a pace. Press that pretty ass of yours against the bricks."

"I knew there was no point in refusing, no point in trying to show any spirit, not here, not naked, with my clothes in his car. He was quite capable of leaving me here naked all night.

I backed against the wall, shivering a little in cold, goose bumps all over my body. "I'm freezing," I complained.

"Well then, you'd better do something to warm up. Let's see you dance."

"What?"

"You got wax in your ears, slut? Dance!"

"Someone will come!" I whined.

"Then they'll get a nice show. Dance!"

I was hugging myself against the cold, looking from side to side, though his bright lights kept me from seeing anything.

"Dance!" he yelled.

I flinched, then moved my arms indecisively. "There's no music," I whined.

He reached into the car and turned on the stereo and music began to blare out. I tried to forget the discomfort and cold and embarrassment and dance as I did in my own room when alone, dance erotically, satisfy him so he'd put me in the trunk and leave.

I wouldn't have believed that I would so desperately want to get into his trunk.

I began to dance, slowly and jerkily at first, feeling incredibly awkward under his gaze as I swung my hips from side to side and moved my arms around.

"Come on, whore," he sneered. "Let me see you wiggle that ass. Dance like the slut you are!"

I was starting to feel more assured. No cars had come by, and I thought I would surely hear and see one before they could get in sight of me. I was dancing more freely, and even starting to get into it a little. This was, after all, an incredibly hot, kinky thing to be doing.

I slid my arms above me and let my body undulate in time to the music, shaking my hips and moving my legs, turning and swinging my ass, turning again, sliding my hands up and down my body in a dance I had long practised in the privacy of my mind and before many mirrors.

It was a dance I'd started doing just after puberty, a dance no one had ever seen, modelled after belly dancers and then strippers and MTV dancers. I got more and more into it, more and more free and smooth with my movements, and started panting a little from effort as I swayed and jerked and humped there in the light.

Then the music cut out. I kept dancing for a few seconds, then slowed and finally stopped. "Enough," he said. "Now let me see you jerk off."

Oh. God.

I stared at him in shock, my heart leaping and my adrenalin making a sudden rush.

"Just stand there against the wall and show everyone in the world what a cheap slut you are," he said. "Go on. Do it!"

I shook myself and then backed against the wall, my fear of discovery warring with the heat between my legs. This was soooooo kinky, soooooo vulgar and wanton.

I took a deep breath and let it out, then, well...I braced myself and slid a trembling hand down between my legs. I stroked my bare little slit, my eyes blurred and tearing from the high beams as I began to ease a finger into myself.

I stroked the other hand up and down my body, cupping and squeezing my breasts as I began to grind my ass into the wall.

God! This was soooo dirty!

I was breathing heavily, my chest rising and falling rapidly as I stroked my fingers up and down my slit and over my clitty. My insides were afire with lust as my imagination ran wild and my mind was filled with sexual abandon.

I had to tear my eyes away from the lights. I was practically blinded anyway. I pulled my head back against the wall and looked up at the stars as I jerked off, my legs apart, my ass slapping lightly against the cold bricks, my fingers now easing up into my hot cunt as my thumb pressed down against my clitoris.

I was sweltering in the moist sexual air that seemed to seep through my very pores. I found myself panting weakly, grinding back against the rough brick behind me as I stroked my clitty and pumped my fingers in my cunt tunnel. I groaned and let my eyes close, humping into my own fingers, basking in the total wantonness of my own actions.

I felt my pussy buzzing and shaking, felt my guts heaving and twisting and roiling, felt my breasts, so swollen they threatened to burst, caressed by the chill evening winds. I rolled my head bonelessly and then suddenly stiffened, quivering like a plucked bowstring. My head jerked back violently, then again, my back arching, spine bowing as I shook and trembled and gurgled in desperate, mindless sexual passion.

"Oh God," I gasped, my voice ragged, gravelly. "Oh God! God! God! GOooooooood!"

I was totally immersed in the raw, sexuality of what I was doing. I slid downward along the wall, then dropped to my knees, sitting back on my heels, legs spread, fingers still pumping furiously in my fuck tunnel. I fell back against the wall, my feet coming up and out from under me.

I was deliberately, without even thinking why, degrading myself further, pushing myself down in the dirt, letting my ass and pussy grind into it, then laying back, legs up and wide, wide apart as I rolled in the dirt and grunted like a pig.

My mind was burning with sexual fever, and I was totally consumed by it, totally enthralled in the wild sexuality I was expressing. I wished there was mud there for me to roll around in, to rub my fat, hot titties in, to crawl through.

I dug my toes into the dirt and raised my ass upwards, humping up again and again until the orgasm finally faded.

I lay there in the dirt, groaning weakly, panting for breath, mind still buzzing with sex-heat.

As I lay there, chest rising and falling rapidly, the Professor slowly walked forward into the light. He was dressed in a tuxedo, for some reason, and as I started to smile, to give him a kind of smirking, self-satisfied leer, my eyes were distracted by something moving into the light.

And that was when I saw her.

I just stared, utterly unable to comprehend at first, what I was seeing. It was a woman, about thirty, wearing an expensive, designer suit. She had very short blonde hair, an extremely beautiful, aristocratic, even arrogant face.

She had a small smile on her face as she gazed into my stunned face, and flicked her eyes over my body. She turned to Evans. "I wouldn't have believed it," she said in a throaty voice.

"I did tell you, Alexandra."

"Yes, but I was so sure you were exaggerating. I've never imagined a grown woman could act like..." She turned and shook her head at me. "A bitch in heat," she finished.

"She's a walking, talking fuck machine," Professor Evans said. "Fucking is what she was built for and raised for."

"So it seems," the woman smiled.

"Well, get up, slut," the Professor said. "We can't very well leave you here where decent people might trip over you."

He gripped my arm and all but dragged me to my feet. I said nothing. I was too stunned and too mortified. What could I possibly say after what the woman had seen? All I wanted to do was fall through the ground and disappear forever.

I even thought of running off into the night, but, well, I was naked.

The Professor walked me around to the back of his car and opened the trunk, then half lifted me up and into it. He slammed the trunk on me, then he and the woman got in front and the car drove off.

I huddled in the trunk, curled up in a fetal position, mind shocked at humiliating myself like that in front of the woman. I shuddered at the memory of the things I'd done, bitter acids burning through my stomach as I remembered how I'd danced and jerked off and even orgasmed while she watched.

Who was she? It didn't matter. She was some elegant woman the Professor had brought to see the dirty little slut college girl. I felt like killing myself, and sobbed bitterly.

The woman had looked so....amused, and even pitying, like she'd never seen such a pathetic slut

before.

Four

As the ride went on and I slowly began to get some control over myself, I felt around in the darkness for my clothes. I couldn't find them, nor could I find my bag. The Professor must have dropped them off somewhere.

The car stopped, pulling into a garage. It sounded like the Professor's house. I felt around frantically for anything to cover myself with, but there was nothing.

The trunk opened and the Professor and the woman...Alexandra, looked down at me. Alexandra still had that amused look. The Professor just glared.

"Get out, slut," he barked.

"Oh, be nice to the little thing," Alexander smiled reproachfully.

"Out," Evans snapped, reaching in and gripping me by the hair to hurry me along.

I tried to cover myself with my arms as he dragged me along by the hair, shoving me through the door and into the house. I still couldn't speak, too humiliated, as the Professor led me through the kitchen over to a door. He opened it and shoved me, and I stumbled down the stairs to the basement.

"Just let me take care of this, dear, and then we'll be off," the Professor said.

"Oh, take your time," Alexandra said casually.

The basement was very strange. It had mirrored walls, and all kinds of odd looking devices, frames, stands, and other constructions in it, the purpose of which I couldn't guess. The Professor led me to a bench and pulled my wrists together in front of me.

"Hold your hands together," he ordered.

I looked down at my feet, not caring what he did, just wanting him to finish so the woman would go. I was totally humiliated being seen like this, never mind what she'd seen me do before, there was also what the Professor might have told her, and then my being naked now.

The Professor picked up a rope and wrapped it several times around my wrists, then pulled it in between my wrists, pulling it tight, tight, tight, around the other loops. He tied it, then formed a knot at the other end of the rope and then led me into the center of the room.

He raised my hands up high, standing behind me as he fooled with something above me. I looked up and saw a chain with a kind of hook on the end, that was hanging from the ceiling, no, from a kind of winch. The Professor snapped the rope into the hook thing, then let go.

I was able to lower my arms a few inches, but that was all. Then the Professor pushed a button set into the wall and there was a humming noise as the chain slowly pulled up. It straightened my arms, then pulled me to my toes, then, with a gasp, I was lifted off my toes.

He pulled me about a foot off the floor, then let go of the button. The humming stopped and the chain stopped rising.

"All right, let's go," the Professor said.

"You're just going to leave her like this?" Alexandra asked. "We'll be gone for hours."

"Well, I suppose I could gag her, and maybe stick a vibrator up her pussy, but I think she'll be fine like this. We don't want to be late."

He headed for the stairs, and after a long, lingering look of amusement at me, Alexandra followed him. They walked up the stairs and I heard them walk across the floor.

Then nothing.

I started to feel the pressure against my wrists as I hung there, swaying, then against my arms, and finally against my shoulders, and oddly, there was also a sharp pain under my arms, at the sides of my chest.

I was helpless, hanging from the wrists naked, and helpless. There was no way I could get loose, no way at all.

That slowly began to sink in, that I was utterly, utterly helpless. This wasn't something I'd done to myself that I could undo. I had no power, no ability to influence anything that happened. I was helpless, hanging naked from my wrists.

This was one of my fantasies, one of the most erotic of them, and despite the humiliation I'd felt under Alexandra's pitying gaze, I started to feel the eroticism of my position. My body was straining, all stretched out, gravity pulling me from my arms.

My legs felt infinitely far below me, dead weight. I looked up at my wrists, at the ceiling, then down the length of my body. I looked around, then caught sight of movement.

It was me! It was me in the mirrored walls. I turned my head and stared raptly at my image, my body heating up as I caught sight of myself. I looked so hot! I looked exquisitely erotic! I groaned to myself, grinding my thighs together as my pussy bubbled with sexual energy.

I wanted Evans to come back and fuck me, maybe even use his belt on me, not on my ass this time but on my back. That would be...that would be the height of sensual, carnal sexuality. I imagined myself crying out in pain as he whipped my back, swaying helplessly in place as the belt cracked across my shoulders.

I ground my thighs together even more, panting for breath as the sex-heat enveloped me.

I twisted my head around to catch sight of myself in several walls, from different angles, totally turned on by the sights, totally hot and high at being hung from the wrists. This was so wonderful, so fantastic. I didn't care about the discomfort, not in the sexual state I was in.

I opened my legs, then slapped them closed, opened them again, then slapped them closed again. It was a major effort, but I didn't care. I opened and closed them again, then began to grind them together, rubbing them back and forth, panting and grunting as I tried to jerk off without even touching myself.

I knew a girl in high school, a gymnast, who could have pulled herself up and swung her legs up over her head, then rubbed herself on her wrists. I didn't have the strength to do that, so had to just keep rubbing my thighs together. It was incredibly frustrating. I was so hot, and couldn't get so much as a finger down there.

I was sweating heavily now, my breath loud as I continued to grind and rub my thighs together. Hanging from my wrists was taking a toll on me, too, but I ignored it. The heat inside my loins left me no other choice. It overrode every other consideration.

I felt myself getting closer and closer, and worked harder, grinding and rubbing myself as I looked around at my hanging image, as the fantasies poured over me.

Then I came. I cried out in a weak, warbly voice, rubbing furiously as I jerked and swayed on the end of the chain, twisting round and round as the orgasmic power burned through my body. It wasn't a fantastic orgasm, or, well, it wasn't as good as some of the others I'd had since the Professor had started abusing me, but it was still great.

If someone had been fucking me I think I would have been blown unconscious, but just rubbing my thighs together could only do so much. It was amazing I could actually come by rubbing my thighs together.

I hung there in the warm, afterglow, sighing in exhaustion, panting for breath.

And still hanging there helplessly.

Time passed, and the ache in my arms and shoulders and wrists grew worse. I also grew more and more weary and weak. I wasn't doing anything, so why was this so exhausting? I didn't know, but it was. I was sweating badly, energy draining from my body as I hung there.

I swayed slowly, monotonously turning around and around, my toes twitching a foot off the floor. I tried to think of what Alexandra had said, something about them being gone a long time. I wondered how long. For that matter, I wondered how long I'd been hanging like this. I had no watch and there was no clock around.

Time passed.

My arms became numb. My shoulders burned. I was exhausted, sore, and cramped up, incredibly

cramped up. I mean, my legs and arms were absolutely straight, and had been for...for awhile anyway. My back was ramrod straight, too, and the weight of my legs pulled at it.

My spine ached. I kept pulling my legs up one at a time, drawing my knees into my belly just to bend them. It felt soooo good to do that.

But I rapidly lost the energy to, and after awhile I just hung there stiffly, aching all over, tired all over, sweating all over. My hair was matted against the sides of my face, and sweat trickled down my forehead and cheeks. My head hung low and I watched one trickle of sweat slide down my chest, down over my breast to my nipple, then trickle down the underside, out of sight.

Time passed.

The eroticism of being hung from the wrists began to lose it's appeal. I was one long ache. Oh, for the joy of being able to bend my legs, to sit down, to take the weight off my arms.

I didn't know how long I'd hung there. It seemed like so long, like hours. I had no way of knowing, and no way of knowing how long it would be until the Professor came back.

Finally, there were footsteps on the stairs. I hardly noticed at first, hanging limp and exhausted as I was. By the time I raised my weary head and looked across the room the Professor was walking towards me, Alexandra behind him.

I was too tired to even be embarrassed any more. All I wanted was to be let down, so I could bend my arms and legs and back.

"Well, now. You don't look quite so energetic now," the Professor smirked.

"Poor little thing," Alexandra cooed.

The Professor gripped my matted hair and jerked my head up and back, drawing a gasp of pain from my lips.

"What do you think, Alex?"

"Nice body, small but quite firm," Alexandra said. "Her breasts are lovely."

"I like her little round ass," the Professor said.

"What are you going to do with her?"

"I'm not quite sure. Any suggestions?"

"Well, she needs a bath," Alexandra sniffed.

"If you'd been hanging by your wrists for five hours you'd probably need a bath too, dear."

"You'll never see that happen in this life, Roger," Alexandra snorted.

The Professor's hand slid between my thighs and squeezed my sweating mound, rubbing and fingering my slit as he talked. "I bet if I fucked this whore she'd come even now," he said.

"Now don't be nasty, Roger," Alexandra said.

Her hand slid up and down my back, then onto my bottom, caressing it slowly and softly. "Why don't you let me take her down and bathe her?" You don't want to get yourself all sweaty."

"I don't think she's sweaty enough," the Professor said. He moved away from me, going over to a low cupboard. My head fell forward again and I saw Alexandra's lower body as she walked around in front of me. She put her hand under my chin and raised my head, smiling into my face.

"Having fun, dear?" she smiled.

She looked over my shoulder and her eyes rose a bit at something she saw. "You're so mean, Roger," she chided him.

"I know what this whore wants," the Professor's voice said.

"I know what she wants too." Alexandra smiled.

Then, to my stunned amazement, Alexandra, still wearing her expensive gown, dropped to her knees in front of me. She gripped my thighs tightly and began to suck ferociously on my bald pussy slit. Her tongue slid incredibly deep inside me and flickered like a snake as she ground her nose against my clitty.

She slurped wetly on my sex, her teeth grinding, lips rubbing, mouth sucking, She used her forearms to force my legs apart, then peeled my pussy lips open with her fingers and lapped against my pink cunt meat with her tongue.

Despite my exhaustion, my interest began to perk up immediately. I'd not only never had my pussy licked before but I'd never really imagined doing anything with a woman. In fact, the idea was kind of embarrassing.

But there was no denying how her mouth was starting to heat me up inside. I was astonished at how deep her tongue seemed to reach inside my pussy tunnel, at how it flickered, at how soft and wonderful it felt against my smooth, silky vaginal walls.

Also, by her actions, Alexandra had changed from being a sneering bystander to an active participant. I no longer had to be so embarrassed around her.

As her tongue woke up my mind, though, I still found it incredibly bizarre to have a woman licking at my pussy. I was even offended to a certain degree, and embarrassed and a little squeamish.

Her tonguing quickly made those feelings disappear, though, as pleasure started to flood my system.

I looked at the wall, at our image, at me hanging from the wrists again. The pain in my arms and shoulders had faded to a dull numbness by now, so the biggest sensation floating through my nervous system now was the buzzing heat coming from my pussy.

Alexandra was doing amazing thing down there, things I'd never imagined. She seemed to know her way around a pussy better than anyone I'd ever met. Of course, that shouldn't have surprised me since she had her own.

Anyway, as her tongue danced across my slit and up over my clitty, I kept gasping in surprise at each new sensation she raised within me. When she slipped her lips around my clit and sucked hard I groaned out loud. When she managed to get her teeth around it and grind her teeth gently from side to side I jerked and writhed in response.

And when she stuffed her fingers up my pussy I didn't care one bit that it was a woman's fingers. I just whimpered in pleasure and let my head roll as the waves of sexual heat rolled over me.

Then something hit my back. I didn't know what it was but the pain was intense, a terrible, sharp, biting agony that ripped into me like an explosion. I screamed in shock and pain, dancing wildly on the end of the chain as my body reacted to the blast of pain.

Alexandra gripped my thighs in a steel-like hold as her tongue pushed even harder into me. I opened and closed my mouth repeatedly, trying to catch the breath that had been driven from my body.

"Like it, slut?" the Professor said from behind me. "I thought it was high time you got whipped properly."

Whipped!

I mean, I'd thought about it in my fantasies, but never seriously. I'd liked the spankings, and even the paddle and the belt on my ass, though they'd hurt, had only made my pleasure more intense. But to be whipped! To actually be hung from my wrists and whipped! My God! Instantly, a flood of hot, piercing lust boiled through my veins and my body pulsed and throbbed in almost unbearable heat.

Again there was a swish, and a crack of noise as the something slashed across my back. It wasn't a belt, but something else, something lighter, made of many small pieces it seemed. It was a Cat o' nine tails. I'd seen pictures of them, and heard of them, but never imagined...never thought that one would ever really be used on me.

Now I had no choice, and didn't even know what it was yet. All I knew was that I was being whipped, poor, helpless little me, hanging from my wrists naked, was being whipped. Pain roared and pleasure through my skull and burned through my body. I screamed in agony as the cat slashed across my shoulders and back, jerking and shaking and thrashing and dancing in helpless response as the Professor continued to lash my back.

I came, my guts screaming into a monumental eruption of sexual energy. I was caught in a sexual

firestorm that tore up and down my body and burned it up from the inside.

Alexandra clung desperately to my thighs, her tongue whipping back and forth over my clitty as her entire jaw bit down on my soft pussy mound and she sucked for all she was worth. The whip slashed into me again and again I screamed, flung higher still, into some new existence, some new heights that I had never before known existed.

I wondered, in some small, still functioning part of my mind, whether I could actually survive such pleasure. It was so intense, so massive, it seemed to be ripping my entire body apart, tearing my mind to shreds as it crackled through me.

It was like...like I'd stepped out of the shower and shoved a live electrical wire up my pussy and into my guts, only the overload, the continuous, shocking, crackling blast of energy was of pure pleasure instead of pain. And every time the whip cracked across my back a new and hotter blast of ecstasy seared my body.

It was the longest, most powerful orgasm of my life, and when it slowly faded, it didn't fade all the way like usual, instead it slid down, then immediately started back up again, like a roller coaster that had just climbed a massive peak and fallen down, only to rise to the next.

I came again, less massively, but it was still enough to knock the breath from my dazed body.

Something seemed to have been done to my body and mind. Again I came, then again, then again. A series of gut wrenching orgasmic explosions was tearing through me one after another.

Then the whipping stopped and I felt the Professor's cock pressing against my anus. His hands gripped my thighs and jerked them wide, then he rammed his cock up into my ass with a violent, painful thrust, grinding his pelvis into me until he had buried every last inch of prick up into my tight back opening.

Alexandra slid her hands up the front of my body and began to squeeze and knead my aching breasts as the Professor began to pump his cock up into my rectum. His fucking was violent and ruthless, like always, and his prick skewered me with savage strokes.

It was wondrous. I was caught up in a sexuality that was total, that made everything else in existence fade into obscurity. Who I was, what I was, where I was, none of that mattered. All that mattered were the glorious sensations of pleasure ripsawing through my quivering, trembling, sweat soaked body.

I felt the Professor's fat cock churning away inside my belly, and Alexandra bit down on my clit. I came again, my body quivering mindlessly, my face beet red as my vision faded.

Then everything faded, and I lost consciousness completely.

I woke slowly. I tried to stretch, to turn. My body ached, and I couldn't move it. As I came more awake I realized the reason for this. I was laying on my belly on a large double bed, my arms and legs stretched out to the four posts and chained there.

There was no pillow under my head, though there was one, or perhaps two under my belly, and no covers on my naked body. I tried to look around some, especially to see my back, which throbbed a little, and felt kind of...wet. But I couldn't.

All I could do was lay there spreadeagled, wondering when someone would come, and go over the events of yesterday in my mind.

Just thinking about them made me horny. I'd been fucked unconscious! That was amazing. I had been hung naked by my wrists, and then whipped! I had humiliated myself by doing that lewd dance, outside, and then masturbating in front of a woman, and then she had eaten me out!

All of this buzzed through my mind as I lay there.

It was daylight out, but I didn't know what time it was. Then I heard the door opening behind me and looked over my shoulder, flushing in embarrassment as Alexandra came into the room.

"Hello, dear," she smiled.

She was wearing a pair of tight cutoffs and a tank top that did little to hide her athletic, full busted figure.

"Feeling better?" she smiled.

"I...I'm okay," I gulped, red faced as she sat on the edge of the bed.

"You have a lovely bottom," she said, reaching out and caressing my buttocks. "You must be proud of it."

I struggled with my embarrassment and said nothing, but gasped as her slender hand slid down between my buttocks and over my pussy.

"You shouldn't be embarrassed of your lusts," she said. "Why should we women be forced to repress our lusts while men so fully enjoy theirs?"

Two of her fingers were stroking the length of my pussy slit, easing beneath to gently rub my clit.

"The need to be possessed, to be taken, is such a strong, wonderful fantasy," she said.

She drew her hand back and reached away from me, towards something on the beside table. I heard a click and a buzzing and she drew her hand back carrying an enormous silver vibrator.

"P-Please," I gasped in a choked voice.

She pressed the thing lightly against my slit and rubbed it downwards, just eve so lightly nudging my clit.

"Being a prisoner absolves us of all guilt," she said in a low, hypnotic voice. "We are free to embrace our lusts and desires, to give in to the lusts and desires of others."

The vibrator moved directly over my clit and sent a jolt of sexual heat through my body. I jerked in place, gasping and moaning as she pressed the thing against my opening and began to pump its end inside, pushing deeper and deeper with every short thrust.

'You have a lovely pussy," she said. "Such nice, tight, neat little pussy lips."

She had two thirds of the thing inside me and was pumping it slowly in and out. She gripped the base with the palm of her hand and reached down with her long middle finger to press against my clit and push it upwards, jamming it against my flesh, against the vibrator purring inside.

"Girls like you were meant to be owned by strong willed people," she said. "So you can be taught to fully experience the joys of your own lust and hunger."

I groaned as the long, thick vibrator was thrust deep inside me, as I felt the palm of her hand pressing against the base, almost pressing level with my now moist sex.

She drew her hand back suddenly.

"Like to be let up?"

I gasped for breath. "Y-yes, please," I whispered.

"We put you like this so your back would get better sooner," she smiled, reaching to the straps and unbuckling them. "It's really not bad at all any more. It was a little nasty looking the other night, but really, the cuts were quite shallow, like paper cuts, say, and you can hardly see most of them any more. We put some salve on it and it's all better. In two days you won't even know you'd been cut."

All this was good news, I supposed, but I was still extremely uncomfortable around her, especially since I was naked and she wasn't. The memory of what she'd seen and done made my face turn red, and now, well, she had clearly established herself as the one in charge, and I didn't feel inclined to challenge her on that.

She unbuckled all the straps and I groaned in relief as I was able to stretch and bend my arms and legs. Never would I have imagined it would feel so good to do so simple a thing.

"Don't let this out of your pussy," she said in a suddenly sharp voice. I twisted and tried to sit up and she gripped my chin, her eyes boring into mine. "Did you hear me?"

"Y-Yes," I gulped.

Alexandra helped me stand, then turned me, and, before I could react, had pulled my right hand behind my back, where I felt her clipping something metal around my wrist. I started to pull back but she held firmly and I relaxed.

"Other hand," she said.

I meekly put my other hand back and felt it locked in place, turning my head, trying to see what held my hands, pulling my now locked wrists out to one side to see the handcuffs around them.

"Come eat," she said.

She took my arm and led me from the room, naked, and down a flight of stairs. I looked around nervously, wary about being nude in a strange place.

"Sit there," she ordered, pulling out a kitchen chair.

I still had the vibrator inside me, and looked down to see the base protruding slightly from my pussy lips.

"Sit," she said, smiling, "or you'll be sat."

She eased in over the chair, shifting my legs apart, and sat down slowly. I gasped as the chair met the base of the vibrator and pushed it up harder inside me. It was just about fully inside me now, and the nose was jammed up deep inside my pussy. It hurt as I sank down, as I put more pressure on it.

"It - hurts," I gasped.

"All the way," she said.

I gasped again, shifting, trying to turn the vibrator this way or that, to find another direction where it's hard steel nose would not jam quite so painfully into me.

"Oh!" I cried.

"Down."

I clenched my teeth, leaning back a little, and something gave, something gave just a little, enough that I could take the thing deeper and my buttocks could press against the chair.

"Good girl," she said, patting my head, then moving away.

"I gave you a sponge bath the other night, but what you really need is a nice, steaming hot bath," she smiled. "I'll run one for you in the main bathroom. That's the one with the big, sunken tub. In the meantime, here..." She carried a small tray over and set it in front of me. It held orange juice, milk, and pancakes with lots of syrup.

She sat next to me and watched as I coped with the pain deep in my belly. Then, smiling, she cut a piece of pancake and held the fork out to me. I stared at it a moment, then took it into my mouth, chewed, and swallowed.

She was going to feed me. How weird.

She cut another piece, and another, and then, as I was eating, casually reached over with her other hand and squeezed my breast.

"I love young girls," she said as she speared another piece of pancake. "Their skin is so soft and tight."

She pinched and rolled my nipple, smiling when I winced, then drew her hand back. "Where's Professor Evans?" I asked.

She shrugged negligently, then cut off another piece of pancake and hesitated. She smiled, and instead of lifting it with the fork, put the fork down and lifted it with her fingers. She held it out to me and I felt a little quiver in my belly as I licked it out of her fingers.

It felt bizarre, but heady, sensual.

She cut off another piece and let me lick it out of the palm of her hand, then another and another.

"Such a pretty little girl," she said, letting me lick and suck the syrup off her fingers.

She held the cup to my mouth and let me drink from the milk, then picked up the plastic syrup jug and tilted it over my upper chest, letting the syrup drip onto my chest and breasts.

I inhaled sharply, gasping, feeling the sexual heat burning up my insides. I was still practically impaled on the vibrator, which ached deep within me, and its buzzing was having an effect on my clitty even if they weren't touching.

She poured syrup over my chest, then let her hand smear it all across my breasts. She pushed my chair back and bent, licking and sucking at my quivering nipples, then letting the syrup pour slowly down my heaving belly, down onto my bare pussy and her waiting mouth. She pushed me back so I slumped in the chair, my knees drawing up and apart as a sweltering heat gripped me.

Her mouth sucked and licked at my clit as the syrup trickled slowly down, and her hand pushed rhythmically against the base of the vibrator, grinding the nose up deep inside me.

I was going to come, going to come screaming, any minute. She seemed to sense it and drew back, smiling ferally. She pulled me forward out of the chair and pushed me belly down against the table. I groaned as my syrupy breasts pressed slickly against the gleaming wood.

She picked up the syrup and I moaned anew as I felt it being poured over my back, felt it poured in a thick line down my spine, down between my buttocks, the slippery, sugary stuff spattering against my wrinkled anal opening.

Her hands followed the syrup, spreading it over my back and bottom, then her tongue was at my anus, circling, dipping, teasing me terribly. She kept my legs spread and wouldn't touch my

steaming pussy as her tongue, and then her fingers pushed slowly into my anus. I groaned aloud as two long fingers drove through into my soft anal tunnel, twisting and turning inside me. My wrists pulled weakly at the handcuffs and I gulped in shallow, ragged breaths as she slid them in and out, then added a third.

"Nasty little girl," she whispered.

A fourth finger pushed into my anus, and my opening ached. I felt them pulling back, pushing forward stretching me out. They pushed in again and I felt a fifth finger, felt my opening straining, aching as her hand pushed in.

"Oh God!" I panted. "D-Don't!"

"Shhh," she whispered.

She poured more syrup and I groaned as my anal opening stretched wider. I felt the heel of her hand slowly grinding through the opening, and then my anus closed around her wrist as her entire hand pushed up inside me. I could feel her fingers twisting and turning inside my anus, spreading out, then pulling together as her wrist turned and twisted slowly from side to side - and pushed deeper.

"A-Alexan-dra!" I gasped.

"Shh."

She pushed her hand deeper, her wrist sliding through my anal opening, her forearm following. Her questing fingertips touched something deep inside me, perhaps the end of my anal channel. They drew slowly back in, one at a time, pulling in against the palm of her hand to form a fist, and the fist pushed deeper.

I came massively, crying out in release as my body ecstasy poured over me. The climax tore at my body and mind and my bottom jerked and quivered in violent response, yet it was only a small ripple compared to what was to follow. For Alexandra continued to push her fist deeper, to twist it from side to side, to work my anus open.

And then she dropped to her knees and began to suck on my clit, and as she did she pumped her fist inside me. The combination was excruciating. The sensations were shocking and intense. Her fist moving up and down, pulling strongly, sucking at my flesh, grinding against the deepest part of my anus, her tongue lapping strongly over my clitoris, lips sucking, the vibrator still buzzing deep in my pussy.

I came massively. I came with an intensity which, prior to the previous night, would have surpassed anything in my experience or dreams. I screamed out loud as she rammed her fist back and forth inside me and my bottom thrust back desperately against it, my pussy on fire as she sucked and slurped at my quivering clitoris.

Five

Alexandra helped me stagger down the hall to the bathroom, and then helped me into the deep, sunken tub. I sank exhaustedly to my knees, groaning as the water slid up my thighs and then over my groin.

I gasped, recalling the vibrator, and tried to sit up, but Alexandra's hand pushed down on my shoulder.

"It's waterproof," she said, forcing my sex beneath the water.

I sank back, lay back, groaning, letting the hot, soapy water rise up to my breasts.

"There, now, doesn't that feel good?" she smiled.

Then to my surprise she reached down and pulled her tank top up and off. I stared appreciatively at her huge, round breasts and big brown nipples as she undid her cutoffs and slid them down her long, shapely legs. She wore no underwear, and her pussy was shaved as smooth as mine.

She stepped into the tub and with a groan of pleasure, sank down into the water and slid over beside me. She lay back against the tub, shoulder pressing against mine, sighing happily as she let the hot water burn into her.

She turned and smiled down at me, then slid her arm over my shoulders and pulled me in against her.

"Isn't this nice?" she smiled.

I said nothing, squirming a little, still weak, and still feeling like I was caught in a bizarre little fantasy. And not sure how to cope with it. I mean, I just wasn't a lesbian, and I knew nothing at all about this woman. I didn't even know her last name. Hell, we hadn't even been introduced when it came right down to it. Was I going to have to lick her pussy? I suspected I almost surely was, and I felt both reluctant - pussy eating not being something I had much interest in - and anxious about doing a bad job.

She apparently felt she had the right to do whatever she wanted with me, regardless of how I thought, and considering what she'd seen of me I guess I shouldn't have been surprised. I wanted to set her straight, but couldn't quite find the words. Thanks for the multiple orgasms but I'm not interested didn't sound right.

But then she half turned towards me and her hand, her right hand, slid down between my legs and cupped my pussy, her palm pressing against the base of the vibrator. At the same time she leaned into me and kissed me full on the lips. This seemed a greater intimacy, somehow. Don't ask me why, and having come so powerfully I was not really in the grip of much sexual heat just then.

I felt her tongue squirming inside my mouth and turned away, pulling my mouth free. I felt - I don't know, ungrateful, as odd as that might sound. I mean, hell, I hadn't asked her to intrude on my sordid little games with the Professor, hadn't invited her, and hadn't been asked if I wanted

another participant, especially a woman. So why should I feel bad about rejecting her?

But I wasn't really given much of a chance to.

Before I could speak, could offer up some kind of apologetic "Sorry I'm not into girls speech" her left hand, the one that had been draped across my shoulder, gripped my hair and shoved my head forward violently, bending me forward and driving it under the water. She bent me over and held me there despite my squirming and thrashing, held me there as my lungs burned and my chest and skull threatened to explode.

Then she dragged me back up, still by the hair, and forced my dripping head way back, holding me there as I gasped and coughed and sputtered helplessly.

"Don't be mean," she cooed. "Be a nice little girl for Alex. You'll be glad you did."

Her right hand slid over my breasts, stroking them softly, rolling and pinching the nipples as my chest heaved, then her hand slid down under the water and in between my legs again, stroking my bare pussy cleft and the protruding vibrator.

I gasped as she bent me back further, so my spine ground back against the edge of the tub. She bent and began to lick at my breasts, sliding her tongue over my nipples, then sucking on them. Her fingers rubbing at my clit, two of them sliding back and forth at the top of my sex as she held me easily in place.

"Such a pretty little thing," she cooed.

She eased up on my hair, letting it go and letting me sit up again. I stared at her warily, still remembering the panic I'd felt underwater, and wondering if she were crazy or something. For the first time I noted the play of strong muscles below the skin on her arms, and the fire in her eyes, and wondered if she were the same kind of person as the Professor.

I didn't resist any further, though I was still terribly uncomfortable as she stroked my body.

She stroked my clitty and groped my breasts, then began to kiss me, her lips sliding against my throat, then against my mouth. Her tongue probed inside my oral cavity and her hand slid behind my head, holding it, twisting it from side to side as her lips became hungrier, more passionate.

She pulled her lips back then and gave me a stern look. "You're not being a nice girl," she said in a dangerous voice.

I gulped in fear then as her lips came down on mine again. This time I kissed back, even though I felt a moment's revulsion as her big breasts came down against mine and mashed hard against them.

Her nipples were incredibly hard, and dug tiny furrows in the flesh of my own soft breasts as she mashed them down.

Then she pulled her lips free of mine and stood up, water raining down from her as she stood above me. I stared at her pussy slit, and quickly jerked my eyes away.

"Come on, baby, suck me," she panted, reaching for me.

I rose reluctantly to my knees, my mind squirming unhappily as the soft little crack got closer and closer. I knew I had no choice, that she would force me to do it, maybe hurt me, and in an odd way I felt I even owed her, since she'd eaten me out yesterday evening.

So I reached for her groin and brought my tongue up slowly against her slit.

"Lick it, baby," she sighed. "Lick my pussyyyyyyyyy."

I ran my tongue along her slit and she groaned in pleasure. Somewhat encouraged, I pushed my tongue in harder, sinking it between her tight cunt lips and lapping up her slit again.

She gripped my wet hair, pulling my face in, grinding it against her sex, then easing up to let me lick again.

I'd never seen a pussy this close up before, including my own. I licked my lips uncertainly, trying to remember what she'd done to me the other night, then shoved my tongue into her little opening and pumped it in and out. I tasted her on my tongue, a slightly musky scent. Remembering how deep her tongue had seemed to go inside me, I strained to push my tongue as deep as possible.

She reached down with one hand and peeled her pussy wider and I lapped up against her pink flesh, then licked directly at her clitty, got my lips around it, and sucked as my tongue wriggled against it.

It was a curious thing, and I found my revulsion fading, replaced by a sense of experimentation and exploration. This was my first time ever and I had no experience with licking pussy. I'd only had my own licked very recently, after all - by her.

Still, I had a pretty good memory of it, and a pretty good knowledge of what made my own pussy feel good. So I rubbed my lips and tongue over her clit, sucked and blew on it.

She sighed in pleasure and ran her hands over my hair, humping slowly against me as I tongued and sucked her clit. I was anxious to please, partly because I knew I was probably not very good at this, that the women who usually sucked her pussy did it much better, and partly because...well...I wanted to make her come.

Like I said, I sort of owed her a come, at least one, and the more I did this the less shocking it became. I wondered, as I had on many other occasions over the past few days, what my mother and father would think if they saw me now.

That made me shiver a little, and I redoubled my efforts, starting to feel a mild sexual buzz between my legs as my pussy squeezed down around the vibrator.

Alexandra began to hump faster, groaning and panting and sighing in pleasure as she pulled my face into her pussy.

"Oh, baby!" she moaned. "oh, yes! Oh, do me! Ohhhhhh!"

I began to get a feel for what she liked best, and licked harder as I sucked fiercely on her clit. She groaned, and her fingers tightened on my head as she humped in response.

Then she gasped and pulled really hard on my head, mashing my face into her groin, crushing my nose and mouth against her pussy as she ground herself furiously into me. I couldn't breathe, but felt a wave of satisfaction that I'd made her come.

She sighed and eased her grip on my head, letting me breathe again. She pulled me up and had me sit back on the edge of the tub, then sank to her knees in front of me. She pushed me back and I lay down. She tugged the vibrator out of me and jammed her mouth into my opening, her tongue thrusting and squirting inside me as her fingers caressed my clit.

She peeled my lips apart and locked her jaw on my pussy pad, sucking hard. Then her tongue darted out and flickered up and down my glistening pink flesh, dipping and darting inside me, then lapping across my clitoris.

As the sexual heat rose up inside me I wondered why I had been so squeamish about this. It was kinky and lewd and that should have been more than enough. She was a butch dyke in heat and was raping me. That was it. I lay back and let my head roll as the heat swept through my body and my pussy began to throb and burn.

Her tongue raced over my pussy as her hands stroked my thighs. Then her hands slid up my belly and cupped my breasts, stroking and squeezing them as her tongue made my hips jerk and bounce on the edge of the tub.

Water pelted down into the tub as she slid out of it, crawling up my body and straddling me. My legs were wide, but hers were even wider as she slid her body down atop mine. Her breasts crushed mine and rolled back and forth across them as her lips and mine met in passionate embrace.

She ground her pussy down against mine, humping and rubbing her clitty right against my own exposed button, and I could only whine and hump back. My hands twisted beneath me, the metal of the handcuffs digging into my soft flesh as we humped and rubbed our pussies together.

Our tongues moved from my mouth to hers, then back against as we sighed and moaned and grunted in hot, lewd sexual desire.

I came, humping desperately, back arching violently as I whined and moaned in sexual release. She ground down harder, twisting and mashing her clitty and pussy against mine as her lips chewed on my throat and her breasts rolled up and down against mine.

She smiled down at me, and kissed my forehead, then slid back off me and pulled me to my shaky feet. She picked up the soap and began to soap up my weak, trembling body, washing me as though

I were a small child.

Well, not quite. She paid particular attention to my pussy and bottom and breasts, coating them with thick layers of soap and squeezing and rubbing her hands over them for long minutes.

Then she and I lay in the water, her arms around me, kissing softly as we let the steamy water relax us.

After awhile she led me out of the water, still treating me like some kind of child. She made me stand in the middle of the room while she dried me with big fluffy towels, then sat me down on a chair and used a brush and blow dryer to dry my hair.

Her own hair was almost a crewcut, and needed little attention as she carefully brushed out my own long tresses.

Then, she stood me up. I obeyed submissively as she led me to a counter that contained what looked like a bunch of chains and bracelets. Alexandra undid my handcuffs, tossing them aside, then picked up one of the bracelets and placed it around my wrist. The two ends clicked together and I saw that there was a little keyhole in the side.

I tried to open it and realized I couldn't.

She placed another one around my other wrist. Both were gleaming shiny steel, and both had round rings sticking out the sides, rings that one could attach chains to. I felt my pussy bubbling as I watched her pick up two more and lock them around my ankles, then pick up a much larger version and slide it around my throat.

It was tight, but not tight enough to make it hard to breathe, even though I was starting to breathe kind of hard.

She picked up a long metal belt and slid it around my waist, then clicked it together. A chain, a small one, linked my wrist...cuffs? restraints? shackles? Shackles!

Another chain linked them together. It was about a foot long, locked to the rings in both shackles, and went through another ring in the front of the belt. A second chain was clipped to the front of the belt, and hung down between my legs and was fastened to a third chain that linked my ankles together.

Then she picked up what looked like handcuffs, large handcuffs, with a metal chain attached. She pressed them around my breasts, pushing them flush against my chest, then tightening them until they squeezed my breasts out hard and tight. The chain went around my back and locked tight there.

The next to last piece of equipment she had there was a foot long chain which had two metal balls the size of ping pong balls attached to it. She clipped it to the front of my belt and pulled it down between my legs. She forced the first ball up into my pussy, and the second into my anus, then cinched the chain up tight and locked it to the back of the belt.

The last piece of equipment was a leash, which she clipped to the collar.

I had goose bumps by then I was so excited. It was my fantasies come to life again, shackled, chained, a slave girl held by evil masters, or in this case an evil mistress.

"Come along, little one," she cooed.

"Yes...mistress," I gasped.

She raised an eyebrow, then smiled slightly as she pulled on the leash and led me out of the bathroom.

She led me into one of the bedrooms, one I hadn't seen before, and over to the bed, where clothes were laid out. They weren't for me, of course. I was wearing all I was going to.

"Dress me," she said.

"Yes, Mistress," I sighed.

I picked up a leather G-string and dropped to my knees as she lifted one foot, then the other. Then I stood, pulling the G-string up around her hips.

It was a little awkward. The chain on my wrists meant that I couldn't really move them far from my belly, because of the ring on my belt the chain ran through. In fact, the only way I could pull one hand a full foot out from my body was to lay the other flat against the belt.

The next thing was a pair of tight leather...pants...sort of. I knelt as she stepped into one leg, then the other, then tugged them up awkwardly around her hips. The things had no backside, none at all. Her buttocks were completely bare, and framed by the leather squeezing them together. The thing pulled up tight against the underside of her buttocks, and then fastened around her hips just like regular pants.

I thought they looked incredibly kinky. I was starting to become really hot myself. My breasts throbbed against the tight metal...whatever they were around them, and my pussy was drooling around that metal ball up inside it, even as my clitty was mashed by the chain that was pulled up tight against my pink pussy flesh.

I knelt and helped her don spike heeled shoes, then helped her put on a tight leather corset that hid little of her breasts.

She gripped my leash then and led me out of the room. "Shall we join the ladies downstairs?" she said over her shoulder.

The words jolted me and I stopped still, my mouth opening. She pulled hard on the leash and jerked me forward, leading me out into the hall and towards the stairs. My mind spun and shook with the implications of her words.

There were other women downstairs? What women? Lesbians like her? And they were going to see me like this?! I was almost unable to breath as the shock of that ran through me. It would be so mortifying, so degrading.

I think I would have screamed and fought like a wildcat if it weren't for that fact that my pussy was in on the argument. Like I said, it was already bubbling with heat, and so my mind was influenced by the heat pumping through my veins.

I was still terribly reluctant, but didn't fight her as she led me downstairs towards the sound of voices. How many were there? Two? Surely not more! No, there had to be. Three? Four!

Oh God. I was going to be so mortified, so humiliated. My bald little pussy was covered only by the thin chain that was pulled up between my pussy lips. My tits were naked and pushed out hard and fat and round, the nipples hugely erect.

We reached the bottom stair, then walked along the hall.

"You be a good girl now," Alex warned me as she pulled me into the living room.

The room was filled with women. I didn't count them because as soon as I saw how many there were my head dropped down and I stared at the floor, my face beet red as the women oohed and ahhed and laughed.

Hands grabbed at my ass and groin and groped my breasts as she led me into the middle of the room. Then she stopped.

"Ladies," she said. "I promised you something special, now didn't I?"

"Who's this little whore?" A woman called.

"Nice fat tits on her," another said.

"Look at that sweet little ass," another laughed.

"I'd like to get my hands on that little ass," yet another called out.

"Yesterday Roger Evans...You all know Roger?"

There was a chorus of jeers and cat calls in response.

"Yesterday he picked me up to take me to the Governor's dance, and we stopped off on the way at a dark parking lot."

Alexandra gripped my hair and forced my head up as she told them all, at great length, what she had seen in the parking lot, then what had happened in the basement later, then what had transpired in the bathroom.

It wasn't an exact telling, and was slanted to make me look even worse than a true telling would have. The women laughed and jeered and called out obscenities to me as Alex went along, their voices filled with both contempt and lust.

I wouldn't have thought it would have been possible to be more embarrassed than I'd been the other night on discovering in the parking lot that Evans hadn't been alone, but now I was. I burned with humiliation as the woman listened and laughed and jeered and stared at my so lewdly displayed flesh.

Forced to look at them, I saw now that there were about ten of them. They were all about Alexandra's age, some in mannish suits, some in jeans, all with short hair, though not all as short as Alex's. They never took their eyes off me as Alex told them all about what I'd done, and their jeering only grew worse when she went on to tell them how I'd come into the Professor's office looking for a spanking.

"So, ladies," Alex said. "What should we do with this little sex-toy?"

"I wish I had my spiked dildo," one particularly rough looking woman said. "I'd love to ream out her pussy with it."

"Ah, but we do have a selection of...accessories," Alex smiled, waving her hand at a cabinet which seemed to be filled with dildos and vibrators of every shape, size and description, as well as other implements the purpose of which I couldn't begin to guess.

"I think that this little slut has so betrayed women everywhere that she needs to be taught a lesson," one woman said. "Not only that, but her disgusting actions have so embarrassed us all as women, that she has to repay us."

Alex pulled me over by the leash and then shoved me down onto my knees in front of the woman who was sitting on a stuffed chair. The woman sneered down at me, and took the leash from Alex, then undid her pants and shoved them down and off.

She too had a shaved pussy, and she pulled my face against it, shifting her grip to my hair and twisting it roughly. The pain helped to ease the mortified shock gripping me, and I knew I had to do as I was told. That alone gave me a hot little dagger of excitement as I began to lick at her slit.

I felt hands at the belt, then the chain running down between my buttocks and in between my pussy was undone. It was pulled out, popping the round ball out of my anus to assorted cries and jeers, then popping the other ball out of my pussy hole, to more insults.

The chain binding my ankles was released, and I felt my legs pulled wide wide apart. I flushed and squirmed in humiliation, knowing how utterly naked and bare and exposed my groin was to the watching women.

There was all kinds of loud talk and laughter from behind and around me as I licked at the woman's slit, and hands slapped against my bottom or groped my pussy. Fingers were thrust into

my pussy and anus, and reached under to squeeze my breasts.

Then there was a burst of sound and something hard was pushed against my pussy opening. It was thick, round and thick, so thick I didn't think it would be able to go in. More and more pressure came down on my pussy hole as the thing twisted against my opening, then it slowly began to sink into me.

Whatever the thing was, it was incredibly thick. I could feel as it was twisted from back and forth, that it had been oiled up with something, but my pussy was still aching and stinging as someone slowly forced it up into my pussy tunnel.

The pain mounted as the thing slowly crushed my pussy lips aside and eased into me. I tried to pull away from the woman's snatch, to twist around and see what was happening, to protest at least, but the woman gripped my hair tightly and held my face against her pussy.

"Lick me, slut," she sneered. "Lick my pussy!"

I groaned and trembled, still trying to twist my hips away from that fat thing being forced into me. The woman cursed and slapped me on the side of the head, then reached under my chest and dug her fingers into my fat, taut breast.

Pain boiled through me and I cried out again, as the woman around us laughed and jeered. "Suck that pussy, slut," someone laughed.

"Lick me, whore," the woman growled. "Or I'll rip this titty off!"

I started licking frantically at her snatch as the thick dildo, for that was what it was, was slowly, and with great effort, forced into my straining cunt tunnel. My pussy lips were straining like I was giving birth, and my pussy walls were bloated out to the limit as the giant, thick dildo was twisted and pulled and jerked and pushed deeper and deeper into my belly.

These were all lesbians, you see, and they were punishing me in their own way. Since I liked to have my pussy filled, in other words, they were going to fill it for me, no matter what.

The pain was intense, as the woman behind me forced the dildo way up inside me. All around us were other woman, laughing and jeering and making jokes as I was forced to eat out the woman sitting in front of me, and my cunt was skewered by the massive rubber cock behind me.

"Dirty whore!"

"How do you like that, slut?"

"Does that feel goooood?"

"Like that, you little slut?"

"Fuck her harder!"

"Ram it up her slutty hole!"

"Stick one up her ass!"

Different women leaned in and slapped their hands on my ass, or on the back of my head. The woman I was eating slapped her hand against the side of my dangling breasts, laughing when I cried out in pain. She tore at my hair as she mashed my face into her pussy, yelling at me to suck harder, to lick harder, to shove my tongue deeper.

"You call that sucking, you little bitch?" she demanded, cracking her hand against the side of my head. "Suck my clitty, slut!"

I gasped as the dildo was jammed higher still. About ten inches were in me now, and my soft, elastic pussy walls were pushed out so hard they were as tight as the skin of a drum.

A finger slid into my asshole and pumped in and out, hands continued cracking and slapping at my ass and head and back and titties, and the woman sitting in front of me continued to pull at my hair as I pushed my tongue up her pussy hole.

She started grinding her pussy up into me, grunting in pleasure as she humped and whined and jerked in fitful pleasure. She let out a low sigh of relief then and her hands loosened.

"She needs a lot of training," she sighed.

"She'll get it," Alex sneered from behind me.

I cried out in pain as the dildo was slammed in harder, and knocked up against my cervix. I felt her hand against the base of the dildo, pushing hard, and felt the impact as she slammed her other hand into the back of that hand, trying to jam every last inch of dildo up inside me.

I felt like I was being punched in the guts, from inside me. I cried out in shock and pain, then again, then again as she slapped her hands against the base again and again. There was, from the feel of it, still a couple of inches sticking out of my super tight pussy lips, and they just wouldn't seem to go in.

I felt the leash tearing back on my throat, dragging me back so hard I flipped off my knees and onto my back on the rug. I gasped and tried to grab at the chain, but couldn't move my hands far enough from my waist.

I was dragged across the floor by the leash, then Alex gripped my hair and dragged me to my knees again, shoving my face into another woman's lap. That woman grabbed my hair from Alex and jammed my face into her snatch.

I licked dazedly at her pussy as she twisted and yanked at my hair, sneering down at me. I felt Alex pulling at the leash, and at the same time felt her spiked shoe on my ass.

The woman were still gathered around us, sneering and yelling obscenities, leaning in to slap at my red ass or the sides of my now aching, swollen breasts. Alexandra's sharp heel dug into my soft skin, then shifted over and as she pressed down on my ass with the front of her shoe, she brought the heel down against my anus and slowly forced it in all the way to the base.

She jeered and laughed at me as she worked the heel of her shoe up and down through my tight wrinkled opening.

All this time I was dazed with shock at what was happening, at all these woman, at the violence, at the embarrassment and humiliation of their obscene comments, the continual pulling and jerking on my hair and slapping on the side of my head and the sides of my breasts.

But even as I was first led into the room I was caught up in the sexual heat of bondage and domination, of being Alexandra's sex slave. Though the sexual heat had cooled by the embarrassment and pain, it had not gone out, not at all. And now, after almost ten minutes, I was less embarrassed, and was taking on the role of sex slave again.

That meant my pussy was starting to heat up once more, starting to clutch and squeeze on that massively thick dildo buried inside me. My breasts, of course, were hard and swollen because of the tight metal rings around them, but now they began to heat up too, the nipples to harden into diamond points.

The stinging pain as the woman slapped at the sides of my breasts was making them boil with pleasure, making my tits crackle with intense sexual pleasure. When someone reached under and pinched one of my nipples I could have screamed in ecstasy.

I was sinking lower and lower into a totally submissive, masochistic state, welcoming the abuse, both physical and verbal, glorying in my own degradation. The pain was turning to heat, and the heat to pleasure, and my body trembled with lust as I lapped eagerly now at the woman's pussy.

"Suck it, slut! Dirty whore!"

Alexandra's heel slid out of my anus, and there was some movement around behind me. I continued to lick and suck on the woman's pussy, unable to turn my head around.

There was a thin, whistling sound, then pain ripped through my bottom as something struck me. I screamed and tried to pull free, but the woman snarled and held my head tightly. She raised her legs and brought the heels of her shoes down on my back.

Again there was a whistling sound and again something cracked across my bottom. "Dirty slut!"

"Like that, whore?"

CRACK, the thing lashed onto my ass. It felt like a thin stick of some kind, a cane or a switch. I sobbed in pain as I licked at the woman's slit again, my mind getting more and more dazed and feverish with sex heat.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! The switch lashed down on my aching bottom, accompanied by laughter and jeers and curses.

"Harder! Harder!" they cried as the cane lashed my ass.

"Lick me, slut!"

Someone kicked me between the legs, or actually, kicked against the base of the dildo, smashing it against my cervix. My head spun and vision glazed as pain and dizziness swept through me. The woman cuffed me on the side of my head and I began licking again.

Something lashed down on my back, not the stick thing, not the switch, something else, softer, like a belt. The switch cracked against my ass again, then the belt whipped down on my back. Someone kicked at the dildo again, and someone else slapped the side of my breast as the woman tugged on my hair, slapped the side of my head, and cursed me.

I felt something twist inside me, felt something in my body explode, and then a roaring firestorm of sexual pleasure swept over me and buried me in its fiery heat. I grunted and gurgled in mindless, animalistic sexual glory, jerking and shaking and twitching helplessly as my mind spun and shattered.

The switch lashed my bottom, the belt lashed my back, hands slapped my head and the side of my face and the sides of my breasts, someone slammed their hand or foot again and again into the base of the dildo, and I yelped and cried like a dog, screaming finally, in a massive release of sexual energy.

The orgasm swamped my senses and blasted my mind apart, tearing through my body and limbs with hurricane force.

Alex cursed and dragged me back by the hair, hauling me up almost to my feet, then slamming my bottom down on the coffee table. The dildo was smashed right up into me with a terrible, sharp pain and a tremendous explosion of gut wrenching sexual heat.

My eyes widened, bulging out, and I trembled like a leaf in a high wind, mouth opening and closing as I gurgled, nearly insane with the pleasure and agony deep inside me. I couldn't breathe as my body shuddered through a cataclysmic eruption of sensory overload.

The whole world was a haze, the sounds the woman made, the jeers, distorted and echoing, unintelligible. I expended all the air in my lungs but couldn't breathe in, didn't know how, didn't know I was supposed to.

One of the women straddled the coffee table behind me, then hugged me tight and lifted me up a few inches, then slammed me down. A second blast ripped through me. She lifted me up again, then slammed me down, my buttocks and pussy slapping wetly against the table top.

The dildo had been driven fully into me somehow, the base of it resting just inside my straining pussy lips. The woman lifted me again and again, just a few inches each time, slapping me down

onto the coffee table as the others jeered and laughed.

But fewer of them were jeering and laughing. They were watching with intense desire and lust and heat as the sexual pleasure turned me into a crazed, mindless animal.

Some of the nastier ones, though, were only infuriated by my pleasure, cursing angrily as they saw the orgasm's power and strength.

They cursed and spat on me, slapping at my breasts and face as I jerked spastically and my body was wracked by convulsions. I was dragged to my feet by the hair and someone rammed a knee up into my pussy, almost jerking me off my feet.

Hands dragged me along through the living room and down the hall, then the whole pile of them half carried, half dragged me down the stairs to the basement, thundering down the stairs before and behind me.

I couldn't stand on my own now, though at least I was starting to breath again. Everything else around me was still a daze, though, as the women pulled me over to something, some kind of stand or other. They unclipped the chains from the wrist shackles and I felt my head pulled back by the hair.

I was pushed against some kind of stand, a horizontal two by four set atop a vertical one. My wrists were pulled out straight to either side and the shackles were clipped to the horizontal arms of the stand, then my hair was pulled way, way back and twined together, then tied somehow, to something down behind me.

My spine threatened to snap as I was pulled back so harshly, and my breasts were pushed out even harder and tauter. My legs were shackled to the base of the stand and the woman gathered around me as I panted for breath.

There was silence for a moment as they all watched, then one of them stepped up with a riding crop and swung it down across my right breast.

The pain was shattering, and I screamed at the top of my lungs, a long, horrified, continuous howl of agony as my breast boiled and burned. There were gasps and sighs from the watching women, then the crop lashed down on my other breast.

The crop hissed down again and again, cutting deep into my throbbing breasts, leaving angry red welts across the soft round orbs as the women around me rubbed their pussies and sighed in pleasure.

I shrieked and howled and wailed and screamed at the top of my lungs, until I had no breath left to scream, until the pain was all there was in my life, until my breasts were criss-crossed with red welts and the pain roared like a typhoon through my skull.

And a hand slid between my legs and began to squeeze my bare pussy mound and a thumb began to jam down against my clitty.

The blows halted as the thumb ground my clitty against the base of the dildo, rubbing furiously. A mouth slid onto my tortured, tormented, burning right nipple and began to suck. Another mouth descended on my left nipple and did the same.

All the pain inside me seemed to vaporize, turning to a terrible, burning heat, and then I came again.

The women cursed in outrage, and the crop lashed across my breasts and belly with renewed fury, no, two crops, no, three, slashing and whipping at my breasts and arms and stomach and thighs and hips as I screamed in mindless ecstasy.

They pulled me off the stand, carrying me across the room and flinging my leg over a wooden sawhorse. They dropped my sex down onto the sawhorse and a blast of fresh pain and pleasure ripped through me. I was blinded, deafened, with no conscious thoughts beyond a crazed sexual delirium.

My hands were free, and they reached out with a mind all their own, gripping the sawhorse. My legs dangled down on either side of the beam, which was digging up with agonizing pleasure into my pussy, grinding the dildo up into my guts.

I began to grind my pussy against the sawhorse, my eyes glazed, my mind crazed. I grunted repeatedly, trying to drag myself back and forth over the beam, trying to saw it against my pussy.

There was nothing that didn't give me pleasure. I was coming again and again, snapping off orgasms every half minute, until my mind spun out into a black hole and I faded from consciousness

I found the true meaning of pleasure and pain that weekend, as first Alexandra and her friends, then the Professor and his, beat, raped, and abused my small, fragile body.

While I was abused by viscous, sadistic lesbians on Saturday, the Professor brought over a dozen men to gang rape me on Sunday. Cock after cock was rammed up my anus and down my throat, often at the same time. I was not only fucked by two men at once, for the first time ever, but was fucked by three, then four, then five men at the same time.

My rectum was reamed out so badly it didn't want to close afterwards, and semen dribbled out for hours.

The Professor hung me up by the wrists and whipped my back and behind, then sodomized me. Then he gave the whip to other men who took their turns whipping my back and breasts and buttocks.

I had thought that having my breasts whipped was the worst pain there ever could be, but I was wrong. The Professor and his friends hung me from the ankles, the chains holding my legs wide, wide apart, then shoved vibrators into my anus and pussy and began to whip my puffy, bald little pussy.

First they used a belt, then a riding crop, lashing my soft mons and inner thighs until they were red and swollen and burned with agony and my mind reeled from the massive pain blasting through me.

And through it all I came and came and came, screaming in glorious pleasure as my body was torn apart with feverish sexual pleasure.

To end the weekend the Professor and all his friends gathered around me as I lay in a whipped, exhausted heap on the floor, and masturbated, spitting their white semen against my face and striped breasts and burning pussy until I was coated in semen from head to toe.

And then, as a final, ultimate degradation, they urinated on me, soaking me with their piss as they laughed and joked and sneered down at me.

It was the most wonderful experience of my life, and though it took less than a week for the bruises and welts and pain to fade, the memory lived on forever, like my first rape.

I was to fall deeper and deeper into masochism over the next few years. One weekend Alexandra sewed my nipples together with a needle and thread, then whipped them. She pierced my nipples permanently that weekend, too, putting rings through them.

I had my labia pierced, my nose pierced, and one summer Professor Evans shaved all my hair off, turning my head into a gleaming cue ball. Shackles were welded to my wrists, and ankles and I served as an absolute slave all summer long, giving the Professor head to toe tongue baths, scrubbing and cooking and cleaning, having my bottom and pussy pounded by cocks, and sliding my tongue into countless pussy slits.

My life isn't one most women would envy, not on the surface of it, but since that first weekend I've never gone a day without half a dozen orgasms, and how many women can claim that? I live a life of total degradation and pain, of humiliation and abuse.

And I wouldn't trade it for the world.