

# *The Interview*

*by JJ Argus*



*Stories of Bondage and Submission*

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**Smashwords edition**

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

There were two great things about my aunt's house. The first, of course, was the pool. I loved that pool, and could lounge around it for hours. It was beautifully landscaped, with layers of flowers, plants, bushes and trees making it seem like it was a paradise on earth. The pool itself wasn't your normal cement bordered, baby blue square, but made to look more natural, with rocks and plants placed strategically around it, and a waterfall spilling down from a pile of rocks at one end.

The second great thing was that my aunt was usually not home in the day! So I got to lounge around it and pretend I was a Hollywood goddess and enjoy myself in her little backyard paradise pretty much whenever I wanted. From the time I was fourteen I would ride my bike up the twelve blocks from my parents house to my aunt's place to enjoy the pool.

I say 'up' because it meant pumping my way up Stark street, which was a long, uphill ride made even worse in the hot summer. By the time I got to my aunt's I was really ready to jump into the pool, and on more than a few occasions did so without even taking off my clothes!

It was a Tuesday afternoon when the college interviewers arrived. I had set up the interview for my aunt's place because, well, it was way nicer than my parents house. I thought it might impress them more. Also, it wouldn't have my parents hanging around!

So I was there in my black thong bikini enjoying the sunshine when the doorbell rang. I ignored it, of course. I didn't wear this bikini in public. It was for sunbathing, and whenever I wore it I felt kind of, well, slutty, but not in a guilty way, more in a guilty-pleasure way. The cups were way too small for me to walk around in public in, and of course, there was that tiny inverted triangle in back.

The bell rang again, and suddenly, it was like a jolt of lightning hit me. The interview!

Oh! My! God! No!

I sat bolt upright, head spinning for a moment. It was Tuesday! It was Tuesday! Damn! Damn!

My mom had stayed home from work the other day and so it had felt kind of like a Monday. But it was Tuesday!

I leapt from the lounge and ran inside, afraid they would be even at that moment walking back to their car. This was Landsdale Womens College! It was very hard to get into! You had to have great grades as well as great recommendations and have done a really great letter! And that was to get an interview! They were a very small college with a very big reputation, and they got to be extremely choosy about who they let in.

Fuck!

I barely stopped before hitting my face on the front door. I yanked aside the curtain, and my panic rose as I saw two very well-dressed people walking away! Breathlessly, I yanked open the door.

“Hello!” I exclaimed.

They stopped as one, turned, and looked at me in some surprise. I flushed anxiously. No, this was not the outfit I had planned on wearing! Fuck! Fuck!

They walked back to the door. They were both tall, and both wearing dark, expensive looking suits. The man wore a three piece suit, a very dark blue power suit with extremely thin pinstripes. He wore a yellow tie, however, which fit really well, and a small matching handkerchief square in his pocket.

He was broad shouldered, very fit looking, with short dark hair and a strong chin. He had dark glasses over his eyes, which made it hard to see more. The woman had the same dark glasses, but her suit had a skirt bottom, surprisingly short, but very businesslike. She was a blonde, with absolutely perfectly coiffed hair parted in the center of her forehead and spilling down around her shoulders.

Both carried briefcases.

“Miss Simmons?” the man asked doubtfully.

“Ohmygod I'm sorry! I got my days mixed up and thought you were coming by tomorrow!” I said.

“That would be a rather unusual outfit to wear to an interview,” the woman said

dryly. “Unless you thought it was a different sort of interview.”

“No, no! I really am sorry!” I said.

“Well, I'm afraid we can't give you any further time for preparation,” she said briskly. “May we come in?”

“Of course!”

What else was I supposed to say?

They walked past me and into the house, and I glanced at the hall mirror, then half leapt to the side to grab a comb and yank it quickly through my hair before following them.

I had moved heaven and earth to get a new haircut by a very in-demand local stylist I'd heard of. We'd spent considerable time going over pictures as I thought of what would best represent the kind of girl Landsdale would want to include among their freshman class. We had settled on a modified bob which left my dark auburn hair shining, but cut neatly below my jaw, curved in, and longer just in front. Heavy, straight bangs all-but covered my forehead.

Or should have! Fuck!

Oh if I only had a couple of minutes!

The image I'd wanted to present, and I'd examined it in the mirror, was of an intelligent, sophisticated girl. I had these very thin, frameless glasses which I only used for reading. I'd planned to be wearing them when I met the interviewers to convey just the right impression.

And instead I was in a thong bikini!

“You have read the preparatory material?” she asked over her shoulder.

“Yes, of course!”

They stopped just inside the living room and removed their sunglasses. I halted, flushing at those eyes on me. Somehow, the element of, well, being half naked, was a lot worse inside. I mean, with two strangers there, and both in very nice,

professional suits. And here I was with three tiny triangles of clothe to cover my entire body!

“That's a nice suit,” the woman said, eyes flicking up and down.

I blushed more deeply, more self-conscious now that she'd drawn attention to it.

“Yes, it fits very... nicely,” the man said with a half smile.

“My name is Victoria Jennings,” the blonde said, thrusting her hand out at me.

I took it almost without thought. She had a very strong handshake! But it was brief, as she drew her hand back with a frown.

“Oh God I'm sorry! Suntan lotion!” I exclaimed. “Don't worry! It's all natural! Vegetable oil based!”

I was babbling!

“Let me get you something to wipe your hand off!”

I rushed past into the kitchen and grabbed some paper towels, aware just as I did it that I was inadvertently flashing them with my bare butt! Oh God! I had NEVER worn a thong in public and never intended to! But it was too late by then. I twisted around as fast as possible, snatching the roll of paper towels off its rack and hurrying back.

She eyed me doubtfully as I thrust a wad of paper towels at her. The man was still looking at me with that odd little half smile. Were his eyes flicking up and down? Shit! He'd think I was a bimbo! She'd be sure of it!

Damn! Damn! Damn!

“I'm Martin Kendal,” the man said.

Jesus, he had nice eyes! He wasn't as old as I'd thought, and his voice! Oh wow! He had a voice that just was like, I don't know! It was smooth, deep, mellow, and kind of set parts of me vibrating from the sound waves! Without his sunglasses he looked even more handsome, and I placed his age at about thirty or so, roughly the same as Victoria.

She gave me back the wadded up paper towels and went over to the sofa, unzipping her bag and pulling a laptop out.

“Let's get started,” she said. “We're behind schedule already.”

Martin gave me a little wink, and followed her in. I stared after them helplessly, holding the roll in one hand and the wadded towels in the other. I tossed both into the kitchen and hurried after.

“Uhm, if I could just... take a few minutes to dress...”

Victoria raised her eyebrows. “You'd need to shower first, surely.”

“Uhm, well, I uhm, guess,” I said, blushing again.

“We haven't the time. Your clothing is not what we're here to consider in any event. Please sit down.”

They both sat down on the sofa behind the coffee table and I looked around, biting my lower lip.

My aunt treasured her house. She put a good deal of time, effort and money into finding just the right furniture. It was all very old and very expensive.

And I was still all oily! If I sat on one of my aunt's lovely antique chairs and got oil all over them she'd never let me in the house again!

“I uhm, would you mind if I knelt?” I asked desperately.

They both looked at me oddly.

“I don't want to get oil on my aunt's antique furniture!” I blurted.

Victoria gave me a cool look, then pointed her index finger at the floor. I gulped and sank to my knees. And of course, only then realized that, well, shit. They were both looking down into my way too obvious cleavage like this! Shit!

And sure enough, it was so obvious it drew their eyes right away. I could see all four eyes staring at my mostly bare breasts, gleaming lightly with oil! They didn't stare, exactly, but they sure noticed!

“Now, Miss Simmons – ,” Victoria said.

“Oh you can call me Sam!” I said. “Uh, I mean, Samantha – .”

“Miss Simmons,” she said frostily, “In looking at your written response to why you wish to attend Landsdale, I saw that you were most interested in our medical robotics facility. Please expand upon your reasons.”

“Well, I said, it's always seemed such a shame to – .”

“Before we really begin,” Martin said, “It's only fair to warn you that being as exclusive an institution as Landsdale very high standards are required in all areas of comportment and behavior.”

“Yes, sir,” I said automatically.

“As for example, how you interact with others, how you handle difficult people situations.”

“Not to mention how you look at the time,” Victoria said in that cool voice. “As for example, slouching. Which you're doing now.”

I jerked my shoulders back self-consciously.

She nodded. “Back straight. Head up. Speak firmly and truthfully and confidently. That's the image we want to see from Landsdale women.”

“Yes, ma'am,” I gulped.

Her voice was not a soft, rich, mellow voice like Patrick's. It was the voice of a drill sergeant! Or maybe a stiff backed nun, if you went to Catholic school. It was overpoweringly confident and almost demanded you obey! It was also, no matter what words it formed, filled with a sort of 'you're a bad girl!' attitude that made me cringe a bit.

God! Why did I have to be wearing this fucking bikini!?

I explained my interest in the interface between technology and human anatomy, in the program Landsdale had developed to interface human nerve endings and impulses with computerized arms and legs in a way which would eventually

allow disabled people to actually operate their new limbs by thinking about what they wanted to do.

“And why?” Victoria demanded.

Martin just smiled, and his eyes kept roaming up and down my body. It was really weird! I don't mean it was weird for him to be looking at me, of course. I mean, given what I was wearing I couldn't exactly blame him. But it felt weird to be half naked like this kneeling in front of a handsome man in a really nice suit!

A handsome man who obviously thought I was worth looking at! I don't know why the fact he was in a suit made it so much worse but it did. And being on my knees in front of him, well! I was kneeling roughly halfway between him and her, but I was very much aware of the view he was getting.

I had a sudden little fantasy where it was only him there, and I was kneeling like this, only in my fantasy he was spreading his legs and I was leaning in and in and ... oh yeah. The thought of it suddenly filled me with a sense of breathlessness. For the image was so clear in my mind! In fact, my eyes flicked instinctively to his groin!

“Have you, for example, a disabled person in your family?” Martin asked in that warm, delicious voice.

“Oh, no. I-I just have a lot of empathy for them. I mean, it seems such a terrible waste! And imagine how rewarding it would be to allow someone to walk again! Or to use their hands for the first time in years! I'm even more interested in the interface between small 3d camera lenses and the visual cortex which might allow blind people to see again.”

I wondered what he would look like naked as I spoke. I imagined myself removing my top and bottom. Oh yeah! And on my knees! Begging him to let me into Landsdale, perhaps! And what would I do to get to go? Hmm, maybe a little different kind of oral persuasion?

I knew I was going to be masturbating to that image later on in the shower!

“There's a lot of beauty in the world,” Victoria said, her voice softening surprisingly, “and it is indeed a terrible thing to deprive people of the joy of viewing it.”

She was looking straight at me and I had this sudden weird sensation that she was referring to me! But that was ridiculous! I mean, she was just looking at me! Of course she was looking at me! She was talking to me! Where else was she supposed to be looking?!

Martin was certainly looking at me. If he wasn't so freaking hot I would have been annoyed by then at how obvious he was being. Didn't they train these guys? I mean, they looked so professional and all and..

And then I remembered what they had said about how I comported myself, how I interacted with other people, especially in difficult situations. Hmm. Were they trying to put me on the spot? Trying to get a reaction? As soon as I thought it I realized how much sense that would make. You're required to be in the dorms for the first two years. They might want to screen out particularly picky, anti-social people.

But now she was looking at me to! Was it just my imagination, or was she looking at me 'in that way'? But even if she was it was almost certainly just a test... probably! Oh God! I was so confused!

What if she was a lesbian!? She didn't look like a lesbian! I mean, she had long hair and looked, well, girly. But she had that strong voice and personality thing going for her. Was she staring at me and thinking how nice it would be if I was naked, just like Martin probably was? Now I was even more self-conscious!

“Do you think you have the usual or more than the usual amount of empathy for others, Miss Simmons?” Victoria asked.

“I-I wouldn't know how much empathy was normal,” I said.

She nodded, as if that was a good answer.

“Have you ever considered yourself to be a bully?”

“What? Me!?” I gave a startled laugh. “Uhm, no. I mean, Gosh no!”

“Why not?” she demanded. “Don't you want to get your way sometimes? Don't you have a strong personality which will assert yourself?”

“Well... I think so,” I said, “But that's not the same as bullying!”

“There is a fine line between being assertive and bullying someone,” she said.

“You'll be living in close quarters with other young women,” Martin said, “and both your enjoyment and theirs will depend to some degree on how well you get along with them.”

“I'd never... bully someone,” I said.

“Would you assert yourself to get what you wanted when someone didn't want to give it to you?” she demanded.

“I... it would depend on the situation,” I said.

“Have you been bullied?”

“Oh sure.”

“It's curious you shrink from admitting you might dominate another person but readily admit to being dominated,” she said with arched eyebrow.

“Dominate? Uhm, well, I never thought of it in those terms.”

“Back straight.” Victoria's voice snapped out.

I jerked my shoulders back at once.

Martin looked at my chest and gave that little half smile.

I blushed, feeling a tightness in my chest, and then a sort of thrumming down much lower, between my legs. God he was hot! Was he imagining me naked right now!?

“Are you shy, Simmons?”

“I uhm, no,” I said. “I mean, I don't think so.”

“You're blushing quite a bit.”

“Well.. I don't usually conduct interviews in a bikini!” I exclaimed helplessly.

“Why is that relevant? Are you embarrassed at your body? You appear to be fit

and toned. You have more than adequate breasts. You should be proud of your body, not ashamed.”

I stared at her, lost for words for a moment, blushing even more deeply.

Martin smiled softly.

She was testing me! That had to be it!

“I'm not ashamed of my body!” I said assertively.

Or at least, tried to say it assertively.

“There are common showers in the dorms. Are you aware of that?” she asked.

“Well, yes,” I said reluctantly.

I hadn't been looking forward to it.

“What do you think about lesbians?”

I blinked in surprise at the seeming non sequitor, then realized how it related.

“Oh I'm fine with it!” I exclaimed.

Then I blushed. Damn!

“I mean, I don't mean I'm a lesbian!” I blurted.

She raised her eyebrows and Martin's smile deepened.

“Not that there's anything wrong with that,” he said with an open grin.

“I didn't mean that! I mean, I know a few uhm, lesbians. It doesn't bother me at all!”

“It doesn't bother you to think of lesbians eying you in the shower?” Victoria asked.

“Uhm, uhm, no! Of course not.”

Her eyes looked down a little and back, and I swear they were ... smoldering!

This was an act!

Wasn't it!?

Fuck!

But the way she was looking at me, and the way Martin was looking at me, was making me feel this incredible sort of sexual tension! Neither of them seemed to be feeling it at all. They both acted quite casual. But I was starting to feel as though I were a lamb being drooled after by a pair of big bad wolves! Only I wasn't afraid at all. I mean, I didn't for an instant think they would attack me or anything. It was more the thought, the feeling, of being ... wanted.

I'd felt it often enough before, from guys. But neither of them was a 'guy'. Martin was a man, and Victoria was a woman. And I ... felt like a little virgin lamb!

Of course, I didn't want to give them the idea I was unsophisticated. Quite the contrary!

I flicked my eyes towards Victoria as she typed something in the laptop. I'd never actually done much with girls, other than some kissing and groping, mostly when drunk. But I'd had... ideas... a number of times. Let's say I was curious about what it would be like. Victoria was certainly good looking, and even somewhat mannish in her attitude.

The thought that she might be a lesbian, and might be hot for me gave me wild little mini-fantasies about the two of us together, naked. And that sent small waves of heat through my lower belly.

Her cell phone rang and she answered it, then got up, walking out to the big sliding doors which led to the pool. She opened on, let herself out, and closed it behind, still talking.

“Personally, Samantha, I think you'd make a fine addition to our campus,” Martin said.

“Really?!” I gulped, feeling a rush of excitement.

You're bright, earnest, and would enliven the campus... to say nothing of the swimming pool," he said with a grin.

I blushed a bit, and felt an entirely different little rush of excitement. Jeeze but he was cute. As with Victoria, I wondered what it would be like with him, a man. I mean, he was probably ten years older than any guy I'd ever been with. Not that there'd been a whole lot of them, you understand. But would he be more... sophisticated, perhaps? Would he be different?

I let my eyes follow the line of his suit jacket and across his shoulders and felt a little thrum in my stomach. Yes, I could certainly slide my arms over those shoulders, and could certainly press my lips against those full lips.

"That's a lovely suit, by the way."

"Thanks," I said, feeling another hot little rush of heat, this time to my face.

"Do you sit out in the sun a lot?"

"I love the heat," I confessed. "But I do wear a lot of suntan lotion so my skin doesn't get damaged."

"I had noticed you had only a light tan. Well, from what I can see."

He grinned and I felt that thrum grow stronger as his eyes slid downward.

"It looks like a very private back yard," he said, eyebrows wiggling a little.

I bit my lip and suppressed a giggle.

"I do go topless sometimes," I said, enjoying seeing the look on his face and starting to feel very deliciously into teasing him. "but usually not bottomless."

"Usually?"

"Well, skinny-dipping can be... fun. But I worry about someone seeing me."

"With a body like yours you should be proud to show it off."

"Uhm, I guess, but it depends on to whom And it makes me feel... well... naughty being outside naked."

“I like naughty girls,” he said, making that hot little thrum deepen.

God, my nipples were getting really hard! I felt another flush of embarrassment, but didn't want to raise my arms to try and cover my boobs in case that just drew attention to them.

Not that I needed to the way he was looking at me!

“I doubt the school likes naughty girls,” I gulped.

“Well, we do like our students to be well-disciplined,” he said. “So I guess that if a girl is naughty... well, we'd have to ... discipline her.”

“And how do you discipline girls... Mister Kendal?” I asked far too coquettishly.

He gave a little half-shrug. “That depends on the girl. But spankings have not been unknown.”

“S-spankings?” I gulped.

The rush of heat this time was kind of twisted. I felt a bit embarrassed, but also felt a strange, squirming sense of something like light-headedness. I had the wildest image of me laying across his lap while he spanked me! And boy did I react to that!

“Bare bottom spankings, of course.”

I gulped and licked my lips, not trusting my voice.

“By the way, could I get a drink of water, please? My throat is very dry.”

“Sure,” I said.

I was halfway to my feet before realizing... and then another little rush of heat moved through my mind – and groin. I straightened, hesitated only a moment, then turned and walked into the kitchen, knowing his eyes were on my bare butt the whole way!

Oh God! My face was hot but my insides were getting even hotter, and my nipples were rock hard!

I didn't want to just give him tap water, of course! I quickly got one of my aunt's good glasses, put a couple of ice cubes into it, and then poured some water from a plastic bottle on the inside of the fridge door. I headed back into the living room with it, and found, a little disappointed, that Victoria had returned.

She looked at me, then at the glass.

“Thanks, it is hot out there.”

I opened my mouth, looked quickly at Martin, then handed to her.

“I'll get you another,” I said to him, which meant I had to turn and bare my bottom to both of them as I went back into the kitchen.

God, what was she thinking of me? That I was a bimbo? Or maybe she really was a lesbian. Had she stared at my ass too? I was so confused! Quick little fantasies and images slipped through my mind, just flashes of thoughts of me and her together, or me and Martin together. Martin was hot! But the thought of doing something with Victoria really made me squirm!

I'd been with men, or at least, guys. I'd never been with a girl!

I returned with Martin's glass to find him on the phone and Victoria sitting down now. She'd removed her blazer and was tapping at the computer. Martin winked, took the glass, and went outside.

“You have a lovely pool, Miss Simmons,” she said.

“Uhm, thanks, I said, kneeling again.

“Except that you don't,” she said, glowering at me.

“Uhm, excuse me?”

“You stated on your application that this was your home address. But you earlier stated it was your aunt's furniture.”

Oops!

“Would you mind addressing the discrepancy?”

I bit my lip and decided honesty was really the only way out.

“I uhm, thought it would be more... impressive,” I said.

“Did you think the size of a house or its pool would influence our decisions?” she demanded.

“Uhm I uhm...”

“You do know what a premium we place on honesty, do you not?”

I squirmed inside. “I didn't exactly lie. I mean, I spend a ton of time here! Honest!”

She gave me a frosty look and tapped something else into the laptop. God! I couldn't believe my chances were going to take a beating because of a little silly fib like that!

“You know the story of Pinocchio?” she asked.

I nodded in confusion.

“Your nose isn't growing, but your nipples seem to be.”

I flushed hotly, glancing down at my – yes, damn it – really stiff nipples! God, they were poking out pretty obviously! Shit!

How do you respond to a comment like that!?

Martin came back in.

“Miss Simmons has admitted this is not her primary residence,” Victoria said to him, scowling at me.

“Ah,” he said, looking reprovably down at me.

“I didn't mean anything by it!” I exclaimed desperately.

“We place quite a premium on honesty and integrity, Miss Simmons,” Martin said, frowning.

“I.. .but it wasn't any...”

“And have a rigid disciplinary code to punish lapses.”

“I suppose we could accept her apology,” Victoria said.

“Really, I am sorry!” I exclaimed.

“But not without the proper punishment,” Martin said.

I blinked. What?

“No, of course not,” Victoria said.

“P-Punishment?” I asked uncertainly.

“For naughty girls,” Martin said.

Oh come on! He didn't mean – he couldn't mean – !

“I uhm, I'm not sure I – .”

“Would you accept punishment here and now in order to wipe this dishonest part of your application away?” he asked with raised eyebrow.

“Uhm... I uh... okay,” I gulped, eyes rolling back and forth between them.

I was flustered and confused, and totally unsure of what they intended to do.

“Have you a large towel?” Martin asked.

I blinked and stared stupidly at him.

“A beach towel, perhaps?”

He stood up and went outside, returning with my beach towel, then sat down again and put the towel across his lap. Oh shit! He couldn't mean – .”

“Come here, miss Simmons,” he said.

I stared at him, feeling a wild dark thrill deep inside me at the same time as a

shock of embarrassment. Surely he wasn't intending..."

My eyes flicked towards Victoria, who was still giving me that cool look, as if he wasn't suggesting anything the slightest bit improper.

Were they crazy?!

"Stand up, girl," she snapped.

I got to my feet, and Martin motioned me forward. I shuffled slowly, uncertainly, my mind swirling, my insides churning. I didn't know what I wanted, other than of course, to not have my chances at enrollment hurt by my little white lie.

"Across my lap, young lady," he ordered.

"I... you can't be serious!"

Both of them looked up at me with raised eyebrows, their faces again perfectly straight, as if this was routine.

Martin reached up and took my wrist firmly, then pulled me forward. I didn't move forward on my own but neither did I resist, except to squeal uncertainly when he pulled me forward too far, and then throw my hands out to keep from falling.

And I wound up across his lap! Holy shit! This couldn't be happening!

Not only that but Victoria was sitting not far from him. My face was only a few inches from her thigh as I felt Martin grip my hips and adjust me to his satisfaction, my bottom raised.

"And, of course, as I told you earlier, Miss Simmons," he said, "It is a bare bottom spanking."

What did he – .

I gasped as I felt his thumb in the waistband of my thong, then he slid it down across my buttocks, and down my thighs. I squealed and twisted, but Victoria reached over and put her hand against the back of my neck to pin me in place. I felt the thong sliding past my knees, then down around my ankles, and then off.

Martin adjusted me again, and I felt my lower body turned outward a bit so that I was straddling his right thigh with my pussy. He must have opened his legs a lot to arrange me like that, but I was only thinking, with tremendous embarrassment, of the view he would have of me!

Then his hand slapped down against my bottom, producing a sharp crack! of sound as well as a stinging pain.

“Ow!”

His hand rested against my bottom after that blow, as I wriggled helplessly.

“Now, now. Don't be a baby,” he said chidingly.

His hand felt... awfully warm against my skin, I have to say.

I felt his fingers caressing my buttock, then his hand drew up and slapped down again.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Are you sorry you liked to us, Miss Simmons?” he asked.

“I-I... I...”

*Crack!*

“Oww!”

“Are you?”

“Yes!” I gurgled.

In between slaps, his hand was stroking and massaging my soft, slippery skin, and they were so close to... to that part of my anatomy he wasn't supposed to see, that part of my anatomy which was starting to burn with a terrible heat that I could hardly bring myself to speak!

*Crack!*

“Ah!”

That stung! And my right hand almost instinctively twisted back to lay protectively across my buttocks.

“Now, now. That's not permitted,” he said.

I felt his hands gripping my wrist, pulling it up above my bottom. Victoria reached down and took my other wrist, pushing it back down as well, and Martin took both hands and crossed my wrists at the small of my back, pinning them there in his big hand.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

*Crack!*

“Oww!”

“Are you sorry for being a naughty girl, Miss Simmons?” Martin asked.

“Uh... uh... I-I...”

God it was hard to concentrate with his fingers caressing my bare bottom! Worse! They were sliding down along the bottom of my bottom and along my inner thigh, dangerously close to my pussy!

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

Every time his hand slapped me my body kind of flinched, and the fact was that by design or not, my pussy was pressing right down against his thigh so that the top of my pussy... yes, my clit, rubbed against him! The affect was... startling!

I felt a wild sense of sexual hunger and passion sweeping through me. No, not one, but several, layer after layer, each hotter than the one which preceded it. My breathing was becoming ragged and my insides were churning wildly.

“Just pin them there with something, Martin,” Victoria said in a casual voice.

“I don't see anything available,” he said, sounding as though he were looking around.

“Use this,” Victoria said, reaching past my head.

I felt fingers at the small of my back, and an instant later the strap to my bikini top came open. I yelped and twisted as she undid the other strap, the one behind my neck, and then tugged the bikini up and away.

“Oh I don't want to damage it by twisting and tying it together,” Martin said.

His right hand was slowly moving over my bare bottom, stroking the slick skin, slipping down along my inner thighs, skating along the very edges of my throbbing sex in a way which was starting to drive me insane!

I was at one in the same time both horribly embarrassed and ferociously aroused! And my mind was a bubbling stew of conflicting emotions that left me practically dazed and speechless!

“Ah, here's something!” I heard him exclaim.

His body shifted beneath me, leaning off to the side, and then I heard some odd noise. A moment later he released my wrists, but I didn't think to move them. I was still thunderstruck by all this, and almost physically trembling with the dark passion and eroticism which had swept over me!

“Shoestring? Excellent,” Victoria said.

The laces felt thin and soft as he slipped it around my wrists, tightened it, then laid another loop around them, then another, and a fourth before tying it off.

What was going on!?

I was awed, anxious, embarrassed, and aroused at once, and yelped at another slap to my bottom.

“Now, my girl,” he said, “You're going to get a taste for the discipline we mete out to those who violate our morals and ethics guidelines.”

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

Okay, it didn't really hurt that much, but no one had slapped my bottom, not really, in an awful long time!

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

God, he was really spanking me! His hand cracked down on my bottom in a steady, slow, measured series of blows that soon had my buttocks feeling quite hot and sore as I squirmed helplessly on his lap. At the same time, my continual flinchings, jerkings, at the blows was having the effect of grinding my pussy against his thigh!

He stopped, his hand on my bottom. It wasn't on one buttock or the other, now, but right along the middle so that his fingers must be hovering an inch from my pussy!

“We hope you learn from this about what conduct is expected of our young ladies, Miss Simmons,” he said.

I gasped as I felt his finger trace the line of my sex, just a spare inch, if that, to one side, up one side of my mons and down the other.

“I must say, you seem to take good care of your body,” he said. “Not a trace of stubble to be felt here.”

“Huhhhgg!” I gargled.

His finger suddenly pushed right in between my pussy lips! I gaped, a wild rush of excitement and heat sweeping over me as his finger sank in deeper, past the mouth of my sex, all the way in to – fuck! – the knuckle!

His finger moved up, then down, sliding around inside me. His knuckles ground against the outside of my pussy, including the hot, swollen button of my clitoris!

“Ohh!” I gasped.

His finger eased back, then slowly pushed in again, only it was thicker now. Two fingers! Oh fuck! Oh God! Oh no!

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

His other hand slapped against my bottom!

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

His hand slapped down across my overheated bottom as his fingers pumped in and out of my even more overheated pussy, and my body was wildly overpowered with a seething storm of sexual passion and pleasure!

“My hand is getting sore,” he said with mild complaint.

“Here. I'll take over,” I heard Victoria say.

Wha... ?!

My wrists pulled strangely against the ... shoelace... tying them. I mean, I wasn't trying to pull free. It was more that... it was like... I was marveling at the fact they were tied, and seeing what it felt like, whether my wrists really and truly were tied, tightly tied, to the point I couldn't pull free.

Victoria reached down and buried her fingers in my hair, pulling it into a thick mass she could hold in her fist, then... pulled. I yelped at the irresistible pull, scrambling forward across Martin's lap, my knees working wildly until Victoria was able to pull me across her lap instead. She adjusted me in the same manner Martin had, with her right leg wide, so that my pussy straddled it.

Only instead of straddling a towel covered leg, my naked pussy was pressed down against her naked skin. The feel of it was... wild!

But that was background. Mostly, my mind was coping with being across the lap of another woman, well, a real woman, since I mostly still kind of considered myself to be a girl, even if technically speaking an adult girl. And not just another woman but the stunning, hot, dangerously forceful Victoria Jennings!

Whose hand was now sitting on my bare bottom!

*Crack!*

“Ow!” was followed by “Oh!”

Because let me tell you, flinching so that I rubbed my pussy against a towel was nothing like the same as rubbing my pussy against bare skin, warm, soft, female bare skin!

*Crack!*

“We trust that once you join us, assuming you join us, you'll modify your behavior in future, young lady,” Victoria said.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Did I hear you say that you would?” she demanded, pausing.

Any ability to speak intelligently turned to mush as I felt not a single finger, but what felt like two, no, perhaps three, pressing against the center of my very overheated, very moist opening, and then push slowly but firmly down deep into my throbbing depths.

Oh God, I was going to come! I was going to come!

The thought filled me with a strange sense of horror because I had still not come to terms with this, with what was going on, and was still, despite the wild, almost feverish hunger gripping me, thoroughly embarrassed and astonished at the position in which I found myself.

And it was a woman fingering me!

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

Her other hand slapped down against my bottom with sharp, stinging blows even as her fingers twisted and pumped inside me, and then I felt a finger, or thumb, right against my clitoris, rubbing insistently. I couldn't take that for more than a second!

The orgasm exploded within me, and I cried out again and again, my hips grinding frantically, my buttocks rolling uncontrollably as my entire body felt the huge release of pressure, and raw, sharp, powerful sensation flooded through me! Glorious sensation! Overpowering sensation! My body writhed and twisted across Victoria's lap as the storm of climactic sexual energy erupted within me.

I shuddered and went limp, gasping for breath, panting helplessly as I lay across her lap.

“Such an energetic girl,” she said calmly.

Two fingers bracketed my sex, sliding up and down slowly, pressing into my soft, moist flesh.

Then I felt hands on my inner thighs, spreading my legs wider. Victoria's fingers were combing gently through my hair, and a moment later something soft, and yet firm, pressed against my thigh, sliding up and then across my sex. I groaned weakly as it rubbed up and down along my sex. It felt like flesh, but softer than a finger, and certainly bigger, much... much... bigger.

It pushed against the opening to my sex, and I groaned at its thickness as it slowly entered me. I felt my pussy spreading wider and wider as it burrowed forward, and my body wriggled as I groaned dazedly.

But my face was pressed into the sofa, my bottom raised high behind me, my wrists bound together above my bottom, so I was in no position to do anything. I did manage to twist my head around to see Martin now standing behind me, one knee on the sofa, his hips directly in position to – .

Oh! Oh! Oh!

My eyes grew wide and round and I gulped in air like a puffing train or something as I felt his cock – his cock – ohmygod – pushing into my overheated belly. It spread me open so wide that I felt he must be simply enormous! I could feel how solid he was as he moved deeper and deeper, his open hands on my inner thighs, just below my buttocks, spreading them wide.

“Oh! Oh! Oh!” I moaned.

The pressure eased, slid back, then pushed forward again. Then again, then again. I gaped into the corner of the sofa as I was... fucked! Ohmygod! He was fucking me right across Victoria's lap! Ohmygod!

Victoria continued to comb her fingers through my hair, caressing my scalp, at least with one hand. The other slapped down intermittently against my bottom, or slid down along my hip and underneath me, long fingers slipping in to stroke

my clitoris.

You would think an orgasm was the ending, right? I mean, it's called the climax for a reason. Certainly my masturbatory sessions had never extended much beyond the climax. The sex I'd had, well, I hadn't actually had a climax yet during sex, but it always ended with the guy's climax anyway.

But my body was not exactly relaxing any more. It was, in fact, rapidly heating up again!

“Oh!”

God! He had pushed especially deep that stroke! The head of his cock had felt as though it were going to punch through to my stomach! But then he thrust again even deeper, and I felt the fabric of his trousers and the coolness of his zipper against my body as he ground himself against me.

My body jerked back and forth he he pumped into me, and I was still straddling Victoria's upper thigh, which meant my pussy, or in particular, my clit, was now rubbing back and forth against her soft skin as Martin drove himself into me!

I'd never been involved in anything this wild in my life! I'd never even imagined being involved in anything is wild!

I was soon trembling, literally, physically trembling with the arousal within me. Every deep thrust made me want to gurgle in pleasure! Oh, God it felt good! I was losing my mind, melting into this... this sexual mush that only cared about satisfying these deep, raw animal urges I didn't even realize I had!

Martin's hips were now slapping against my buttocks as he drove his thick cock into my aching, burning pussy. And I was so high... so ready to come again, that all I could do was grunt and moan and shudder with every deep, wonderful thrust!

“Are you sorry for being such a naughty girl yet, Miss Simmons?” Victoria asked coolly.

Fuck no! I wasn't sorry at all! But I wasn't really capable of speech at that moment anyway. The best I could manage was “Hungh! Hunh! Hunh! Uunhggg!” as Martin thrust into me.

“I didn't hear your response,” she said.

I gasped as her fingers tightened in my hair, gathering it together, then pulling up.

“Oh!”

She lifted my head by the hair, and kept pulling, so that I was forced to rise, my stomach muscles clenching as she pulled me up to the level of her face. Then with a strange, brief smile, she pulled me in and kissed me. It was a very soft kiss, at first, her lips moist but not wet, pressing against mine in a way which seemed almost chaste – for about one second.

Then her lips parted, and she leaned into the kiss. Her tongue slid out, caressing my lips as she her lips began to massage mine. Her tongue dipped inside, and the touch against my own was electric! I had kissed girls before, of course, but mostly in play, to tease the guys. This was no play, however, not with Martin thrusting into me from behind, my body jerking in time to his strokes, my breath leaving me in helpless gasps and moans.

Yet as she drew me into the kiss it was more than just distracting. It almost overpowered the feel of Martin behind me. Almost. It drew my attention, my focus, even as my body shook to the impact of his hips. It was an amazing kiss! I felt my own lips beginning to move against her, my tongue sliding up against her own as our mouths moved together in a delicious dance of passion and pleasure.

My scalp ached, and my stomach muscles burned, for I was bent now at something close to a ninety degree angle, with only her hand in my hair for support. Then a distinctly male hand reached under to grasp my right breast, crushing it, kneading it, and helping support me. A moment later a much more feminine hand slid up along my stomach and in between my legs.

A finger began to rub against my clitoris, and it was simply too much. I cried out into Victoria's mouth as another massive orgasmic storm swept over my mind and shattered it into pieces! My hips bucked violently back at Martin's thrusts, and a wild surging crackling electricity erupted along my skin, rolling back and forth every inch as Martin thrust even faster and harder!

\* \* \*

I was aware when he stopped thrusting and withdrew, but in a kind of dreamy way which still left me dazed and moaning softly, eyes slitted, gripped by a tremendous languor as my body was shifted around a little and hands came off me. As my eyes fluttered open I found I was on my knees on the floor, my head in Victoria's lap as she slid her fingers through my hair.

My breasts, pressed against the fabric of the sofa between her open legs, felt swollen and hot, my nipples pinpricks as I gasped for breath and tried to clear my head.

“Very, very wet,” I heard him say from behind me. “We wouldn't want to damage the shine on your aunt's floor.”

I wondered what he meant? Well, no, to be honest, I didn't even care what he said. I heard the words, and understood them, but that part of my mind which analyzed such things was still asleep.

I felt a pressure against my sex, against my opening, which felt oddly vacant. My insides felt vacant. I groaned weakly as the lips of my sex were stretched, then stretched wider. I groaned involuntarily, shifting against the soft, against Victoria. Wha... what – ?

“Ooooh!” I moaned.

“Perhaps you should sit back on your knees, dear,” Victoria said.

She pushed at my shoulders, and then I felt a hand, a firm, masculine hand, on my right arm, drawing me back and supporting me.

I groaned as my head came and torso came upright, my eyes blinking at a world which seemed to spin a little, at least at first.

“Back on your knees, dear,” Victoria said again.

I was feeling full again... too full...

I stared down, my head hanging, and saw... what...

“Back on your heels, Miss Simmons,” Martin said.

I gasped as my head came up and back. Surely that wasn't – !

My buttocks came down on my heels and I moaned as the pressure grew. I dropped my head again to see the thick, fat round... green... cucumber protruding from the swollen lips of my sex.

I stared stupidly at it, even as I felt it deep inside me. My wrists pulled instinctively against the shoelaces binding them together.

“Shoulders back, Miss Simmons,” Martin said.

I gasped as I was forced back, and found myself staring at Victoria, whose face was placid and calm, as if nothing untoward had happened or was happening now.

I was perched awkwardly on the balls of my feet, my slippery buttocks resting on my heels as I gulped in air and my brain started to function with something like normality.

“It's good that you take your discipline in a mature fashion, Miss Simmons,” Victoria said.

Martin moved around to sit down next to her, and I gaped at him, mind swirling again.

“Now we should continue the interview,” she said, opening a file folder.

She looked up at me. “Tell me something about yourself,” she said.

I stared stupidly back.

She waited, then raised her eyebrows. “It's not a complicated question, dear.”

I tried to get my mouth to work.

“Tell us about yourself, Samantha,” Martin said with a smile.

“Wh..what... what do you... want to know?” I gulped.

I knew that wasn't the answer. In fact, this was one of those questions I had actually practiced for because it was one of the more common ones used in

interviews. But shaking off what had just happened and getting back to the interview felt impossible. This was surreal! And that was especially so as I was kneeling naked on the floor with my hands tied behind my back and a great big fucking cucumber stuffed inside me!

“Do you wish to discontinue the interview?” Victoria asked, “Without the interview you cannot enroll at Landsdale, you know.”

“I.. I'm pretty normal, I guess,” I said, a bit dazedly. “I mean, I really like school, and I like nature. I love going ... going camping and... and waking up in a tent in the early morning in the woods. I ... especially by a river. I .. or a lake.”

It was hard to think, even though I'd practiced what to say.

She made a motion for me to continue.

“I'm an environmentalist,” I gulped. “I helped organize our school awareness program in high school. I got my parents to recycle all their garbage, too. I... I believe in sharing the planet with all the other life forms on it and not causing any undue harm.”

It was.. .bizarre. I was able to recite much of it because I had practiced, and continued babbling while hardly knowing or caring what I was even saying. But they continued to listen as if this was a perfectly normal interview!

I don't know if you've spent a lot of time sitting on your heels, that is, with your foot bent underneath you, but it gets uncomfortable very quickly. My feet were aching! The answer to that, of course, was to shift my feet to the sides so I could unbend them. That would leave the backs of my feet pressed against the floor, and me sitting more or less on my heels still but...

It would also leave me about six inches closer to the floor! My heels began to edge sideways, my body slowly easing lower as I spoke. I fought to control my voice even as my body pressed down more and more heavily against the cucumber, and it eased slowly up deeper into my aching full belly!

It... hurt... kind of... as it pushed in, but the pain seemed unimportant compared to the wild sense of dark heat that was growing within me. God, I couldn't take this big a thing inside me! And yet I was doing it, slowly, my feet aching, forcing me to continue to ease aside, to ease down. It was soon very difficult to

talk with gasping and gulping, and I fought to control my breathing.

“Would you like a drink, Simmons?” Victoria asked with an inquiring smile.

I gasped for breath, not answering.

“Martin. Get the young woman a drink,” she said.

Martin got up and moved past me into the kitchen, and I was alone, staring at Victoria, who looked back, a small smile on her face. Embarrassment and a wild hunger swirled and churned together inside me as we locked eyes, and I sank slowly, achingly down.

I dropped my eyes, staring down between my legs, aghast, and also, elated, aroused, deliciously excited at the sight of no more than a couple of inches of green. God, it was so deep inside me! I knew how big those cucumbers were and a sense of awe gripped me that one of them was almost entirely buried in my throbbing, aching pussy!

Martin held a small tumbler of water against my lips, and I almost instinctively swallowed, and then again and again, until the glass was empty.

“You're not getting overheated are you, dear?” Victoria asked.

“I-I... n-no!” I croaked.

Martin squatted beside me.

“We know interviews are stressful, Samantha,” he said kindly. “But we don't want you getting overheated.”

His hand slid out, holding one of the ice cubes which had been in the water. I stared at it, then gasped as the ice cube pressed against my breast just above the nipple. He rolled it slowly around and around against my breast, circling the nipple, then right across it! I trembled and shuddered, droplets of ice water trickling slowly down my breast and then my ribs.

“Oh! Oh! Please!” I gasped. “Don't!”

“We have to be sure of your health, dear,' Victoria said.

The icy cube slid across my other breast.

“Head back, Samantha,” Martin said. “Remember your posture.”

I felt his other hand gripping my hair, tugging it down, forcing my head up and back, my back to arch. The ice cube rolled over my nipples, back and forth between them, the water trickling slowly and lightly down my ribs and onto my belly.

My heels slipped out from under my bottom, and I groaned in relief as I was able to straighten my feet and settle them against the floor. I groaned, too, for the cucumber was wedged extremely deep inside me now! Almost the whole of it!

Martin put the remnants of the ice cube back into the tumbler as he got up and moved to sit next to Victoria again.

“Now then. What would you bring to Landsdale?” Victoria asked.

Martin nodded encouragingly. “What qualities or gifts do you think you'd bring to us, Samantha?”

Insane. It was all insane. They were both insane. So was I.

“I... I feel that I have a ... enthusiasm for knowledge and learning, and a d-deep desire to improve upon t-the lives of others which would drive my academic performance,” I gulped.

“You're slouching again, dear,” Victoria said.

I drew my shoulders back.

“You'll find your posture improving if you shift your knees apart, Samantha,” Martin said.

Flushing, my insides churning, I shifted my knees a little further apart.

“More, dear,” Victoria said.

I eased my knees still wider.

“More, Samantha.” Martin smiled encouragingly.

The raw dark, violent eroticism of the moment gripped me as I shifted my legs as far apart as I could, exposing myself utterly, letting them see the taut lips of my sex gripping the cucumber.

“Are you comfortable with your body, Simmons?” Victoria asked.

“I-I... think... so,” I gulped.

She cocked her head slightly to the side as if questioning that.

“What do you think of your breasts, Samantha?” Martin asked.

I blinked at him. This was so freaking weird!

“M-My ...”

“Do you like your breasts?” he asked.

“I-I... yes,” I said uncertainly.

“Some girls who are small breasted resent them,” Victoria said. “Others who are more generously gifted find them heavy and difficult to properly cloth.”

“Her breasts seem quite lovely,” Martin said.

“They're very firm. Do you exercise, dear?” Victoria asked.

It was the... the ordinary tone of their voices which seemed to weird. I mean, these two virtual strangers were quite casually discussing my breasts in front of me! And the fact they were doing it while I was naked and impaled on a cucumber made it even more stunning.

“Yes,” I squeaked.

“They're a little big on you,” Victoria said. “They do slightly mar what would otherwise be the perfect symmetry of your body. Your waist is narrow, your hips flare very nicely, and you have a lovely bottom.”

“And nice legs,” Martin added.

“Probably not athletic,” Victoria said, looking down at the computer. “No, I

didn't think so. They'd make it more awkward to move quickly in sports.”

“What about your nipples, Samantha?” Martin asked. “They're unusually long.”

God!

“They're not unusually long given how erect they are,” Victoria said, disagreeing with him. “But they are given how small her nipples are. They're not much more dime sized. Rather small for breasts of that size. Does that bother you, Miss Simmons?”

“No,” I breathed.

“Are they very sensitive?”

“Yes.”

I was too ... stunned is an exaggeration, but my mind was swimming uphill now. Anyway, I wasn't really up to complex answers.

“How sensitive?” she asked.

How could I answer that!?

“I-I don't know!”

“Come here, dear.”

I stared at her and she waggled her fingertips and leaned forward on the sofa.

I rose off my heels and kind of shuffled forward on my knees, my eyes widening as she reached out and caught my nipples between the pads of her thumbs and index fingers. I felt the pressure as I stared down at them, watching them roll from side to side. A hot rush of sensation swept into my breasts and up through my chest as I gasped in response.

Then she closed her fingers more tightly, shifting the angle so the nails pressed against each nipple. I gasped as she pinched them, and tugged upward, my body arching helplessly.

She pulled forward and I gasped again, forced up, scrambling awkwardly, pulled

by the nipples. I rose to my feet but she pulled me in, my knees pressing into the cushions on both sides of her as she led me forward until I was straddling her.

Light-headed, my mind spinning, I watched her pull my breast into her mouth. Her eyes looked up at me a moment, then her right arm slid around me, her hand caressing my spine before sliding down to cup my ass, pulling me forward as her mouth took in the center of my left breast. I felt her lips sliding up along my skin, then the soft, warm, moist suction.

Her tongue swept over my nipple, circled, and then swept back as I stared down dazedly.

“How does that feel, Samantha?” Martin asked calmly.

I didn't, couldn't answer. My wrists pulled repeatedly against the shoelace he'd used to bind them as my hands sought that soft blonde hair, something inside me wanting to feel it sliding between my fingers.

Victoria had one hand on my right breast, the other on my ass, and her teeth were starting to dig into my breast as she sucked harder on my nipple. Then the hand on my ass slid lower and her long fingers pressed against the base of the cucumber, pushing up.

“Uhnnggh!” I gasped, the cucumber pushing achingly hard against the back wall of my pussy, causing me to arch back.

Then Martin's arm slid forward, his hand between my legs, fingers rubbing against my clitoris.

Oh God! What was happening here!? What were they doing!?

And did I care!?

My hips began to roll and grind in helpless response as my nerve endings spasmed and snapped and wild, sharp flares of raw sensation flooded through my body. My head rolled back as I gulped in air, my body feeling wildly overheated.

The orgasm hit. Convulsions wracked my body, and I trembled and jerked as the pleasure-storm howled through my mind. It was massive, and wonderful! It

caught me up in the awe and joy of it so that all thoughts, cares and concerns fled – other than doing my best to extend it as long as humanly possible!

“What are you going to me?” I panted, as soon as I had both breath and mind.

“Why, seeing if you're the kind of young lady we want at Landsdale, of course, dear,” Victoria said with arched eyebrows.

“Your skirt has gotten oil on it, Victoria,” Martin pointed out.

“Oh dear, yes, you're right,” she replied, looking down with a frown.

She looked at me with faint disapproval. “There's a laundry here, I assume, with cleaning materials?”

Uhm... yes... ma'm,” I said, mind still somewhat fluttering.

She took me by the arm, tsked at the oil still on it, and pulled me to my feet.

“Show me.”

I led her to the laundry room, where I watched with widening eyes as she pulled slid out of her skirt. There was nothing underneath.

She put the skirt into my aunt's big, expensive washer, and adjusted it, then looked at her blouse, and unbuttoned it, removing it, and tossing it in as well. She started the machine, then removed her bra and shoes. Naked, she looked at me, and I stared back somewhat breathlessly.

“We should get that oil off you, dear,” she said.

She gripped my arm again and led me just across the hall to the bathroom. It was large, and old fashioned to the extent it had a claw foot tub. But the shower stall at the end was quite modern, with its sliding glass door. She turned on the water and led me through.

I didn't say anything the whole time. I was... speechless.

The water cascaded down around us. She slid under it while I stood back, still dazed, watching. She was beautiful, and extremely athletic looking. Her body

was slender and very toned. I could, when she twisted, see the outline of muscles under the skin of her abdomen and stomach. She picked up the soap and then turned to me, stepping out of the water, dripping.

She smiled and her soapy hands, then began to move down. I stood, transfixed, as she soaped up my chest, as her slippery fingers massaged and kneaded my breasts, as she turned me and soaped up my back and her hands moved down to my ass.

“Oh!”

She jerked back on my hair, pulling my head against her shoulder, her teeth on the side of my throat as her other hand slid down my soapy body and in between my legs. Soapy fingers rubbed against my sex, across my clitoris, as I felt her breasts pushing in against my back. Hot breath sucked against the skin at the nape of my neck as her lips moved slowly down and forward, beneath my ear.

“Have you ever had sex with a woman, dear?” she whispered.

“N-N-No!” I squeaked.

I heard a soft chuckle in her voice.

“We like our incoming students to have an open mind,” she said.

She turned me abruptly, and pushed me back against the wall. I looked up at her breathlessly as she gripped my hair again, forcing my head back. Her lips and mouth slid down along my throat, under my jaw, then up until her lips were crushing mine. Her other hand was between my legs, soapy fingers rubbing and stroking at my clit as my buttocks ground against the wall.

Again my wrists jerked against the shoelace, with something like frustration. I didn't want to escape, but to slide my arms around her!

She released my hair, but our lips remained together, her hands sliding around me, gripping my buttocks, our breasts pillowing together during a long, breathless, extended kiss that left me gasping.

“U-Untie me,” I moaned.

“I don't think you know what to do with your hands anyway, dear,” she said with a smile.

And then the door slid open and Martin was there, beautifully naked! I stared over her shoulder at him, my eyes racing over his body and down to his groin. He was as toned as her, more! I loved the look of his perfectly defined chest, strong but not bulging, and his powerful bare arms as he reached past her for me.

He dragged me out from between her and the wall, but she didn't fight him. He pulled me against him and not it was his lips against mine as my breasts were crushed against his chest. I felt Victoria's hands caressing my back as we kissed, then a hand sliding across my hip and down my abdomen, fingers stroking against my clitoris.

Her breasts pressed into my back as her lips came down against the nape of my neck, and I shuddered between the two of them, my limbs trembling as hot flesh squeezed me tight.

Martin pulled back and then pushed me down. I moaned, sagging to my knees before him. Victoria slid down behind me, still chewing and kissing and licking and sucking on the side and back of my throat, her fingers still between my legs. Her other hand was around me now too, kneading my breasts as Martin gripped my hair and pulled my mouth in against his cock.

He was semi-hard, and I licked at him eagerly, taking him into my mouth. But he pulled me aside, guiding me to his balls. He was as shaved as Victoria and I and it was lovely to suck them into my mouth, one at a time, then together, rolling my eyes up at him as my body quivered and pulsed with heat and a growing sexual fever.

I licked up and down the underside of his cock as he held it up before me, then he guided into my mouth and I sucked passionately, drawing it deep into my mouth, loving the feel as it moved over my tongue.

I couldn't come again so soon! But I did, my hips bucking wildly as Victoria's fingers drove me insane. At the same time, Martin pulled me forward by the head and hair, and his cock, now hardened, slid deep into my throat.

Deep throating was not something which came easily to me. Not normally, but this time, in the throes of passion, my mind full of the incredible rush of sexual

energy the release brought, it slid down with no effort at all. It just felt perfectly natural, perfectly in place, to feel it sliding in, to have my lips pressed against his groin as my own hips continued to grind and buck in pleasure.

Victoria was shifting her mouth from one side of my neck to the other as the water poured down around us. It almost felt, to my dazed mind, as though the sexual storm was a real one!

My head pounded, my chest burned. I hadn't quite realized I wasn't breathing. Martin drew me back and his cock slid out of my mouth with an almost audible pop that allowed me to gulp in deep, desperate breaths of air.

He slid to his knees before me, and he kissed one side of my throat as Victoria chewed on the other. Their hands moved slowly over my body, stroking, caressing, and kneading as I trembled between them, chest heaving and eyes glassy.

Then they turned me and it was Victoria's mouth on mine until Martin gripped my bound arms and stood, pulling me with him. Victoria stared into my sex, then her hands slid around me and gripped my buttocks as her lips closed around my clitoris.

At first I cried out at the overpowering sensation this caused. I had just climaxed and my body, especially there, was horribly sensitive, even over-sensitive!

Martin was kneading my breast as he pulled back my hair, his lips and teeth on my throat as Victoria's tongue swept back and forth over my clitoris. Her lips circled me and began to suck in a strange, rhythmic fashion as I felt her gripping the small base of the cucumber.

It eased slowly slowly out, and the sensation was incredible, intense....

I shuddered helplessly in Martin's grasp as Victoria's mouth threatened to devour me! I had never gone from orgasm to arousal so fast! I hadn't even thought it possible! But my hips were already rolling helplessly against her as she eased the cucumber almost all the way out and her tongue danced across my clit.

And then... and then she pushed it all the way back in! In one smooth, slow, forceful push I felt that thick round phallic vegetable pushed deep into my belly as she sucked furiously at my clit.

And I came... again!

Martin had to hold me as I twisted and bucked violently, my body writhing as I cried out again and again. I couldn't control my rubbery legs, and would have collapsed had it not been for their hands on me, and after the orgasm faded, I did sink inexorably to my knees, gasping helplessly, moaning, shuddering with the exhaustion of the muscles spasms which had seized me.

Martin sank to his knees behind me, his arms still around me, hands caressing me. Victoria kissed me deeply, softly, and I melted into the kiss, despite still gasping and gulping in air. Then she rose before me and I stared into her pussy, so neat and clean. Her fingers gathered in my hair and pulled my face, unresisting, towards her.

I licked tentatively at her clitoris, feeling a wild surge of something like elation as I did so. I was making love with a woman! Wow!

I tried to imitate what she had done, and it had certainly been memorable enough that I would never forget! I sucked rhythmically at her clitoris as her hips began to slowly grind in and out. My tongue licked eagerly over her clit, until she tugged back a bit on my hair, causing me to wince.

“Slower, dear,” she all-but whispered.

I took heed, licking less forcefully as Martin's fingers kneaded my breasts, and now began to caress my clit again.

Then I felt his hand on the cucumber, groaning as he slowly drew it down and back, and completely free of me. A moment later his cock slid into my body again, pushing up in place of the cucumber. It wasn't as thick. It wasn't as hard. But the feel of it was far superior! He buried it inside me, his hips crushing my buttocks as he licked along the nape of my neck.

Victoria eased into the corner, her legs spreading wider, lowering her, pulling me down by the hair, bending me over so that Martin could thrust in with a better angle. He did, pushing deeper, and I groaned into her pussy as he fucked me slowly, deeply.

I rolled my eyes up at him, up the long length of her taut, toned body, admiring the beauty of it, aroused by the hunger in her eyes. Finally! No calmness now!

No! Her eyes were fluttering, her head back, her lips parted as she gulped in air. And I was doing it!

Her hunger was infectious, but then again it might well be Martin's big cock inside me! Not to mention his hard male body squeezing me against it, his fingers rubbing at my clit and kneading my breast! His lips and tongue on my throat! Oh wow! Oh wow! Oh God! No one would believe me even if I dared tell them! And I never would!

She was pulling harder on my hair, grinding her pussy into my face, and I licked harder, sensing her rising heat. Martin's was thrusting in and out of me with deep, steady strokes. But he wasn't hitting my buttocks hard. Instead, as he sank the last inch, he slowed, then ground his hips against me, his cock kind of twisting inside my belly.

But as Victoria's hunger became more obvious, more physical, and she began to jerk harder on my hair, Martin thrust faster and harder, his hips now slapping wetly against my buttocks. His skilled fingers made my body quiver and shake as my mind fell into a kind of soft, rapturous state of total sexual focus, my body pulsing with hunger and passion and excitement.

What a lewd, erotic tableau we must have been to any watcher as our gasps and moans of passion filled the small room!

I wanted desperately for Victoria to come! No! I wanted desperately to make her come! And then, to my joy, she did, crying out in pleasure as I sucked frantically at her clitoris! She jammed me in against her wet pussy as Martin redoubled his thrusts, hammering my bottom with his powerful strokes!

She sagged lower and lower, then slid to the floor, drawing her spread knees up and apart, pulling me down with her, her fingers death-locked to my hair.

That bent me way over, of course, as I continued to lick and suck at her clit. I felt Martin spreading my legs wider, and now his cock reached even deeper inside me as he thrust. I gasped and grunted at the hard, deep strokes as Victoria finally jerked me away from her pussy, then, groaning, pulled my head up and forward so our lips could lock once more.

And then as I came, I cried out into her mouth, and she... ate my come, while my body bucked and shook and rolled in quite literally uncontrollable passion!

Martin pulled back, panting, gasping, closing his eyes. He was still hard, and Victoria, smiling, slowly got to her feet and drew me after her. Martin needed a minute, his cock thrusting out stiffly before him.

Victoria led me out of the shower, then used scissors from the cabinet to cut my wrists free at last. She kissed each wrist, licked at the sore red lines, then drew my arms up over her shoulders as we kissed once more, breasts pillowing, bodies sliding comfortably.

Laughing, I let her towel me off, watching as she did the same to herself. Then she took my hand and led me into the nearest bedroom. She pulled me against her and fell into the bed, and for long, wonderful minutes our naked bodies, still damp, slid together as we kissed and caressed each other, rolling over several times.

She wound up on top, at last, then slid down between my legs as Martin stepped into the room and propped himself against the wall to watch. I moaned as she spread my legs wide and began to lick me. I was amazed at so many things which had happened that afternoon, but none more than the number of times I had climaxed in so short a period of time!

And yet, even now she was rousing me once again!

She didn't finish me off, though. She instead began to climb up my body, like a cat, eyes hungry as she straddled me, bent over, and kissed me again. Then she straddled my chest, sinking her pussy down into my mouth as I felt Martin's weight on the bed. His hands spread my legs further, and his mouth now took over where Victoria had left off.

It felt entirely natural to be licking at her now. In fact, I did almost exactly what Martin was doing to me! At least, I did until Victoria slid off, and the two repositioned me on my knees. She lay back now, knees spread, as she pulled my mouth against her. Martin pulled my hips up high, spread my thighs, and with the erection he'd been saving, plunged into me once again.

Oh God!

I came for the last time that day with my mouth on Victoria's sex, and Martin's cock pounding into me harder and faster than my mind could quite encompass! My bottom was bruised the next day!

But oh did it feel good!

Afterward. After the were both dressed again, they completed the interview. Yes, believe it or not. The questions I'd expected to be asked were asked, and answered.

and they congratulated me and told me they would make their recommendation to the university.

They wouldn't tell me what it was, but they grinned in a way which conveyed it nonetheless.

I was still naked. I was... comfortable in my nakedness, in my nudity, no longer self-conscious about it. In fact, I felt rather proud of my body, maybe a little vain, smug in their approval.

“Well, it's a long drive back,” Martin said at last, closing his briefcase, “We'd better get started.”

“Yes, you're right,” Victoria said. “My husband will be annoyed I'm late yet again.”

I blinked, oddly surprised. But then, I supposed I shouldn't have been.

She stood up, and I cocked my head further back, for I had completed the interview on my knees, legs spread, as before. She reached down and I took her hand. She pulled me to my feet, shook my hand gravely.

“Miss Simmons,” she said.

Then she pulled me in against her and kissed me deeply, arms sliding around me, hands moving up and down my body. The kiss lasted almost a full minute, and left me breathless and stumbling a bit as she finally eased back.

Martin grinned, and then it was his turn, pulling me against him and kissing me too. He was a fantastic kisser, but there was just something about the excitement of kissing Victoria he couldn't match.

I was fairly sure I was in now. And given I'd been anxious about it for two months there was a deep sense of relief and delight inside me that was quite

unrelated to the wonder of the sexual passion I'd just gone through. I saw them to the door, opening it, but standing back to hide behind it as I saw them out. Only when it closed did I finally shake my head, mind filled, absolutely filled with the amazement of the memories.

Wow. Had that all really happened!?

I sighed, and thought about Landsdale. If my experience there was anything remotely like the interview it was going to change me in more ways than one! Would I wind up graduating as a cool, sharp, elegant, sophisticated, utterly sensual woman like Victoria? I could only hope!

And would I meet sharp, sexy, incredible men there like Martin? Well, not among the student body, that was for sure. But then, Martin left me spoiled for boys. Men now, yes, I was ready for men. I hoped there were more like him among the teachers!

And if not, well, I would find them.

\* \* \* \* \*

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

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