

# A Schoolgirl's Discipline

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**Stories of Domination and Submission**

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By JJ Argus

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**Smashwords edition**

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

Alyssa was the despair of her parents. She knew it, and it made her feel bad, but in a sullen, resentful sort of way those familiar with teenage girls would probably easily recognize. She was an embarrassment to them, and that hurt, and provoked even more resentment.

It hadn't always been that way. When she was younger, she'd been on the stage with her father during every election speech. First she was the adorable toddler, then the beautiful young girl, and finally, in adolescence, the budding young sweetheart with the big brown eyes.

But even then, some of his aids were already calling her Lolita behind his back.

It wasn't that she had really done anything, or knew much, but there was a sensuality to her innocent beauty which made men think dark thoughts they shouldn't be about a girl her age. She noticed it, though didn't understand it, and having been raised in the limelight all her life, played to it.

She was, as had been remarked many times, an incredibly photogenic girl, and knew it. So did her parents, and her father's staff, and they had used her beauty for years.

But her father was an extremely ambitious conservative, and he played heavily to the bible belt, to the religious right, to those who could see a simple senator from eastern Missouri become even more than the powerful chairman of several oversight committees in congress. He wanted to be president one day, and that required establishing his credentials as a God fearing Christian who believed all the things the religious right believed.

And those people were death on sex, any kind of sex, anything remotely related to sex other than marital procreation for the purposes of bearing children.

And they weren't too happy about even that.

The family values set judged a man, at least in part, by how good a father he was, and that in turn depended on how good, how God-fearing, how Christian and how obedient their children were.

Alyssa had fit the part in adolescence, but all those hungry eyes, all the reflected

lust over the years, all those internet stories, and her own budding sexuality had, over time, made her something of an exhibitionist, her ego loving the attention, flattered everyone thought she was so beautiful, so... hot.

The dresses had started to get a little tighter as she grew old enough to make her own choices, the skirts a little higher. She and her mother had angry fights over her underwear, of all things. Her parents tried to dress her appropriate to a sixteen year old girl, at least, appropriate to the religious right. That meant utterly sexless, shapeless ankle-length dresses.

Alyssa rebelled. Her parents didn't care. The rebellion got worse as she neared eighteen, and their frustration mounted. She was making her father look bad. Left wing news sites were snickering at the illicit pictures taken of her in bikinis at the beach, or in tight tank tops and short skirts at nightclubs.

When a picture of her clearly drunk, dressed in a short, tight dress with noticeable cleavage was posted to a news site, her father hit the roof.

But he had little time to deal with straying daughters. He had work to do, as did his wife, in the pursuit of his heady ambitions, so, as was his habit, he entrusted her to the care of someone else. In this case, his aid, Martha Cooper.

Martha was a bible-thumping, God-fearing Christian of the 'spare the rod, spoil the child' school of thought. And while Alyssa was, by law anyway, no longer a child, she was surely a prime example of the lack of appropriate discipline as far as Martha was concerned.

Besides, at sixty two years of age, Martha considered Alyssa little more than a child, especially given her screaming temper tantrums, her snotty attitude, her sulkiness, and her determination to rub the noses of her elders in everything they didn't want to see.

St. Bartholomew's Academy was the answer to her prayers, quite literally, in fact. It was a boarding school, a very strict boarding school which still believed in corporal punishment. Alyssa was a little old for it, to be sure, but all the time she'd spent accompanying her parents had put her behind her age range as far as school was concerned anyway, so she had not yet graduated, officially, from high school.

And besides, her marks were nothing to write home about.

A year at St. Bartholomew would do her a world of good. More importantly, it would do the senator a world of good to have no more stories about his sluttish daughter making the rounds for a while. She had made it quite clear to the rector, as well, father Stephen, that he need not spare the rod with this one, and that a hefty donation from the Senator's supporters would be made if the girl was brought to properly to heel in time for the next election campaign.

She was, after all, very photogenic.

Father Stephen assigned the task to Elizabeth Jones. Elizabeth was dedicated to God, had never married, and was a stern and righteous woman who prayed every day and never used intemperate language. She neither drank nor smoked, nor ever had. No hint of sin had ever been known to associate itself with her, for all she was a handsome woman.

Which was how Alyssa came to find herself standing, quite literally, on the carpet in front of Dowling's desk in a small office with a window which overlooked the mountains rising in the distance.

St. Bartholomew was in Montana, rural Montana, miles from temptation.

Jones was dismayed by what she saw.

Alyssa slouched as she stood before her, a look of sulky resentment on her pretty face. She wore makeup, which was forbidden at St. Bartholomew, and which Carter personally disapproved of in any woman of any age. What was the purpose of makeup but to make oneself look attractive to men, after all, and what was the purpose of that?

Fornication!

Truth to tell, Elizabeth Jones had engaged in some debauchery in her younger years, before she had found God. Why any woman would want to engage in sex with men was quite beyond her. Men were disgusting in their unbridled lusts. Their bodies were hairy and ugly and smelly.

She had no interest in men whatsoever.

She did not know if the girl before her often engaged in fornication, though she certainly looked the part of the slattern. But then, so many young girls today

seemed to feel they needed to look the part, whether they were or not.

The girl was of medium height, and her body seemed quite --- healthy, though petite all around. She was slender, her hair a birds nest of untidy hairs thrusting this way and that. She had on a too-tight shirt which buttoned down the front, her chest putting a noticeable strain against the front of it. The top two buttons were undone, Elizabeth noted, practically showing cleavage!

She also had on too-tight jeans as well as high heels. All the better to display her body to men and tempt them into fornication, Elizabeth thought darkly.

\* \* \*

Alyssa stared back at the woman in similar dismay. The woman was tall, square faced, with her hair pulled so tightly back from her forehead it was hard to even tell, in the subdued lighting, that she had any. If her bun was any tighter, she thought, it would pull the woman's eyes up over her head.

The woman wore a black, high-necked dress with puffy sleeves and shoulders Alyssa suspected would not have been out of place two hundred years ago. It always amazed Alyssa that women like this still existed, like creatures out of time.

“Do you know why you are here, girl?” the woman asked in a surprisingly low voice.

Alyssa shrugged. She knew, all right.

The woman's hand cracked down onto the surface of the desk with the sound of a gunshot. Alyssa jumped in surprise, eyes widening.

“Stand up straight!” The woman ordered, her voice still low, as she got to her feet.

Alyssa straightened her shoulders a little, though she started to feel her resentment rising as the woman came around the desk. She was a head taller than Alyssa, with broader shoulders. But she was younger than Alyssa had assumed, closer to thirty than the fifty she had first thought.

“You will not shrug at me when asked a question, girl,” the woman's voice said,

her voice almost toneless.

“I know why I'm here,” she replied in a dismissive sniff.

Much to her shock and alarm, the woman reached out and grasped her by the scruff of the neck, yanking her up and forward.

“Hey!” she cried. “Let me go!”

“What you need to be aware of, girl, is that St. Bartholomew's has dealt with many undisciplined children over the years, and we know well how to instill that discipline in them.”

“I'm not a child! Let me go!”

The woman snorted. “You act like a child. You dress like a child. You have the mentality of a child.”

“You're gonna tear my shirt!”

“And what need have you of a shirt like this when it is clearly too tight for you?” Elizabeth demanded, shaking her roughly.

Alyssa was looking up into the cool, aloof face with alarm, beginning to think the woman was crazy, not to mention violent! Alyssa had not yet really encountered any violence in her life, nor was she built to respond to it, either mentally or physically.

“You are not here to display your breasts to men like a slut!” Jones said, releasing her by flinging her back.

Alyssa stumbled several steps before straightening herself.

“Take it off.”

“Wh-what?!”

“Remove your clothing.”

“Why!?”

The woman's eyes narrowed.

“You are not here to question directions, but to learn how to follow them,” she said in a cold voice.

She went to her desk, opened a drawer, and took out a doubled up strap about two and a half feet long, then slapped it against the palm of her other hand.

“St. Bartholomew's practices corporal punishment on undisciplined, recalcitrant children,” she said. “And Mrs. Cooper was quite explicit in suggesting you would benefit from such discipline, as much of it as we wish to make use of.”

That was just the sort of thing that old bitch would think, Alyssa thought with a growing sense of panic. She licked her lips nervously and looked warily at the woman, then around at the door.

“There is nowhere for you to go, girl. You have been placed with us to see to your education, as well as your indiscipline. Your parents are well aware of what that entails. You had better resign yourself to it and fall into line or you will be getting a taste of the strap every day, if not more. Now remove your blouse and trousers. You will be given a uniform to wear.”

“W-Why can't I change somewhere private?” Alyssa gulped.

The woman raised her eyebrows. “I have been led to believe that you are quite the narcissist about your body, and enjoy showing it off. Is there some difficulty?”

Alyssa glared at her, then sniffed and began to unbutton her blouse. So what if the bitch saw her in her underwear. It wasn't like she had anything to be ashamed of after all.

She had to remove her shoes to slip off her jeans, and tossed them on top of her shirt on the nearby chair. The woman, as she had suspected, was not pleased at what she saw. Still, it felt very... odd standing there in her underwear.

For Alyssa, nudity was inextricably bound up with sexuality. Simply stripping for a shower made her hormones bubble, and sliding her hands over her naked body, particularly in front of a mirror, almost immediately made her hot. She rarely showered with masturbating, nor did she go to bed at night without doing

it at least once.

She wasn't entirely sure what 'narcissist' meant, but she was certainly proud of her body, proud of how hot she was, and that all the guys stared at her and wanted her. She didn't see that as being unusual for a girl though.

And so, as her bare toes scrunched up a little on the carpet, she was very much aware of being half naked in a public place. And even though there were no men there she felt a low thrumming in her nervous system and a sense of anxiety, in case a man walked in and saw her like this!

“Stand up straight,” the woman ordered.

Rolling her eyes, Alyssa complied... mostly. She saw the woman shaking her head at her lingerie. Her mother had been the same.

“Your underwear looks as though it is designed for a prostitute,” she said.

Alyssa rolled her eyes again. She was wearing a lacy black bra with triangular half-cups and a matching thong, the thin strings plunging diagonally down her abdomen from her hips to the small triangle of fabric over her carefully denuded pussy. She knew she looked very sexy in it, which pleased her. It didn't matter that no one else saw it.

Of course, someone was seeing it now. Are you jealous, bitch, she thought with more than a trace of arrogance.

The woman slapped the strap against her palm again in a way which made her nervous, then walked slowly around her. Alyssa blushed a little as the woman saw her bare buttocks, but gave her a rebellious look when the woman came around front of her again.

“Your underwear seems impractical and slutty. It is not the sort of thing a Christian woman should be wearing.”

Alyssa rolled her eyes again.

“Remove it.”

Alyssa blinked and then felt herself flush again at the thought.

“I... you ... want me to strip naked!?”

“You make such efforts at displaying it to everyone wherever you go. Why would you do that if you were ashamed of it?”

“I do not!”

“You will call me Ms. Jones, and you will speak with a proper tone of voice or your bottom will feel the sting of my strap.”

Alyssa bit her lip. Surely she wouldn't really do that! But then the woman looked like such a cold hearted bitch, she actually might.

“I'm eighteen, you know!”

“That has no relevance to me except insofar as it demonstrates just how emotionally immature you are for your age. Remove your underthings now.”

Glaring rebelliously, Alyssa tried to find a way around the order, but if she refused, well, the woman had already demonstrated she didn't mind getting violent. Alyssa eyed the strap nervously, then blushed as she turned and undid her bra. She half covered her breasts with her arm as she slid her thong down and off and stepped out of it.

There was that shake of the woman's head again.

“What did you do to your hair?” she demanded.

Alyssa flushed. “I ... had it lasered off.”

The woman looked at her as if she was insane.

“It's common in this century,” she said with a glare.

“Among prostitutes you mean, among porn actresses?”

“Among girls!”

“There is no reason to do such a thing other than to further expose yourself to view.”

Alyssa glared at the floor, arm still across her breasts, a hand now cupping her sex. It was hard to explain how she liked to feel sexy even if no one saw, no one knew. She liked to feel sexy for herself, that was all. Of course, now she was standing there naked in an office!

“Since you have no manners to speak of we will have to teach your to behave out of other motivation,” the woman said.

Her long arm swung up, her hand catching Alyssa behind the head, and sweeping her forward, sending her staggering across the floor to fetch up against the back of the table placed against the wall. Her lower abdomen hit the back of a chair as Jones kept pushing her head forward, and that inevitably forced her upper body forward, and then down until her cheek was being firmly held against the table top.

“Hey!”

“Extend your arms out in front of you,” the woman said in a cool, emotionless tone.

“Let me go!”

“Extend your arms out in front of you,” the woman repeated.

Her fingers twisted in Alyssa's hair and she yelped in pain and thrust her arms up and forward.

Jones grasped her right wrist and Alyssa saw a soft brown, frayed strap bolted to the wall on the other side of the desk. She stared in disbelief as it was wrapped around her wrist. Then the woman pulled her other wrist, yanking her forward, and wrapped a similar strap around it, leaving her bent at the waist, her lower belly jammed against the hard wood of the chair back, her breasts pillowed against the top of the table.

Alyssa twisted and writhed, trying to pull free, but the straps were firm against her wrists. Jones stepped back a little as Alyssa aimed a bare-footed kick back at her and missed by a hair.

“Assaulting teachers is an extremely serious offense,” the woman said.

Alyssa didn't care. She knew what the woman intended with that strap, and was in panic mode. She kicked at her again as she approached, but she had little leverage, and had to look far over her shoulder. The woman caught her ankle and yanked it aside, then strapped it to the lower leg of the chair. Her left was soon similarly strapped.

“I will leave you to contemplate what is about to happen, and why you are responsible for it,” Jones said, returning to her desk.

Alyssa struggled against the straps holding her, feeling helpless and frantic, at least at first, but as nothing happened she began to settle down, gulping in air, resigned to the fact she would not be able to get free.

“I'm going to tell my father!”

“You are most welcome to do so,” the woman said without concern.

Alyssa's mind spun about wildly. As her fear eased her embarrassment rose. She was not merely naked, but bent over in an obscene position, her naked sex exposed to the woman's view!

And while she had indeed enjoyed an exhibitionist sense of pleasure in letting people get glimpses of her lush young body, the truth was she was not very experienced sexually. Her father's staff had watched her too closely for most of her life. Besides, she had standards. She wasn't about to just let some scummy guy maul her.

But now she was naked and helpless and tied down... a prisoner! Anything could be done to her! What if a man came in now! What if he came in and saw her and – !?

Of course, Jones would never allow anything like that to happen, but still, she was certainly well-positioned for it! Her bottom was raised up invitingly, she knew, her legs spread wide. God! She was so naked! She felt as though the highest point of her body was her pussy, her legs spread wide so that it pushed out, she was sure, horribly obviously!

She jerked against the straps again, to no avail. Gulping, she looked over at Jones, who sat at her desk to her right, reading, and apparently paying no attention to her whatsoever. At least, she consoled herself, the woman couldn't

see very much from her present angle.

Of course, that would change soon.

Alyssa was a young girl full of raging hormones who knew she was beautiful and desirable, who wanted to feel men pressed against her body, who was avidly curious about what it would be like to have sex, but who had been frustrated in her efforts to find out. Thus her sex life to that point in time had consisted of fantasies and masturbation.

The fantasies had come from bodice buster romance novels, and from the internet, from the porn sites she had managed to occasionally get to around her family's screening software. They were wicked, forbidden, shocking, and alarmingly exciting images of golden skinned girls displayed in all their erotic beauty.

Much as she was now.

She had compared herself to the pictures before, of course, even assumed poses to see if she matched, or better yet, surpassed the models. She was pleased to find she often did. But her current poses was indescribably pornographic, and despite her anxiety she felt a hot tingling between her legs and a sense of dark erotic heat slowly blossoming within her.

In an office! In public! And she was... naked like this! She could feel her mons, naked in the air, legs wide, cooling in the room air. Yet at the same time she felt almost as if she were tingling in anticipation, a sense of breathlessness making her chest tight as she waited... what?!

“How long are you gonna keep me like this!” she gulped.

The woman didn't even look up from her reading.

“As long as I wish to. You are so proud of your body. Surely you enjoy displaying it. Perhaps I should invite the faculty to come in and inspect you. They could confirm for you how attractively shaped your body parts are.”

The words made Alyssa's pulse race, even though she was sure... almost... that the woman would do no such thing.

“I don't show people my naked body!” she exclaimed.

The woman looked up at last. “No? Perhaps you merely like to tempt them with glimpses and suggestive clothing. Does that make you less of a slut?”

“I'm not a slut!”

The woman returned to her reading.

“I'm not!”

“Where there's smoke, there is fire.”

Alyssa glared at her, and tried again to pull free of the straps. Her breasts ached beneath her, her weight pressing them down against the hard wood. Again she let her mind consider what a man would do, or at least, see, if he came in. She was so.. naked! Her pussy throbbed, and she felt as though the lips of her sex were getting swollen!

Then Jones rose from behind her desk.

“I see you've calmed down somewhat.”

“Let me go!” she gasped, horribly aware of the view the woman must have as she stepped behind her.

“You do not give orders to anyone here, girl,” Jones said. “You make polite requests.”

Alyssa gulped, heart pounding, face hot. “Please let me go.”

“That was inadequate. As I've already state, my name is Miss Jones.”

“Please let me go, Miss Jones,” she exclaimed.

“Your tone was improper,” she said.

*Crack!*

“Ahhh!”

Alyssa jerked violently at the sudden stinging as the belt cut down across her buttocks.

“A proper young lady speaks in a low and respectful tone.”

“That hurt!”

*Crack!*

Alyssa squealed again, pulling frantically as the belt bit into her a second time.

“Of course it hurts. Since you have not learned proper behavior, or at least, have chosen not to exhibit it out of common decency, you will learn to do it as a child does, out of fear and pain.”

She sharp stinging made Alyssa furious, outraged that the woman dared to hit her!

“Fuck you!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

Alyssa screeched and twisted against the straps to no avail as the belt came down across her bottom again and again. Her skin began to throb with heat as beads of sweat stood out on her forehead and she gulped in air, heart pounding, blood racing.

“If you act like a slut, you'll be treated like a slut.”

“I'm a virgin!” she cried.

Alyssa heard a snort of derision. “I find that unlikely.”

“I am!” she wailed.

And then she felt the soft skin of the woman's hand cupping her sex. She felt a jolt to her senses, to her mind, a shock as she felt that touch against her down there – where only she had ever touched.

“And can you prove it?” she heard the woman ask.

The sensations pouring up through her body were stunning as Alyssa felt a finger sliding in between the puffy lips of her naked sex. Her eyes widened at the sensation, and she twisted against the straps again as that finger sank deeper and deeper. Her mouth opened and closed like a fish, words failing her as the fingers squirmed within the elastic walls of her sex.

“I am searching for evidence of your virginity, girl,” she heard the woman say, “And not finding it.”

Alyssa was stunned, and horribly embarrassed by that intimate touch, but then felt another surge of panic as she understood what the woman meant. She was searching for her cherry, and Alyssa knew full well she would not find one since she herself had broken it years before during one of her many sessions of masturbation.

The feel of another person's finger pushing up inside her was a shock both emotionally and physically. She had never felt such an intimate touch before, never felt anyone's finger on her there at all, much less sliding into her pussy! And she was so open and vulnerable and obscenely displayed, helpless for anything the woman might want to do!

*Crack!*

This time it was the woman's hand against her bottom.

“Where is your hymen, girl?”

“I-I don't know!” she gulped.

*Crack!*

The hand slapped down again. “You are lying to me. What boy took your virginity?”

“I'm a virgin! I told you!”

It was hard to speak with that finger inside her, twisting and turning, stroking against the inside walls of her pussy! It eased back, and then a second finger pushed into her tight depths. Her pussy was reacting in a way she recognized, but which normally took much longer, at least, when she was touching herself!

“Oh! Oh please!” she gasped, starting to fear the way her pussy was responding.

*Crack!*

“Your hymen? Who took it? Your father will want to know.”

Another shock rippled through Alyssa. Her father! The woman couldn't tell her father she had had sex with a guy! Her father's head would explode!

“I-I did!” she blurted.

“Oh? And how did you do that?”

Alyssa was silent, and the fingers withdrew, then she felt the slap of the belt, light this time, only it wasn't against her bottom. The woman had swung it up against her pussy! It slapped lightly, but right against the soft flesh of her sex, including her clitoris, so alive with nerve endings.

“Ow! Ow! Don't!”

The strap swung in against her again, and again, and again, the blows light but repeated, making Alyssa flinch and jerk again and again, her pussy starting to ache, to throb with discomfort. It was already hot, and now she felt the sharp echoes of the slaps rippling through her groin.

“Did you use a sex toy on yourself?” Jones demanded.

“N-No!”

*Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!*

“What then?”

“My hairbrush!” she cried.

“The handle of your hairbrush?”

“Yes!” she moaned, humiliated.

“So you masturbated with your hairbrush?”

Alyssa cringed at the word.

*Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!*

“Yes!” she cried.

“You inserted the handle into your vagina?”

Alyssa cringed again.

*Slap! Slap!*

“Yes!” she gasped.

“You mean, yes miss Jones,” the woman said curtly.

*Slap! Slap!*

“Y-Yes, Miss Jones!” she gasped.

“Yes, Miss Jones I masturbated with the handle of my hair brush,” the woman said.

Alyssa moaned helplessly

*Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!*

The impact of the belt against her pussy continued to send ripples of sensation through her groin and belly, but they felt oddly different, shifting and changing, taking on a strange dark tone.

“Say it, slut.”

“Oh! Please!” she gasped.

“Say it.”

“I-I masturbated with the handle of my hair brush!” she gasped in a choked voice.

*Slap! Slap!*

“Miss Jones,” the woman said coolly.

“Miss Jones!” Alyssa cried.

“Now say it all together.”

“I... but I didn't...”

*Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!*

“I masturbated with the handle of my hair brush, Miss Jones!” she cried.

“Much better.”

In place of the strap, the woman's fingers caressed the outside of her sex now, as if comforting her. That was almost more startling than the blows!

“And you did this out of lust,” she heard the woman say. “You had lust for men. You wanted to know what it felt like to have a man's penis inside your body.”

Again Alyssa's mind cringed at the words, though of course, they were quite true.

“I can tell you the sensation is anything but pleasurable. And perhaps if you come to associate displeasure with your lust you will cease to encourage that lust.”

Her fingers gripped Alyssa's naked sex and pinched.

“Your sex having no hair certainly makes it much more visible,” she said.

Alyssa blushed hotly, then gasped as the woman pulled her fingers back.

She moved away, leaving Alyssa still bound in place, her mind struggling to adjust to the strange sensations swirling inside her. The strap had not really hurt that much, since it hadn't been swung hard, and the woman's fingers on her pussy had produced very powerful sensations.

Far more powerful than when she had touched herself!

Maybe I'm a lesbian, she thought dazedly, ashamed at the thought.

Or maybe she is, she thought anxiously.

The woman returned, and she raised her head, twisting around, trying to see her. But she could see little, only feel.

She felt the woman's fingers against her sex! She gasped as the fingers spread apart the lips of her sex. Then she felt something... hard... pressing against her there. It was much thicker than a finger, or even two or three, and she moaned as the pressure grew.

“Wh-what are you doing!?” she gasped.

“You wanted to feel penetrated. Perhaps if you realize the full pain of penetration such thoughts will stop filling your mind.”

Alyssa bit her lip, moaning as she felt something thick and hard being pushed into her body. The lips of her sex strained wide around it even as her mind strained to adjust to the fact that the woman was penetrating her, shoving something into her pussy!

“Oh! Oh! Please!” she gasped.

It ached! But... it didn't really hurt, not compared to the belt cutting across her bottom anyway. And it was a dull ache deep inside her as the thing twisted and turned and pushed deeper and deeper.

She groaned as it pushed deeper still, deeper than her hair brush or fingers or toothpaste tube had ever gone, and her fingers dug into the palms of her hands as she clenched her teeth against the rising ache.

“Do you feel good at being penetrated?” Jones demanded. “Do you feel lust?”

Then it drew back and out, and she cried out as the woman leaned over her, yanking her hair up and back and brandishing the instrument which she had clearly been using.

“Do you see this, girl?” she demanded. “Do you? Do you see the evidence of your wickedness upon it!?”

The woman held a round wooden object. There was nothing particularly

remarkable about it. It was thick around, like a penis, Alyssa thought dazedly, and quite long, maybe a full foot. She cried out as the woman shook her by the hair.

“Look!”

The first four or five inches of the wood was darker than the rest, slick... with, she thought, face flaming, her own juices.

Perhaps that was why it hadn't hurt that much, she thought numbly. The woman released her hair and she cried out as the thing was thrust into her again, pushing deeper, drawing back, then pushing deeper still, as the ache grew in her belly.

*Crack!*

She yelped as the belt snapped down on her bottom.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

More blows followed, and she writhed at the hot, stinging pain as her bottom began to turn pink, then red.

\* \* \*

Elizabeth Jones dropped her arm, then, fighting to control herself, stepped away from the lewdly displayed young girl and went back to her desk. She sat down hard, averting her eyes from the sight of the girl's bent body and the wooden rod protruding from between her thighs.

Disgusting girl!

Elizabeth could not push away the memory, however, of the feel of the girl's flesh against her fingers. It was so soft and warm, the most exquisite silk! And inside, she was warm and tight and ... velvety...

And helpless before her. She had been given extraordinary latitude in bringing the girl to heel, and that roused temptation in her as she had rarely felt. Jones had long fought against the wicked temptation of the flesh, not for men, who were disgusting, but women, particularly sweet, lovely, well-built young women like Alyssa Hughes had often roused her to ungodly thoughts.

She looked down at her desk, fighting to regain control and to ignore the blood rushing through her body, and particularly the blood which had rushed to her groin, to the penis there, which was now throbbing hotly, hungrily, wanting to drive itself deep into the body of the trembling girl across from her.

Elizabeth Jones was a Hermaphrodite.

She had read the bible cover to cover and found no mention of such things. Yet still, somehow, she knew it was wicked. It must be! Lust was wicked! And it always seemed, though she looked more like a woman, that her penis made her more of a man in that it controlled her lust. She had never felt lust for men, but for women, yes, and never more so than now!

Every beat of her heart made it pulse and throb and press hungrily against the inside of her dress, taking her breath away with the force of its desire. She felt her body ringing with that hunger, trembling with it! For years she had struggled against her wicked nature! She prayed nightly for a message from God to tell her what she should do!

And now she was presented with this... this slut! This girl who thrust hairbrushes into her body like a wanton whore so that she could fantasize about the 'pleasure' of being ridden by some hairy man!

The little whore!

Jones glared at her, suddenly hating how pretty she was, how shapely her body, how... how normal she was!

Well Jones could show her just what it felt like, could demonstrate fully upon her helpless body just what pain lust could bring.

She got up and walked back to where the girl awaited her, her eyes going to the round wooden object protruding from her sex. She had purchased the object at a hardware store years ago. It had the appropriate shape and thickness, and was rounded at one end. No one on seeing it would guess how often she had plunged it into her own body, into her own pussy, even while squeezing her cock for dear life as it exploded.

She saw how tight the girl's sex gripped it, and reached out as if in a trance, wrapping her fingers around it, and ... thrusting deeper.

The girl squealed, and Jones eased back.

“Does that hurt?” she demanded. “It should hurt. You should realize how painful sex is! Perhaps then you will control your lust!”

Her other hand reached down, fingers stroking the girl's now swollen clitoris as she twisted her makeshift dildo slowly.

It was such a neat, pink, puffy little pussy, she thought dazedly. So pretty!

\* \* \*

Alyssa gasped and moaned as the thing thrust deeper, groaning at how full she felt now! She felt the woman's fingers against her, idly stroking her as she talked, and trembled helplessly.

Her mind began to swirl and churn through the various scenarios of her sexual fantasies, of the bodice buster romances, and she saw herself as a helpless prisoner being scandalously abused by her captor. Her pussy was throbbing hotter and hotter, and she felt her nipples tingle hotly where they were crushed against the table.

\* \* \*

“Do you like being penetrated, whore?” the woman demanded. “Do you like having yourself filled with a hard object? Perhaps you only wish it were a male penis instead!”

Jones fought to keep her voice steady, to not betray the passion and dark excitement gripping her. She could feel how hard her nipples were inside her tight bra, how sweaty and swollen were her breasts. Her cock pushed up hard against the fabric of her heavy dress, and her pussy thrummed hungrily.

She slapped her hand down on the girl's lovely pink bottom again even as her fingers caressed her delicious flesh. She despised the girl for being a whore, and despised herself for being tempted by a whore, for being tempted by this lovely skin and rounded bottom and tight, naked sex.

She licked her lips, and then drew her fingers back, noting how slick they were. As if in a trance, she slid them into her mouth, along her tongue, closing her lips

on them, sucking as she stared at the naked pussy before her!

She sank to her knees behind the girl, staring at her sex, staring at the clitoris, which seemed even more swollen now. The girl was panting and moaning, but no longer really protesting. The slut!

She licked her lips again, then brought her trembling hands up against the girl's inner thighs, as if to spread them wider. She leaned in, closer, then closer still, until finally, she eased forward and brought her own lips against the girl before her.

She kissed her clitoris, then moaned into it, letting her moist lips slide apart, massaging the girl's clitoris between them, sucking gently, then with increasing passion as her tongue slid out.

\* \* \*

Alyssa's eyes bulged as she felt the woman's mouth on her pussy! She gaped at the wall in disbelief, then jerked her head around, trying to see. But she could see almost nothing of the woman, who was kneeling behind her. She wanted to scream, to protest, to demand she halt at once, but could not find her voice!

Shock, humiliation and outrage swirled through her, but a wild sudden flare of sexual hunger, heat and passion swept them to the sides as she felt the sensations rapidly building within herself. She had never, of course, felt anyone's mouth on her sex, though she had fantasized about it. Now the woman behind her was doing it, licking her, sucking her!

The sensations were intense, and she felt herself go breathless with amazement and heat. She said nothing, merely stared at the wall and gulped in air, gasping and shuddering as the woman's lips sucked hungrily at her, as her tongue circled and caressed her. Then she felt the thing inside her push deeper, pull back, and push deeper still.

It ached, but it ached... wonderfully!

She groaned dazedly, overwhelmed by the force of the heat spreading through her body and mind! Her thinking was swirling and sputtering with indecision. She didn't want this woman touching her sexually! Yet at the same time, her body was alive with hunger and passion, and the sensations the woman was

rousing within her were overpowering her better senses.

Her long-surprised curiosity and fascination were thrilled by the touch of that mouth, and strange dark flashes of fantasies and stories flicked through her mind from a dozen different bodice buster romances and porn images.

She settled one one without conscious thought: she was the helpless, innocent prisoner of the evil lesbian! Held captive, tied up, abused by the lewd and perverted woman for her own lustful purposes!

And that wasn't really all that far from reality, making it that much more incredible!

Her hips ground back against the woman, against the overwhelming power of the sensations she was rousing, against the hard round tube the woman had thrust into her body! She was feverish with the hunger and need, unable to speak or protest as pleasure coursed through her veins!

There was a shift, movement behind her, and she panted raggedly, trying to twist her head around. She realized the woman was standing, seeing her out of the corner of her eye, but only for a moment.

The thing inside her was yanked back, and she felt suddenly empty. But not for long. She felt something else pushing against her, something which felt infinitely softer, stroking against her pussy opening, then pushing through into the mouth of her sex. At almost the same time, she felt her hair grasped in two bunches on either side of her head.

She cried out as her head was yanked up and back. At the same time, something hard and thick thrust deep into her pussy!

Her instant thought was it was the same thing again, but she could sense differently. This was much softer, moved much more naturally inside her. The texture of it as it caressed her flesh felt so much nicer, softer and yet exquisitely firm at the same time! And then it pushed so deep her eyes nearly popped as she cried out in shock. She felt flesh against her buttocks, warm flesh.

The woman's pelvis pushed in against her tightly bound buttocks, as if... as if the woman had a cock! But that was impossible!

And it felt soooooo good!

It was all so insane, so overwhelming, all she could do was gurgle and gasp and moan as the thing inside her pulled back, and then pushed forward again, pulled back, and pushed forward. Each time it did the soft skin of the woman's hips pressed hard against her buttocks, then withdraw, again, as if she had a cock.

She was fucking her! The woman was fucking her! As impossible as that seemed it didn't really matter to the wild, dark fantasies then filling her mind. She couldn't see the woman at all, not with how tightly her hair was being pulled back. All she could sense was the hard thrusting of a ... a cock inside her! She gasped and grunted and moaned as it drove in and out, as the woman's hips slapped against her buttocks, moaning with sexual fever and heated excitement, her pussy reveling in the thick, hard pumping as she slumped helplessly across the table in her bonds.

There was an unconscious sense of surrender, of submission in that relaxation, of both body and mind, as she lay in place being used, being abused, being fucked!

She's fucking me, she thought wonderingly, dazedly, her body jerking in time to the impact of the woman's hips against her buttocks.

It was a hard, deep thrusting, much as she had so often fantasized about, but the sensations were far different, far more powerful than she had imagined, and they swept through her again and again in time to every hard stroke! Her body shook, and so did the table as the slap-slap-slap of the woman's hips against her buttocks continued.

She felt as though a great pressure were building up inside her, and she gulped in air, moaning and gasping as the woman's hips slapped against her, as her 'cock' stroked powerfully inside her aching, burning pussy.

Her hair was still being pulled sharply back on both sides of her head, making her neck ache. Her mouth was wide, her eyes glassy as her body shuddered in time to the hard thrusting. She had lost the ability to speak, gasping and moaning continuously as the table shook under her and that big... thing thrust deep into her pussy again and again and again!

And still the pressure built and built, her head pounding, her body trembling, her nervous system screaming like a high tension wire about to let go.

And then it did.

Suddenly, what had felt like an almost overwhelming tension and pressure within her let go, redoubling again and again until she wanted to scream but had little air to do it! She gurgled mindlessly as the orgasm took her and shook her,

gurgled all the air out of her lungs as it churned her mind into a steaming, boiling stew of impossible pleasure!

Finally, she sucked in a great chestful of air, and then exhaled it as a drawn out cry of animal pleasure.

\* \* \*

Jones cursed, releasing the trembling, shaking girl's hair, clamping hands over her mouth instead.

“Filthy whore!” she hissed.

She made sure one hand was firmly over the girl's still wailing mouth and brought the other down hard against her bottom, then again, then again.

“Whore! Slut! Filthy slut!” she gasped, her hips thrusting even harder.

Her own body was trembling with hunger and need. Every thrust into the girl's tight sex sent a wave of pleasure through her body and mind. She stared down at the tight ring of the girl's pussy clenched around the shaft of her cock, transfixed by the image of her shaft thrusting in and out again and again.

Her cock was mostly used to her own hand, and the pressure of it. As warm and slick and deliciously tight as the girl's sex was it couldn't apply the pressure of her own fist. Thus for Jones, the delicious wild excitement of the moment, the sight of the girl and of her cock thrusting away, were enough to make her body ring with sexual passion and hunger, but not quite enough to bring her off, at least, not quickly.

She continued to pound her hips against the girl's lush young bottom, continued to bury her cock in the girl's tight pussy as the girl shook and writhed and her cries of pleasure were suppressed by the palm of Jones' own hand. Then the girl slumped, going limp save for her deep, shuddering breaths.

“Whore,” she said, but with a delicious sense of conquest and victory.

Weak, she thought with a mental sneer.

Of course, the girl was not supposed to be feeling uncontrollable pleasure, she

thought, castigating herself. She was supposed to feel pain. Why hadn't she!? Because she was a filthy whore, that was why. There could be no other reason.

She felt a surge of contempt for the girl, combined with the strange sense of smug self-satisfaction at sexually conquering her. She eased her cock slowly back, staring down at the sight of the girl's sex lips clinging to it as it drew into view. Finally the head pulled free, as slick as the rest of it, slick with her juices, she thought.

Whore!

The girl was nothing more than an animal! A sexual animal! She was fit for nothing more than being mounted, ridden and bred like any other pretty animal!

She picked up the wooden club and pushed it into her, watching as inch after inch slowly slid into the moaning girl's body. It reached the dark line which indicated how far it had gone before, and continued to disappear. She felt a strange sense of breathlessness as the girl's body began to wriggle as she moaned more loudly.

Then virtually the entire thing had been shoved into the girl's body!

“Whore!” she sneered.

Her hand slapped down against a firm, pink buttock, then again, then again. She leaned over the girl, her own still rigid cock pressing in against a soft buttock, squeezed in between the girl's bottom and her own belly as she gripped her hair and yanked her head up and back. Her other hand jammed in beneath her chest, filling itself with her firm young breast.

She squeezed, her fingers feeling the soft, silken flesh oozing out between them, feeling the dimple of her hard nipple against her palm.

“You loved it, didn't you whore?” she breathed. “Say it. Say you loved it!”

The girl only moaned dazedly.

Jones shifted her grip, catching the hard little nipple between her thumb and finger, pinching her nails in.

“Oww! Oww!” the girl gasped.

“Say it, whore!”

“Please!”

She ground her fingers against the puffy little nipple.

“Say it, whore!”

“Please I... I don't...”

“You loved it!”

“I loved it!” Alyssa cried weakly.

“You loved my cock inside you! Say it!”

“I-I loved your cock inside me!” Alyssa cried.

Jones straightened, eyes filled with heat and hunger. She brought her hand slapping down against the pink bottom again.

“Miss Jones,” she growled.

“I loved your cock inside me, Miss Jones!” the girl moaned.

Weak, Jones thought smugly, feeling her surrender.

*Crack! She slapped her bottom.*

“Again, whore!”

“I loved your cock inside me, Miss Jones!” the girl gasped.

Jones ran her hand over the incredibly soft skin of the girl's bottom, a crackling sexual tension gripping her at the tactile pleasure of the touch. The girl was Satan's tool, she thought, panicking slightly. But if so, she would simply conquer her, and turn her to God's light! She would turn her from her whorish ways!

Her fingers passed across the wrinkled little back passage, and she felt another

hot charge slide through her body, traveling all the way down to her cock. Yes, that would be more painful! That would teach the little slut how horrible her lust was!

But Jones had some experience with anal sex, though distant experience from a time before she found God. And while she wanted to inflict pain on the girl she most certainly did not wish to risk harming her body. No, it was her mind she wished to overcome.

She thought for a split second, then returned to her desk and yanked open a drawer. There amidst a mass of other things, was a small plastic restaurant container of butter which had come with some meal she had ordered weeks earlier.

She peeled the foil up and then slid the butter out into her fingers before applying it liberally to her still rigid cock. She moaned in pleasure at the slickness and slipperiness of her hard, sensitive flesh as she coated it, walking back behind the whore.

I will teach you the misery of being a slave to your whorish nature, she thought grimly.

\* \* \*

Alyssa moaned, catching her breath finally. This was so insane! And she had come like crazy! God, there was no way the woman hadn't known! Yet at the same time she realized this had gone well past discipline into something else entirely. And what had the bitch used on her anyway!?

She slowly turned her head, still gulping in air, her eyes going wide at the sight of Miss Jones at her desk. The front of the woman's dress was hiked up to her belly, and there in her hand was something most unmistakable! It was a very large, thick cock! And the woman was now coating with some slick substance!

Miss Jones was a man!? Impossible!

The woman turned, returning, and Alyssa gaped at her.

“So, you see my shame,” Jones growled. “Yes, I have the genitals of both man and woman. This is not sinful or wicked, however, but a challenge from the

Lord.”

She glowered at Alyssa. “As are you!”

She moved into place behind Alyssa, who could no longer see what she was doing, and was too shocked, too stunned, to say anything anyway! Jones was a freak! And she had – !

Her eyes bulged as she felt something deliciously warm and soft and slippery against her back opening. She felt pressure against her flesh, felt something trying to push into her.

“No! Oh! Oh please!”

*Crack!*

She felt the sharp slap of the woman's hand against her bottom, and then something pushed into her, only an inch perhaps, but it was inside her! It had to be the woman... her cock! Alyssa was, as it happened, not a stranger to the feeling of objects being pushed into her bottom. Her sex drive was high, her imagination quite fertile, and her masturbation energetic and more than willing to experiment.

She had never had a cock in her though! And she gasped and trembled as she felt Jones pushing deeper!

Her anal muscles clamped down, and she moaned in pain.

*Crack! Crack!*

“Oww!”

The sharp slaps seemed to somehow startle her squeezing back muscles so the thick, slick cock could push deeper. Alyssa began to feel incredibly FULL, with both the thing in her pussy and now Jones' cock driving into her ass!

There was nothing she could do about either, though. She knew that on some deep, primal level, that she was Jones' to do with as she wished, that she could only lay there and accept whatever the woman did to her!

No thought of escape or resistance even appeared in her mind. Instead it was as if she were at the dentist, awaiting the pain, cringing, preparing herself for it. Only the pain was ... not exactly all that painful.

Whatever Jones had coated her cock with it was slippery, and every time she slapped Alyssa's bottom her clamping muscles seemed to stutter and allow it to push deeper.

And deeper!

Her insides began to ache, to cramp as the thing slid into the very depths of her abdomen, and she moaned helplessly, squirming in her bonds, whimpering as the woman drew her cock back, then pushed it even deeper.

“Whore,” Alyssa heard her say, repeatedly.

\* \* \*

The tension around Jones' cock was harder in the girl's ass. She moaned softly as she began to stroke, exulting in a feeling of strength, of something like ownership of the hapless, helpless little whore! The slut was hers! She felt masterful, omnipotent! She worked her hips in and out slowly, but as soon as she sensed the ability, stroked faster, and then faster.

Her hips began to slap against the girl's soft bottom, and she felt another wave of lust and dark heat, slapping the girl's bottom, then yanking at her hair. The table rocked under the force of her thrusts as she drove her cock deep again and again. The girl was not resisting, but nor was she making any kind of pain sounds.

That had been her intent, at least, that was what she thought her intent was, to cause her pain, for only then could she learn. She shied away from another, darker desire, to hurt the girl for her own excitement, her own pleasure. But then yet another need took hold, the thrill of conquest! She wanted to conquer the girl again, and not by simply tying her down!

Her finger tightened in the soft brown hair and she yanked repeatedly.

“Whore,” she growled as she did.

But her right hand slid down the girls soft body, drove in under her hip, fingers

questing, searching, and finding that swollen clitoris. She could feel the girl's body jerk as she touched it, as her fingers began to roll and stroked and rub against it. The girl's hips began to grind back, helpless to her own whorish desires, and that sense of conquest boiled over within Jones once again.

“Filthy whore,” she gasped, slapping her bottom. “You love my cock inside you! Say it! Say it, whore!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

She yanked on the hair again, twisting it, feeling a dark pleasure at the girl's cry of pain.

“Say it, whore!”

“I-I love it!” she girl moaned!

*Crack!*

“Miss Jones,” she said between clenched teeth.

“I-I love it, Miss Jones!” the little slut gasped.

“I love your cock in my ass, Miss Jones,” she growled.

The girl only moaned, and Jones yanked on her hair again.

“I love your cock in my ass, Miss Jones!” she finally cried.

Guilt assailed Jones. These were filthy words! She should not be saying them, or even thinking them, much less ordering the slut to say them aloud!

But she couldn't help herself. Hearing the girl's sweet voice saying such forbidden words twisted something in her soul!

She thrust deep again, moaning as she buried every inch of cock in the girl's tight ass, grinding herself against the pert young bottom as if she could somehow thrust herself deeper still! She felt a strange sense of squeezing muscles around the front of her cock, as if the girl's insides were spasming, and thrust harder still!

“Whore!” she gasped. “Filthy whore! Say it again! Say it, whore!”

“I love your cock in my ass, Miss Jones!” the girl cried helplessly.

Jones dropped atop the girl, feeling how hard and hot her breasts were inside her dress as she pressed them against the soft bare back beneath her. Her lips parted, panting, hot breath playing against the young flesh as she jammed her mouth in against the nape of the neck, soft hair pressing against her as she kissed and licked, then opened her jaws and closed her teeth like a predatory animal taking her conquered prey!

All the while her hips pounded in again and again, jamming her burning erection into the depths of the girl's tight bottom!

\* \* \*

The sensations churned her mind like a tornado, and Alyssa felt her consciousness swirling and spinning as sensations tore through her, both emotional and physical. It was filthy to say such things, and yet daringly exciting in a dark, humiliating way! And the feel of the woman's cock plunging into her bottom was ... wild!

She felt so used, and that should have crushed her, but instead sent sizzling hot energy streaking through her nervous system. The feel of those fingers against her clitoris, and the hard, thick pressure of the club thing Jones had forced up into her pussy were secondary echoes to the hard thrust of that big cock into her belly!

She gasped again and again, moaning insensibly, strung out and with a growing heat gripping her mind as she felt the big cock churning back and forth inside her. Her skin sparkled with something like sexual electricity, and she felt her mind floating as if outside her body, as if she could hover above and watch the dark, filthy scene!

The orgasm exploded within her, and she cried out again and again, only to feel Jones' palm slapped across her mouth as the woman continued to pound her body into her from behind.

The sensations were so rich, so powerful, so intense! Her body thrilled to them, and her mind was pummeled by the force and power until nothing else in the

universe mattered!

The orgasm eased, faded, slowly, leaving her groaning and prone, limp, gulping in air. She was aware of Jones moving away from her. For a long minute, and then another, she simply lay across the table, recovering, and had no idea what Jones was doing.

Then she felt hands on her waist, something rough being pushed under her belly, then drawn out the other side. She felt it tighten around her waist, grunting weakly as it pulled in tight. She raised her weary head, turning, trying to see what the woman was doing now. She had a length of cord, no twine, rough hemp twine, thick too, and had wound it around Alyssa's waist!

Alyssa was bewildered, having no idea what the woman was doing. The woman bent down and unstrapped her ankles, and she groaned as she was able to pull them together at last. Yet that... thing was still stuffed deep into her pussy, almost buried inside her! And she felt her inner thighs squeezing against the swollen lips of her sex as they were held apart.

Jones reached across her body, undoing the strap around her wrists with a practiced jerk, then gripped her hair and roughly pulled her upright.

“Ow! Oww!” Alyssa cried, her hands reaching back to grasp her hair and the woman's hand.

But the woman released her hair almost immediately, intent on the twine. Alyssa dropped her eyes as Jones wrapped the twine around the base of the thick wooden thing she'd pushed into her pussy, then pulled upward. Jones raised her eyes, staring into Alyssa coolly, then dropped them again.

She tied a knot in the thick twine, then let her thumb slide it downward in a measured manner before suddenly yanking on the twine.

Alyssa yelped in pain at the sudden pressure. The cord jerked down against her hips, and up against her pussy! She stared as Jones slid the end of the cord in under the loop around her belly, then yanked again.

“Oww! Wait! Why – ?”

“Silence!”

Jones tied the twine off and stepped back with a satisfied nod.

“Excellent. You will come to despise the feeling of being penetrated,” she growled.

She moved away, and returned with a length of black fabric. She bunched it up and pulled it down over Alyssa's head, and the fabric, soft and light as silk or satin, slid down over her arms. She sputtered in confusion and uncertainty as Jones gripped her arms, shoving them up into the arm holes, then pulled the fabric down her body.

It was... tight.

“I-it's too tight,” she gulped.

She gasped as Jones slapped her face. It wasn't a hard slap, not the kind of slap which would leave a mark, but it stung and made her cheek burn.

The dress was too tight across her breasts and across her hips and buttocks. In fact, it was tight everywhere, but especially there. It was also startlingly short.

“But... but... what about underwear?” Alyssa gasped.

That brought another slap.

“Whore's need no underthings,” Jones said coolly. “All they need is to learn to obey their betters.”

Alyssa staggered as the woman gripped her upper arm in a fist like steel and yanked her towards the door. Then she was through and moving down the hall. Jones released her arm but gave her a quelling glare as she walked briskly along.

Alyssa struggled to keep up to her, trying to ignore the aching and tightness inside her, the feel of the twine digging into her flesh, and the thick, heavy presence of the club thing up inside her belly. It was impossible to ignore, of course, especially because the base of the thing was lodged right up against where the twine dug into her, forcing the lips of her sex to stay parted. Her thighs were thus brushing against her own pussy lips as she moved!

But most pernicious of all, she soon came to realize, was the twine itself,

particularly the knot Jones had tied. That knot seemed to be directly against her clitoris, and was grinding against her as she moved!

They walked down the stairs, and up another hall to where classrooms were located.

“Please, Miss Jones,” she gulped. “How long am I to keep this... thing inside me?”

Jones stopped and turned, glowering at her. “What you are to come to understand, girl, is that you will do precisely what you are told, when you are told, and nothing else. Nothing. This means you will keep it inside your whore body until I decide otherwise. I will make such a determination, not you. Your wishes, your comfort, will play no importance in my decisions.”

She opened the first door and, hand on Alyssa's arm, she strode in.

The classroom was small, with only six students. All were girls, all dressed as she was, and all approximately her age. They all looked suitably cowed, as well. At the head of the class was a woman who was twice Jones' age, and looked even more of a stern, nasty sort.

“Miss Gerson. This is Alyssa Hughes. She is starting with us today. She is a discipline problem.”

“Is she now,” Gerson said, glaring at Alyssa. “Well we will quickly solve that issue.”

Jones jerked her chin in agreement, then glared at Alyssa.

“You will do as you are told, when you are told, only when you are told, and respond politely and appropriately to any direction and question. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes, Miss Jones,” she gulped.

Jones nodded her chin again and departed. Gerson glared at her, then extended one long, stick thin arm and pointed at chair in the corner.

“Sit,” she growled.

Meekly, Alyssa took her seat. Slowly.

Very slowly.

She winced as she eased herself down onto the hard wooden chair, feeling the pressure against the base of the wooden club thing, feeling it pushed up deeper into her belly as she slowly let her weight fully down onto the seat.

Miss Gerson was talking about the Spanish Inquisition, of all things, and snapping out questions to the students one by one. As she did, each girl would pop into the air, standing rigid, arms at her sides, shoulders back, and answer in a monotone voice devoid of emotion.

“Hughes!”

Alyssa jerked in alarm.

“Stand up!”

She stood up on shaky legs, aware she was sweating, especially between the legs, due to the pressure of the rough twine and the thing inside her.

“What year was the Tribunal of the Holy Office of the Inquisition established?”

Alyssa stared at her helplessly.

“I don't ... know,” she gulped.

Gerson glared at her. “And why don't you know?” she demanded.

“I just got here!” Alyssa protested.

“Then you had better study very hard and very quickly in order to bring yourself up to the level of the class! I will not have your ignorance becoming a drag on the other students!”

Alyssa sat again, gingerly, and listened to the woman as she began to speak about the tortures practiced on women in the Inquisition. They were horrible and bloodthirsty! Alyssa's previous schools had never spent much time on the Inquisition, dismissing it as religious fanaticism and barbarity.

She squirmed helplessly in her seat as drawing flashed on the screen behind the woman. They were drawings of naked women being tortured! Some were hanging by their wrists, some were crucified, others were spreadeagled on some sort of torture table or even impaled!

Gerson spoke of such things in a casual way, with some disapproval, but almost as much for the women themselves, who, she suggested, would not have been subjected to such things if they had been good, obedient Christian women.

Alyssa was no expert but knew that was crazy!

As the bell rang, the other six girls sprang erect to their feet. Alyssa followed less alertly. They all filed out without talking, and Alyssa moved to follow.

“Hughes!”

She halted, gulping as she turned to face Gerson.

“Where are you going?”

“Uhm, with them?”

“They know which classes they are going to. Do you?”

“Uhm, I just thought – .”

Gerson glared at her. “Who told you to think?”

Alyssa hesitated.

“Did Miss Jones not give you very precise instructions? What did she say?”

“I... I'm to do exactly what I'm told when I'm told.”

“And only when you are told. Have you been told to leave?”

“N-No, Miss Gerson.”

“You will read chapter one to fourteen in your history text tonight and then write a two page report detailing how the failings of the women involved drew the attention of the Inquisition by not acting appropriately.”

“Uh... but – .”

“Are you questioning me?”

“I just... it's not like it was their fault!”

“And you know this? You have read the fourteen chapters already? You have studied the Inquisition?”

“Well, no but.. everyone knows the Inquisition was horrible and evil!”

“And how do they know this? From watching television? Is that how you know it?”

The woman was crazy. Alyssa didn't mean to roll her eyes, but really!

“I can see Miss Jones was correct about your lack of discipline and respect!”  
Gerson snapped.

She swept her hand behind Alyssa's head and jerked her forward against her desk.

“Bend over! Now!” she snapped.

It was only her experience with Jones which let Alyssa understand what she was supposed to do. It should have shocked her, but perhaps Jones had made her unshockable. She gasped as her knees hit the desk, as she was bent across it. The short, thin hem of her dress slid up across her buttocks, partly baring them.

The woman's hands jerked them up higher, fully baring her bottom.

“And what is this?” she demanded, tugging on the twine, then tapping on the base of the club.

Alyssa's face burned. “M-Miss Jones did that,” she gulped.

“Ah, so that you might feel the discomfort and pain of your lust? Yes, excellent lesson for you.”

She jerked on Alyssa's hips, pulling her to the side so that she was directly over the corner of the desk, her left knee pressing into the front, her right into the

side. Gerson opened a desk drawer and took out a thick leather device. It was rectangular, perhaps four inches wide and twelve long, with a handle on one end. It had holes spaced along it, and she could only guess its purpose.

Unfortunately, her startled guess was quite correct.

*Crack!*

“Oww!” she cried in pain.

“For your general fund of information, Miss Hughes, this is the punishment for not answering correctly during my morning quizzes,” Gerson said.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“It is also the punishment for speaking disrespectfully.”

*Crack!*

“Ohh!”

“I would include questioning authority.”

*Crack!*

“Please!”

“And acting disrespectfully.”

*Crack!*

“Which includes rolling your eyes at a teacher when she is speaking to you.”

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

The thing struck Alyssa's bare bottom with a harsh, stinging impact! At first, it was all she could do to cope with the sharp, painful explosions of sensation coming from her punished flesh! But as she wriggled and moaned and ground her thighs against the edges of the desk, her bottom got hotter and hotter, to the

point the throbbing heat seemed to act as a screen, dulling the sharpness of the continuing blows.

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

“You will learn to speak and act respectfully to your elders,” the woman growled.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“And to do your work and behave like a proper young lady!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

Her bottom was throbbing and burning, the fresh blows hardly seeming to add to the heat. But as her body squirmed the weight of her abdomen and groin pressed down against the twine, particularly the knot resting tightly against her clitoris. This ground down against her clitoris even as her breasts were ground beneath her chest.

And her body had felt extremely sexual since her encounter with Jones, unsurprisingly given the penetration she was still subjected to. In fact, as the wood pressed up against her sex she felt her skin being pushed back against the hard body of the thick wooden post shoved inside her, grinding herself between the two irresistible wooden objects.

It... hurt. Perhaps it was even meant to hurt. But there was a dark, animal sensation entwined with the pain, with the heat of pain. It was a different kind of heat, harkening back to the wild, incredible pleasure she had felt at Jones' hands. The sharp blows of the leather paddle across her bottom stopped, though, leaving her gasping and moaning, her bottom throbbing, as if radiating heat.

But her pussy was throbbing too, squeezing down on the wooden cock Jones had shoved up inside her, and her clitoris was swollen, sore, and ultra-sensitive as the woman yanked down her short skirt, yanked her upright, and ordered her to her next class.

\* \* \*

The remainder of the day passed in a strange, agonizing confusion for Alyssa.

The teachers were extremely strict, and not at all adverse to applying the back of their hands to the girls bottoms, or to the side of their heads for that matter. There was no laughing and joking in class either. The girls entered, sat up straight, and paid attention.

But the whole time, she was consumed with the squirming discomfort, both physical and emotional, between her legs. She ached hotly, but that soreness produced a sense of dark arousal, a kind of masochistic excitement she had never really known before, nor understood now.

And then she was ordered to see Jones again. The instant she was told she felt a dark sense of anxiety mixed with a strange, wild thrill. Her heart started to beat faster, her pulse to raise, and she felt her face warm. She walked slowly, helplessly aware of the thick wooden tube inside her, and trying to walk sort of bow-legged to keep her inner thighs from rubbing against her pussy lips.

She knocked and waited.

“Come,” Jones voice ordered brusquely.

That, Alyssa thought, was more than possible, it was a near certainty given the churning sexual hunger within her.

She pushed through and closed the door behind her, gulping as the intimidating woman looked up at her.

“So, Hughes, enjoyed your first day with us, I presume.”

There was really no answer to that. Yes would have been a lie.

Jones stood up and came over to her, looking at her coolly for a moment.

“Remove your dress.”

Alyssa's pulse raced, and she immediately complied, peeling the tight dress up and over her head, blushing anew as the woman regarded her.

“And do these indicate you have not foregone your sluttish ways?” she demanded, reaching out to seize Alyssa's stiff pink nipples between her thumbs and forefingers.

“Oww! Oww! Please!” Alyssa gasped, reaching for the woman's wrists as she pinched her.

“Arms at your sides,” Jones ordered.

Squirming, gasping, Alyssa dropped her arms, then yelped again as Jones pulled on her nipples, stretching them up and forward, forcing her up onto the balls of her feet.

“Answer me!”

“I-I-I don't know, Miss Jones!” Alyssa gasped.

Her nipples burned!

“Your nipples seem unduly erect for the warmth of the room,” Jones growled. “Perhaps, like your sex, they need to learn that arousal leads only to pain.”

She returned to her desk and came back with the harsh, rough twine. In short order she looped it around Alyssa's right breast, twice, then her left, tightening the loops so that her breasts were slowly squeezed out harder and harder as the helpless girl moaned and gasped and winced. Her breasts throbbed hotly and her nipples were sparkling, crackling pencil points of sensation!

Jones then drew her arms back behind her, crossing them at the elbows, and wrapped several loops of rough twine around them, binding them tight. With a cold, aloof smile, she went back to her desk, put down the twine, and picked up a wooden ruler.

She hesitated, looking at Alyssa, then turned back to the desk and rummaged in it for a moment, pulling out a red rubber ball before returning to where Alyssa stood uneasily, but with a bubbling sexual heat swirling through her.

“Open your mouth, slut.”

Blinking in confusion, Alyssa obeyed, and the woman pushed the ball against her open mouth. It was too big, but it was malleable, and the woman was able to squeeze it harshly with her strong fingers, pushing it past Alyssa's teeth before the rubber expanded again to press up hard against the roof of her mouth.

“Mmmph!” Alyssa moaned.

“We have no wish for you to disturb the peace of St. Bartholomews,” Jones said.

Then she seized Alyssa's hair, jerking her head up and back, raising the ruler, and smacked it down across one rigid nipple.

\* \* \*

The feel of the wood striking the center of the girl's swollen breast sent a strange ripple of excitement through Jones. She really wasn't sure why, but the sight fascinated her, and the girl's muffled cry of complaint and squirming also excited her for some reason.

She swept the ruler down again, and again and again, smacking it down against that evil pink button which persisted in thrusting out like an erection, and was rewarded each time by the muffled yelp and squirming of the luscious young naked girl.

Her sense of power rose, her sense of being able to do anything she wanted, and she swept the ruler down again, and again, then switched to the squirming girl's other nipple, exhilarated by the sound and sight and feel of the wooden ruler cracking against the hard little pink nipple.

Her cock throbbed and pressed strongly against the inside of her dress, and she cursed both herself, and the girl, who, of course, was responsible for arousing her this way.

“Filthy whore,” she said.

She yanked her forward by the hair and shoved her roughly down across the corner of her desk, then swept the ruler down across her buttocks again and again. This produced more squeals and squirming from the helpless teen, and Jones' cock throbbed even more hotly.

She cursed and grabbed her scissors, cutting the twine which went down between the girl's now red buttocks, peeling it out of her way as she hiked up her dress. She would not give the girl the satisfaction of entering her vagina again. No, she would force pain upon her.

\* \* \*

Alyssa shuddered and moaned as she felt the pressure against her ass. The throbbing heat of her breasts and buttocks still burned her mind, but she knew the beating was over now, and her mind soared into a dark delirium as she felt the woman's cock pushing down into her.

Yeeesssss, some part of her mind moaned in delight.

The cock was not as slippery this time, coated only with spit. But Alyssa's body welcomed the penetration, and there were so many distractions her sphincter allowed it slide in with ease.

By coincidence, or perhaps not, she was on the corner of the woman's desk, and while the twine had been peeled down from between her buttocks it still lay under her, under her clitoris, as Jones began to stroke.

Dazed, gasping, moaning, her mind overwhelmed with sensations, Alyssa began to jerk to and fro under the impact as Jones used her roughly. Her clitoris ground against the twine beneath her, the thick wooden cock still distending the mouth of her sex as Jones pushed deeper and deeper, cursing her for a whore and slut.

The orgasm came quickly, and yet seemed surprisingly weak, as if she had already felt such a long, simmering sexual heat there was none left to erupt. Yet it was still powerful enough to make her moan and shudder, grinding her hips up spastically against the thick cock driving into her body.

The orgasm slowly faded, but ... not all the way, and then... and then it seemed to rise once again, setting her to trembling and shaking and moaning. Again it seemed to ease, and again, rose up once more, even higher, so that her muscles spasmed and her body trembled as the orgasm rippled through her mind and body.

Again and again it seemed to fade, as Jones's hips slammed against her, only to rise, only it now rose higher and higher, becoming more and more intense. Convulsions wracked her body, and her mind spun in helpless circles as the orgasms grew more powerful and lasted longer. She was going insane, some part of her thought, but didn't care.

She felt her hair yanked back, heard Jones curse her, felt the slaps against her

bottom as Jones drove her cock in harder and faster, but all that mattered to Alyssa was the wild roller-coaster of an orgasm that seemed to have no ending!

Her legs spasmed, knees knocking against the sides of the desk. Her hands flopped and jerked spastically. Her head rolled and jerked, and she gurgled and sobbed and moaned around the ball filling her mouth as Jones' big cock plunged into her again and again and again, like a pile-driver which seemed like it would go on forever.

But of course, it couldn't, nor could her orgasm. Finally, they both faded, leaving her gasping for breath, dazed, skin glistening with perspiration, and mind blasted by the shocking strength and power of the massive orgasm which had torn through her.

\* \* \*

Jones told her no dormitory room had been prepared for her yet, and she would spend the night in the closet of Jones office. Her arms remained bound behind her “so she couldn't abuse herself”, and she would miss dinner due to her sluttishness. Perhaps, Jones said, she would then have less energy to fuel her unbridled lust.

However, after several hours, as the routine noises of the place diminished, as teachers went to their rooms and students were closed in their dorms, Jones returned. The door was yanked open, and Alyssa blinked her eyes at the light as the woman glowered down at her.

“A child of Satan sent to tempt the innocent,” she growled.

Alyssa had no idea what she meant, but the woman grabbed her by the hair, yanking her to her feet, and pulled her out of the closet, and then, to her shock, out into the hall, naked!

There was no one around, fortunately, as Jones led her by a steel-hard grip on her arm, up the hall, then up two flights of stairs, then into another hallway, and then into a room, a residence room, obviously, given the sofa, television and bed.

But Jones pulled her past these and into a small bathroom. There was no tub, but there was a walk-in shower, and Alyssa gulped, wide-eyed, as the woman quickly stripped naked.

There was no question Jones was really a female, Alyssa saw. She had full breasts, a narrow waist, and rounded hips. Yet she also had what was unmistakably a cock hanging from between her legs.

Jones turned on the water and hustled her into the shower, then came in with her.

And then she was on her, astonishing the breathless girl, her lips crushing Alyssa's as her arms wrapped tightly around her and her hands clutched her soft buttocks. Alyssa squirmed and moaned into the woman's mouth as she felt her tongue thrusting in between her lops. She was more than slightly shocked, but hardly in a position to do anything more than submit.

Not that she really had much of an inclination to do anything else.

She'd never had sex with a guy, much less a woman, but had had fantasies about both. Now she felt Jones' firm breasts pillowing out against her own, rubbing and mashing against her as the woman's hands raced over her body, and felt a wild dark thrill of sexual hunger growing rapidly within her.

Jones shoved her against the wall, and then bent, sucking and licking on her still-sore nipples, then tracing her tongue slowly down Alyssa's wet body until she was kneeling between her legs. Alyssa stared down, gasping, moaning, as Jones began to tongue her pussy.

The orgasm arrived quickly.

Her clitoris was still raw, sore, aching, swollen, and intensely sensitive, as Jones' tongue and mouth began to gently massage and caress it. Her hips began to buck violently of their own accord, and she shuddered and moaned in helpless pleasure as the orgasm tore through her.

But Jones was just beginning. And her clitoris remained wildly sensitive, and it responded with delight to Jones' tongue, so that Alyssa had barely fallen free of one orgasm before she began to spiral up towards another.

Jones drew back suddenly and yanked Alyssa down beside her. She kissed her hungrily, passionately, kneading her breasts, then pushed her down onto her knees, moving behind her. This time her hard cock thrust deep into Alyssa's pussy, and she rode the sobbing, gasping, moaning girl through two more orgasms before her own arrived.

She pulled Alyssa around and drew her in by the hair, pulling her mouth against her now spent cock, ordering her to take it into her mouth. Alyssa did, gasping, sucking, licking, then pulled out, sliding down, licking and sucking at the woman's pussy until the cock started to throb and harden.

Jones dragged her back by the hair, forcing her mouth down onto her cock, and Alyssa began to suck and bob as the cock hardened and lengthened.

Jones pushed herself to her feet, towering over the kneeling girl, gripping her hair and head tightly. She kept her own hips steady now as she pulled Alyssa's face forward and back, forward and back, then even further forward, until her cock plunged deep into Alyssa's mouth.

She tried to jerk back instinctively, but two powerful hands forced her forward until her lips were wrapped around the base of the woman's cock. There, the squirming girl stayed, moaning, eyes wild, head pounding, stomach churning, chest tight as her air ran out. By the time Jones eased her back she was light-headed, gasping, and breathless.

That only made her next orgasm that much more powerful as Jones mounted her once more, riding her furiously, her hips slapping wetly against Alyssa's upturned buttocks.

As punishment for tempting Jones into sin, she was forced to spend the night standing at the foot of Jones' bed, impaled on one of the heavily carved wooden corner posts, mouth filled with the rubber ball, arms still bound behind her.

It grew tiring, and her back and legs became stiff and sore. It was necessary to bend her legs now and then. One thing led to another, and with the strange, dark eroticism of the moment gripping her, Alyssa began to ride the bedpost, moaning softly into the makeshift gag as she felt the ridges caressing the inside of her pussy, riding up and down again and again to orgasms which, while not as powerful as those she had felt with Jones, were, at least... pleasant.

The next morning, Jones rose, played with Alyssa's body, fingered her clitoris until she was squirming and twisting and moaning on the bedpost, then took her anally once again.

Before sending her off to her morning breakfast with the other girls, Jones had slipped a butt-plug into her bottom, one she said had been 'confiscated' at some

point in time.

“We will cure your sluttish ways here, Hughes,” Jones promised.

Alyssa doubted even Jones believed that was really what was inspiring her attentions any more. But it didn't matter. She felt a deep, cynical satisfaction at the revealed hypocrisy, and at the dark trick played on her parents.

They'd sought to put her in a convent-like school away from everyone, where she'd become the proper little virgin princess they so wanted. Instead, it was evident, she was going to learn a lot about sex here, going to experience more wild and kinky thrills than she'd ever have a chance at under the watchful eyes of her parents' aids.

One day in the place and she'd already had a dozen wild orgasms! She didn't know what she'd be like on graduation, but it was certainly not going to be the girl her parents had been looking for.

She headed off to class. She had a lot to learn, after all. And it was clear this place had a lot to teach her.

\* \* \* \* \*

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

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