

# *The Student Librarian*

*by JJ Argus*



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

“Your breasts are too big.”

The comment, coming unsolicited as it did, shocked Bethany.

The older woman poked her finger into the center of Bethany's right breast, and not gently either! The bony little finger pushed at least an inch deep into Beth's breast! She was so shocked the woman was able to withdraw it before she could slap it away!

“Strap them down, hussy! You aren't here to excite the men!”

The woman, gray of hair and firm of stature, then stalked off, scowling, leaving Beth open mouthed and staring.

“Ignore her. That's Mrs. O'Neil,” Leah said. “She's a million years old, senile and thinks short sleeves are only worn by prostitutes.”

“But – .”

“She was senior librarian for about forty years and retired about twenty years ago. It's amazing she's even still alive. But what can you do? Come on.”

Bethany still looked back at the retreating figure of the old woman, then shook her head and followed Leah further down the aisle.

This was her first day working in the college library. For a lover of books, that was a perfectly perfect job! It had always been her dream to work in libraries, and now she would be paid to do it! Not only that, but she'd have excellent experience when she graduated with her masters (or that was the plan) in Library Sciences.

All in all, things were going very, very well! A scholarship (she was a very studious girl) and acceptance at an Ivy league school, and now acceptance of her application to work as a part-time library assistant!

She was certainly not going to have her moment spoiled by a senile old woman!

Still, she looked down at herself a bit worriedly. She had spent considerable

worry over her outfit that morning to arrive at a compromise between studious yet bright, professional, yet conservative. The blue wraparound dress fell almost to her knees, and was high necked to boot. It was somewhat form-fitting, of course, and Bethany was a slender girl with a generous bust. But she didn't think the dress emphasized that, not really.

What a rude old woman!

Leah was short and slim and wore thick dark glasses, but she was a pretty girl and flounced about the library in a light flower print summer dress with a short hem as she showed Beth where everything was.

Beth herself was soft-spoken and tended towards solemnity. Her smiles were soft, her laughter hesitant. The bouncy, perky Leah was quite a revelation to her, and not at all the sort of girl she'd thought she would encounter in a library.

And what a library! The place was a warren of books and magazines, of pictures and stacks of old thesis papers, of filmstrips (they still did that!?) and video tape. They even had 8mm movies, and old recording tapes. Yet the rooms were wood-paneled, and the shelves were seven feet high, rising to twelve along the walls, where sliding ladders allowed one to climb up to fetch the books set up higher.

There were thirty nine public rooms in the library. That didn't count the offices or work areas, of course. The law floor alone had eight separate rooms. Granted, they tended to be small, and specialized, but it left for an awful lot of nooks and crannies in the old stone pile.

As a second year student, Bethany was hardly an expert, and so would expect mostly to be working in the offices, sorting and cataloging. The people who worked out front had to know so much, she thought, awed by the task ahead of her.

\* \*

“And make sure you color code those properly!”

Mrs. Berniece ended the stern order with a slap to Bethany's bottom as she walked away, leaving the girl gasping again, and shaking her head in something like outrage. It wasn't the first time the woman had slapped her bottom, nor was Berniece the only one! Mrs. Flagstone had done it too! She was more than

slightly bewildered! She'd seen Leah getting slapped, too, as well as Tania!

It was as if the older women seemed to think they could slap bottoms with impunity, as if a slap to the bottom was to be used as an exclamation mark to an order or rebuke! She had asked Leah about it, of course, and the smaller girl had just smiled and shaken her head. "You northerners," she'd said.

"What on earth does that mean?" Beth demanded.

"Do you know that corporal punishment is still routine in high schools in this state?"

Beth didn't of course, finding it quite odd.

"They still have straps in high schools and they're not afraid to use them, on boys or girls. The old 'spare the rod, spoil the child' thing is big around here."

"I'm not a child!" she said indignantly.

"You are to these old biddies."

"Well someone should complain!"

Leah gave her a sour look. "Don't be silly. This is an institution. Do you know how institutions react to challenges? To anyone rocking the boat? They'll find a way to get rid of you. Just keep quiet about it. It's not like your bottom is all that tender it's going to be permanently damaged."

"That's not the point!"

"Self-preservation is always the point, Beth."

"Bethany," Beth said automatically.

She didn't like her name shortened. Bethany was a perfectly good name, and it wasn't like it took a lot of time to say all three syllables.

"This is not, in case you hadn't noticed, a very liberal institution, nor a very liberal state. They don't think much of people complaining, especially women."

Beth frowned unhappily, but had to admit there was truth in what Leah said. And

she'd known the place was conservative when she'd applied. That was one of the reasons she'd applied!

But really!

It was worse the next day when Mr. Cutler slapped her bottom sharply because she'd mixed in a Torts law book with Contracts Law books

“But he's a man!’ she'd hissed to Leah.

Leah only smiled and shook her head as she sorted through a catalog. “Most of the people who strap kids in high school are principals and vice principals, who are usually men, and it doesn't matter if it's a girl or not.”

“That's ridiculous!”

“Not really, not if you don't think there's anything sexual about it.”

Well, and how could there not be, Beth wondered indignantly. Yet, of course, it was certainly possible. Corporal punishment had been a mainstay of disciplining children and youth forever. At least they didn't cane them here, as the British used to do to theirs! But surely it was an antiquated concept! And besides, she was an adult!

Granted, the university didn't seem to believe that. She was required to stay in the dorm, and report her coming and going to the dorm mistress, as well as be in no latter than ten o'clock on school-nights. And men, of course, were forbidden from going beyond the lobby. There were all sorts of other rules and regulations, including not wearing skirts which were too short, or other immodest clothing.

In truth, she had found all of that quite reassuring on arrival. She was, after all, a very conservative girl, and had long ago determined she would not let dating or men get in the way of her education. Men were only after one thing, anyway!

So perhaps she ought to not be quite so surprised. And if there was nothing sexual about it, well, perhaps they had a point. Perhaps it would tend to emphasize proper behavior, and she was aware she was young and inexperienced. She should not be so quick to dismiss what they were doing here. If she learned quickly and didn't make mistakes then she would stop getting slapped.

That, then, was what she endeavored to do.

She was moved from place to place, of course, to familiarize her as quickly as possible with the library's operations. And the next week she found herself working in the History rooms. The man in charge there was Mr. Baxter, and Mr. Baxter opened her eyes on first sight. He was certainly not like a librarian. He was tall, broad-shouldered, slim-hipped, and with beautiful eyes and full lips.

Despite herself, Bethany found him a feast for the eyes, and after her first conversation, hearing him speak, in a deliciously soft, melodious voice, about ancient Egypt, Carthage and India, she felt herself swooning with admiration of his intellect and knowledge! Here was a brilliant, knowledgeable man who was also beautiful and personable!

Of course, he was over thirty, which made him quite beyond her nineteen years of age. He was also far more sophisticated and intelligent, she thought forlornly. She was a mere girl compared to him. Despite this she found herself developing quite a crush on him, and her mind drifted often to flights of fantasy wherein the two of them married and raised beautiful, intelligent children.

A slap to the bottom brought her out of one such fantasy as she learned that she'd been packing books without even looking at them.

“Wake up, Bethany,” he said with stern frown.

“Oh!” she gasped, realizing what she'd been doing. “I'm very sorry, Mr. Baxter! I must have been daydreaming.”

He nodded tolerantly and walked on. Beth looked after him, feeling embarrassed at having screwed up in front of him like that. She wanted him to respect her, after all!

Then again, it had the been the first time he'd actually touched her. And he'd touched her bottom!

She found her mind drifting, even as she set things right. Were there really no sexual thoughts, at least among the men, when they slapped young women on their bottoms? Her suspicion of the way men's minds ran made her doubt that. And Mr. Baxter wasn't an old fuddy-duddy, but younger and more modern. What did he think when he slapped a girl's bottom?

This thinking led inexorably towards her wondering if perhaps he found her bottom attractive. She'd been told it was, after all. He'd looked at it, surely, when he'd slapped her. Did he think her bottom was soft? Did he like it? Perhaps he had fantasies about her!

It was a wicked thought, but Bethany toyed with it to her considerable delight, though it was, of course, somewhat restrained delight. She shouldn't be thinking about such things!

Two days later, she was wearing one of her dark sweater dresses, her mind still filled with girlish excitement, uncertainty and fantasy, when she made another error. It wasn't a serious error, but it drew a slap to her bottom again, a slap which ended with Mr. Baxter's hand resting lightly on her thinly clad bottom for almost a full half second afterward!

“Now do it properly, Bethany,” he said.

“Yes, sir!” she gulped.

Largely unfamiliar sensations were moving through Bethany's body as she let her hope that Mr. Baxter might find her attractive thrill her mind. Over the next two days she was slapped twice more, and each time the slaps caused more of a delicious shock to her mind than a painful sting to her bottom.

She thought his hand rested on her buttocks for almost a full second after the second slap!

A part of her mind, of course, disapproved of that sort of thing, and she was quite indignant at him! But that part of her mind was overruled by the girlish sense of delight she felt in this 'evidence' that Mr. Baxter found her attractive and desirable!

Bethany did not, in fact, have very much experience with the male gender. What experience she did have led her to believe they were, by and large, rutting boars with rough eager hands that wanted to squeeze the life out of her! Certainly her breasts had drawn their eyes, their rudeness, and their groping fingers since she'd been an adolescent!

A restrained, dignified, and proper girl, even then, she was outraged and contemptuous of such unbridled sexual eagerness, not to mention presumptuous

rudeness! She had not exactly foresworn men, but had little patience for their rude lusting behavior!

Mr. Baxter, of course, was a man, very different, perhaps, than those eager, groping boys she had known. Certainly he was far more sophisticated and intelligent! It was hard to see him panting eagerly and trying to shove his hands down her blouse! He was a man of learning and restraint!

“Bethany, would you come in here please?” he called from his office.

“Certainly, Mr. Baxter,” she replied, trying to keep the eagerness from her voice.

She had never had to tell HIM to call her Bethany!

The History section was, unhappily, far from the busiest area of the library. She quite agreed with Mr. Baxter of the need to be educated in history, but unfortunately, schools taught little these days, and all too many students came to university to learn a subject which would earn them money and high paying jobs, rather than to simply be educated.

“Close the door, please.”

Bethany felt a sudden surge of anxiety at the order, but of course, obeyed it. She was in trouble, she was sure. Her big fear was he had sensed her interest in him, but more likely he was going to chastise her for her several errors, mostly due to her daydreaming.

“Bethany,” he said, steepling his fingers. “You have been making a number of errors of late which is causing the staff some degree of doubt about your capability in continuing to work here.”

Bethany felt a shock at the words. She had always wanted to work in libraries! And this was very important for her hope of an eventual job after graduating!

“Oh but Mr. Baxter, I'm so sorry!” she exclaimed. “I'll try harder! I'm sure I can do better!”

“Your mind seems scattered of late, Bethany. I realize that the work is not complex, but it does require a focused mind, and yours seems often absent. Daydreaming is all very well and good but not when it harms your work.”

She blushed guiltily. “You're right. I apologize! I'm usually much better than this! Honestly I am! I've just been... distracted lately!”

“Understandable, but not acceptable in this institution,” he said. “You've been told several times and your attention to detail has not improved.”

“I-I'll do better!” she promised helplessly.

He raised his eyebrows. “I know you're an intelligent girl, Bethany, but a degree of self-discipline is required in libraries, and you appear to lack that discipline. However, this is an institution of higher learning, and so we always endeavor to supply that which our students lack. Our methods are sometimes old-fashioned, but they generally work quite well.”

He indicated the table next to her, and the wooden chair pushed in against it.

“If you would turn and bend over that table, we will see what the application of a little sharp reminder will do to your level of discipline.”

He stood up, and took a strap from the credenza behind the wall, then turned back expectantly to her as she stared at him in open mouthed astonishment. Surely he couldn't mean... surely he didn't want her to – !”

“Now, Bethany,” he said sternly.

This was absurd! Yes they were old fashioned but surely...!

But it was Mr. Baxter, and the thought of bending over and presenting her bottom to him was... darkly attractive, though frightening!

Breathless, stomach fluttering wildly, not knowing what to say, fears for her job and future in mind, surrounded by a seething uncertainty and sense of unaccustomed excitement, she turned slowly, and then, as if in a haze, bent over the table. The chair rose a few inches, necessitating she bend further, her hips held up, until her breasts pillowed out against the cool wood.

She realized as they touched it that her nipples were tingling and erect.

“Legs together, please,” he said calmly.

“M-Mr. Baxter – .” she gulped.

“As I said, a time-honored system, if somewhat old fashioned,” he said. “It combines a degree of quite harmless pain, which of course, is always a good teacher, with a degree of embarrassment, which the young generally try to avoid in future.”

Heart thumping, Beth stared at the wall behind the desk as Mr. Baxter moved behind her, and then squeaked in alarm as she felt him lifting her skirt up.

A hand to her back, right between her shoulder blades, pushed her back down again.

“A bare bottom spanking is the norm in these cases, Bethany,” he said calmly.

Beth squeaked as she felt him grip the top of her panties and tug them down over her rounded buttocks, pulling them to just below her now bare bottom. She squirmed almost unthinkingly, overwhelmed with the shock of such an improper baring of her private parts, but his hand easily held her down as he raised the strap.

*Crack!*

“Ow!” she squealed, the sharp line of stinging pain flaring wildly within her at the touch of the leather strap.

“This will teach you the necessary discipline, Bethany,” he said.

*Crack!*

Beth gasped and jerked against the table, her knee banging against the back of the chair.

*Crack!*

“Ohw!

“I'm sure you'll come to see the wisdom of this in future,” he said.

*Crack!*

“And a proper attention to detail will avoid the requirement of a repetition.”

*Crack!*

\* \*

Five strokes of the strap had not exactly bruised her backside, but Bethany's mind was fully occupied with the memory for some hours to come. It wasn't merely the indignity, but how improper it was! She debated complaining to someone, despite Leah's words. But she could see no way of that helping her reputation. And really, speaking of it would be far too embarrassing. She was a very private person.

Suppose whomever she complained to wanted an assessment of the damages! Would she have to go to a doctor, get pictures!?

Her bottom was sore, of course, but not for long. The real lasting injury was to her pride. Of course, by his own statement that was by design. She was alternately angry, determined to do something, and determined to put it behind her – so to speak. She was embarrassed at behaving so poorly that Mr. Baxter had had to punish her, as well. And of course, appalled that he had seen her bottom!

And touched it. Right there at the end, after giving her the five strokes from the strap. She'd felt his hand on her bare bottom! He'd rubbed it lightly and given her a little squeeze as he'd said “That wasn't too bad, now was it”.

And at his touch had come another flare of heat, only it hadn't been to her bottom!

Of course, Bethany knew all about sex. She'd read a lot, and even looked at the odd picture and video (well it was hard not to on the internet!) but she'd never actually had sex. The thought of being naked with a man was quite daunting and embarrassing. No boy had ever seen her naked bottom! Quite a few had slapped and grabbed it, of course, from time to time, but none had actually seen it naked in the cold white light of day.

Until Mr. Baxter.

She wondered what he'd thought of it. Had he liked it? Had he thought it was

pretty? She looked at it in the mirror at her dorm room, bending over and craning her neck to try to see as he'd seen. Of course, that reminded her there was more to be seen from behind, and her face burned at the thought of that! Her panties had dropped down around her ankles during the strapping, giving him a few, however closed her legs were, of her private parts!

Perhaps not as good as she was getting, she thought, for he'd been up high and her current view, bent over and looking around, was quite low. Probably the view from up high wasn't as good. Probably. Still, it was horribly indecent! Perhaps he was simply following policy, and so it wasn't his fault, but the policy ought to be changed!

She was almost too embarrassed to go to work the next evening, but forced herself. Mr. Baxter was quite casual, acting almost as if nothing had happened. Right up until she felt his hand on her bottom, giving her a soft squeeze as he said. "I trust your bottom is all better now, Bethany."

That had her mind spinning as she watched him leave the room. That was surely highly improper!

Yet she felt a surge of delight at the same time! Did he find her attractive? Did he think she was... sexy? Did looking at her bottom, her bare bottom, make him want to touch her!? She shook her head at the indecency of it but it was hard for her mind not to spin through a number of dark fantasies, fantasies which were far more graphic and sexual than was the norm for her.

It was not really surprising, then, that her mind, gripped by all these thoughts, was not focusing entirely on her work. She hardly even noticed Mr. Baxter entering the room from the other door, or noticed him watching her for a long minute as she sorted through book slips. She didn't notice him, in fact, until his hand was on her bottom, giving it a sharp smack.

"Bethany," he said reprovably.

"M-Mr. Baxter!" she gasped, wide-eyed.

She was too tongue-tied to say more. First, she was beset with all those strange romantic and sexual feelings, and second she recognized at once that she had screwed up and been daydreaming again.

“Into the office.”

“But – !”

“Now. Bethany.”

She bit her tongue and marched into the office, heart pounding.

“Bend over.”

“But Mr. Baxter!”

“Now.”

She felt a tightness in her chest and a wild fluttering in her stomach as he closed the door behind them.

“Undo your trousers,” he said.

Her fingers trembling, Beth complied, almost without thinking, and gasped as she felt his fingers tugging down the material, then her panties. Heat flared wildly across her face, but not only in her face.

“Now, what did we discuss the other evening?”

“I-I... d-discipline,” she stuttered.

“And paying attention to details, didn't we?”

“Y-Yes!” she squeaked.

He was right behind her looking right at her bare bottom! Bethany's mind spun at the thought.

“You don't seem to have noticeably improved.”

Beth had little to say to that.

“Do you want to work here?”

“Oh yes, sir!” she gasped.

“Then perhaps sterner measures are required to gain your attention.”

He turned and walked over to the cabinet on the wall next to his desk, opening it. He drew something out, and returned, and Beth, turning her head, saw him holding a thin switch of some kind, perhaps a foot and a half in length. A moment later she felt him lay it sideways across her bottom, pressing into the flesh.

“This is light but it does sting,” he said. “You need not fear it will leave any bruises or marks which will last beyond an hour or so. The memory, however, should last.”

The switch drew back, then snapped across her bottom. The blow was not heavy, but the sting was indeed quite sharp, and Beth yelped and half rose before he bent her once again.

“We provide lessons which are remembered here, Bethany,” he said sternly.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

*Crack!*

“Oh! Oh! Please, sir!” she gasped.

He sighed, and she felt the switch press against the soft flesh of her bare buttocks once more, holding firmly against her skin.

“What is it which occupies your mind so fully of late, Bethany?” he asked. “Is it a boy?”

She gulped. Of course it was... well, a man! But she couldn't tell him that!

“I-I... yes,” she said in a small, quavering voice.

“I might have known. Did you not profess a disdain for people who came to

university to party and get involved with others rather than studying?”

“I... y-yes,” she gulped.

The thin switch was ... lightly rubbing up and down against her bottom. Then it pulled back.

*Crack!*

“Oww!”

“Yet you seem to have fallen shy of your own standards,” he said.

“I... I didn't want to!” she gulped.

“Oh? A very attractive young man, I take it?”

“Y-es... kind of!” she moaned.

“Men are often accused of thinking with their little head rather than their big head,” he said, the switch sliding down across her skin, down to her thighs.

“I suppose it's comforting in a way to know that women are subject to the same distracting physical urges to the extent it causes them to think poorly.”

*Crack!*

She gasped at the blow to her thighs, but then her eyes widened as the switch left her skin, only to slide in between her thighs. She felt the narrow wooden shaft of it then press up against her the top of her sex! It pressed, in fact, against that place she rarely liked to acknowledge, that oh-so-sensitive place which throbbed wildly in response!

“You must let your intellect overrule your emotions and hormones, Bethany,” he said calmly. “Only then are you mistress of yourself.”

The thin switch wasn't merely pressing against her, it was... moving... in and out.. slowly... rubbing against her! The sensations it was rousing were far and away more powerful than on those rare occasions she had experimentally touched herself! In fact, the sensations were so powerful they robbed her of the

ability to speak!

“Self-discipline is one of the things which sets children aside from adults, you know,” he said.

*Crack!*

The switch snapped across her buttocks, but just as quickly was back between her legs, angled up and against her flesh, rubbing slowly, achingly, across her clitoris!

“If there is anything we've learned from history it's the need for clear thinking,” he said.

*Crack!*

The switch stung her bottom, then was back between her thighs, stroking slowly up and down against her!

Bethany's mind reeled! The bottom had dropped out of her stomach, and she hardly thought to breath! The shock of him touching her there, even with a wooden switch, combined with the intensity of the sensations flooding her body from that touch left her unable to focus her thoughts at all. A sense of shock, awe and wonder overcame her, only slightly interrupted by the sharp sting as he brought the switch down across her now quite warm buttocks.

“Of course, our bodies are all subject to certain impulses,” he said.

*Crack!*

“But our minds can overcome those impulses, can resist the urges they foist upon us.”

*Crack!*

She squirmed, gasping. Her hands were sweating against the table, and her eyes were wide as she stared across it, almost unseeing.

*Crack!*

“Are you listening to me, Bethany?”

She couldn't speak!

The slender switch pushed up against her again, hard enough to actually push in between the soft lips of her sex as it pressed against her clitoris. It was angled sharply, and he was sliding it very slowly back and forth as he spoke. The wood was imperfect, for she could feel a small knot which made her almost gasp each time it stroked across her tingling, throbbing little piece of flesh.

*Crack!*

“Bethany?”

“I-I... yes!?” she gulped breathlessly.

“Are you listening?”

“Yes!” she gasped.

“I-I – Oh!”

The switch pressed up against her again, harder, almost painfully hard now as it ground across her sensitive flesh. Yet she felt... slippery, her sex hot and liquid as the switch stroked her there.

It was so... improper!

“An intelligent, disciplined mind can resist its animal impulses, Bethany,” he said.

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

“One of the ways in which we can avoid such distractions is for our body to associate what would otherwise be sensations of pleasure with sensations of pain instead,” he said.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“As an example, if we come to associate arousal with pain, our bodies will naturally dampen that impulse, and our minds will avoid it.”

*Crack!*

She hissed at the sharpness of the blow, which left a hot, throbbing stripe across her buttocks.

But then the switch stroked across her clitoris once more.

Her flustered mind began to grasp at what his intent might be, perhaps an attempt to aid her in resisting these perverse fantasies which had lately gripped her.

The switch pressed across her trembling thighs, then slid upwards across her bottom, then along her lower back before sliding slowly back. It drew back and –

.

*Crack!*

“Ah!” she gasped.

Then it was back between her thighs, pressing up against her, and she felt the slightly warped body of it as it slid against her flesh, between the lips of her sex and across her clitoris, slid down, a long wickedly, delightful distance, then back just as long, producing a shuddering groan of pleasure from the hapless young girl.

*Crack!*

Certainly the pain distracted from the pleasure, but only momentarily, and the raw heat continued to grow more powerful!

“Now I hope you have learned the start of self-discipline, Bethany,” he said.

His hand rested openly on her overheated bottom!

“I hope the lesson wasn't too painful for you?”

Bethany could not quite bring herself to speak.

“I apologize if I struck a trifle hard. But I don't believe I've caused any lasting damage. Wait one moment.”

He opened a draw and took out a small jar, and a moment later his hand lay upon her bare bottom again, though now with a coolish jell sensation between them. As his hand moved over her bottom, she could feel the somewhat slippery jell spreading out over her skin.

“This will sooth your skin,” he said.

His hand moved firmly across the flesh of her bottom, spreading the jell out across her skin, but then slid between her legs, and to her shock, a long, soft finger pressed in precisely where the switch had, sinking between the lips of her sex and sliding down across her clitoris!

It slid slowly backward, and it was all she could do to keep her hips from bucking up in violent response as the raw animal heat flooded her body!

“Now I want you to stand in the corner for ten minutes. Not only will this drum the message more thoroughly into your mind, but it will give the lotion time to dry.

He took her arm, raising her off the table, then led the almost dazed girl a few feet to the corner of the office, placing her so she faced it, trousers and panties still around her ankles.

Then he returned to his desk.

Bethany's mind was in a terrible turmoil! Impulses and sensations, instincts and intelligence were swirling and churning in overheated confusion! A dark, terrible sense of thrilled heat warred with outrage and indignation which was tempered by his words of evidence clinical detachment. But surely he was not really allowed to touch her like that! Yet what if he was doing it to dim her horribly distracted lust and teach her discipline?

It made a kind of sense, she supposed, to associate the powerful sensations coming from between her legs with, well, pain. That would, she supposed, serve to diminish her sense of animal lust in time. But still! It was indecent for him to

touch her like that

And yet he had touched her like that! And oh it had felt so incredible! Did he lust after her!? Did he think her beautiful!? Did he want to kiss her and... and touch her more!?

Thrilled and angered, confused, excited, and embarrassed, she stood in the corner, her mind working a mile a minute, fully aware that her lower body was still bare to his eyes, and that he sat no more than six or seven feet behind her!

“You may pull up your trousers now, Bethany, and get back to work,” he said finally.

Face scarlet, heart still thumping, Bethany quickly squatted awkwardly and tugged up her panties and trousers, then scurried from the room.

From a purely intellectual standpoint, she thought later, his idea of associating certain actions with pain made a kind of sense. Nor could she deny she had been doing a poor job, making mistakes, and not paying attention. Furthermore, she very much needed this job, and she wanted Mr. Baxter to think well of her discipline and ability.

That, at least were the arguments in favor of her accepting the manner of discipline he had meted out.

But her mind was a riot of conflicting emotions about it all the same. She thought she could still feel the shock-wave which had run through her body when she'd felt his fingers touching her 'down there', and every time she thought about the incident her face flamed and she felt a sputtering wave of indignation at such ... well.. outrageous indecency!

There was no one she could talk to about it, however, no one she dared confide both her incompetence and the embarrassing discipline he had given her.

The next day she was determined to shut out all fantasies and outside thoughts and focus on her work. For a time, she succeeded. But as soon as Mr. Baxter was in the room she became both nervous and embarrassed. Worse, she felt a hot throbbing down low in her belly, a tightness in her chest, and a sense of breathless anticipation.

A part of her feared making another mistake, and was determined to show him she could do a good job. But a dark, eager side of her wanted to feel that incredible sensation of shocked and naked helplessness under his eyes and hands once again!

Was it that side of her which caused her to file all the books under F instead of P? Or had she just not noticed. The letters looked kind of similar, after all!

She blushed hotly as she found herself in the office again, Mr. Baxter standing unhappily before her, arms folded across his chest.

“Well, Bethany?”

“I-I'm sorry,” she gulped.

“Your regrets are insufficient at this point,” he said.

Bethany felt a sense of breathless anticipation. Would he order her to bend over the table again?!

Instead he moved to the table, gripped the high backed chair, and dragged it out into the center of the floor. Then he sat on it and motioned her forward.

“Wh-what?” she gulped.

“Across my lap,” he said.

The bottom fell out of her stomach!

“But I can't!” she squeaked.

“Of course you can. It's how children are corrected.”

“I'm not a child!” she flared.

“But are acting like one, nonetheless. Now, across my lap.”

She bit her lip, indignant, outraged, but feeling a seething sense of anticipation as she hesitantly shuffled forward, then bent halfway over him. He gripped her arm and pulled her the rest of the way, and she gasped as his strong hands gripped her hips and arm to position her properly, her bottom up, her head

hanging low, hair dangling to the floor.

She squealed as she felt him raise her skirt and then tug her panties down to bare her bottom.

Then – .

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

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

His hand cracked down on her bare bottom hard and fast, and she squirmed and writhed at the sudden stinging pain.

“Lay still,” he ordered, his right hand clamping down on her thigh... very high up, his left on her back.

“But you – .”

“I said hold still, Bethany. Do I have to bind you?”

Bind her?! Did he mean... tie her up!?

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

“Ow! Ow! Ow!” she cried, kicking her legs, “That hurts!”

“It's supposed to hurt,” he said, pausing, his hand resting on her throbbing bottom. “It's supposed to prod you into remembering your duties and stop this flighty nonsense.”

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

Her bottom was getting very hot indeed! Bethany continued to wriggle, if not so strongly, her mind swirling and her insides churning. She continued to feel a sense of outrage at being humiliated like this, treated like a child! At the same time, she was enveloped in a sexual haze at being across his lap, naked below the waist! At the touch of his hands against her body, particularly against her bottom, and at the prospects of what he might be thinking, might be desiring!

He paused, and his hand rested firmly on her bare bottom.

“Now are you sorry for your errors?”

“I-I... yes!” she squeaked.

“Are you going to behave more responsibly in future?”

His fingers were not simply resting on her bottom. They were stroking it, caressing it!

*Crack!*

“I asked you a question.”

“Y-Yes, sir!”

He gave her bottom a squeeze, then helped draw her back upright. She blushed furiously, trying to cover her privates, quickly turning and yanking up her panties.

“I won't require you stand in the corner just now as we're busy and you have to go and refile those books,” he said. “Now get to it.”

She scurried out, face and bottom both flaming.

That night at home she examined her bottom again, bending, turning to see what it looked like in the mirror. She bit her lip in embarrassment at the obvious sight of her pussy. Surely he had seen it, as well!

She had a thought, then. She had a thong. She rarely wore it because she thought it was so naughty. But now she slipped it on. She frowned at the sight. It still felt indecent, but at least he could spank her bare bottom without pulling it down.

But she would need to trim her hair 'down there'.

She got out her shaving cream, and began to cut and then trim it. But the thought of him seeing it made her anxious and self-conscious. She kept trying to get it just right, eventually deciding to just leave a small line. But then, somehow, perhaps because she wasn't very good at things, she shaved too much, and the

only way to save it was to remove it all.

That felt very odd! And it looked horribly naked! Thank goodness, though, she'd thought of the thong! He wouldn't see anything but her buttocks next time he punished her!

It felt very odd, though, sliding her fingers over her newly bare skin. She felt more... sensitive down there, and as her fingers stroked lightly across the top of her sex she felt her chest tightening, and her breaths coming more rapidly. A sense of shimmering excitement filled her as she thought about Mr. Baxter, thought about him touching her, kissing her, doing other wicked things to her!

It wasn't the first orgasm of her life, but it was the best, and she shuddered and arched back on her bed, moaning in pleasure as her fingers stroked furiously across her clitoris.

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It was hard to focus on her studies the next day. She felt quite indecent, and more than a little guilty. As the day wore on she became increasingly anxious and filled with anticipation at her next meeting with Mr. Baxter.

Some part of her, perhaps in denial of her dark and indecent thoughts – or his dark and indecent actions – had decided that wearing white, the color, after all, of innocence, purity and chastity, would be appropriate that evening. The dress was form fitting on top, but not overly tight, except at the waist. It had a thin pencil skirt, however, which dropped to her knees. And, of course, she'd worn high heels, her white ones, with it.

She thought she looked quite professional, and yet, not at all lustful or indecent.

“In my office, please, Bethany,” he said.

She turned at him, open mouthed with the intent to protest, but he had already withdrawn. She had made sure she hadn't made any mistakes! She marched after him, determined to oppose any further discipline if he could not justify it.

“Door closed, please.”

She drew in a deep breath, though she felt her chest tightening and her face

flushing, and closed the door, then turned to face him.

He was frowning at her in an unhappy way she was becoming familiar with.

“Evidently, your thoughts are still scattered by your romantic and physical distractions,” he said.

“But I didn't make any mistakes, Mr. Baxter! I was very careful!”

“Bethany,” he said. “What day is this?”

She stared at him blankly.

“You were supposed to work in the Legal room today.”

Bethany's face flamed and she bit her tongue.

“Your mind is still swirling around with your own fantasies... sexual fantasies I take it.”

“It's not!” she gasped, embarrassed.

He raised his eyebrows and then, quite rudely, looked at her chest.

It was a rather pointed look, though, and she reluctantly dropped her eyes. The top of her dress wasn't so much tight as form fitting, and she was a generously endowed girl. But the most notable feature of her otherwise quite plain top was the two round points of her nipples pushing out very firmly against the thin fabric.

She gulped and her face went scarlet.

“Who is this boy you find yourself so infatuated with, Bethany?”

“No one!”

“We employ intelligent scholars here, not flighty girls,” he said with a scowl.

“But – but – !”

“Are you willing to take further discipline?” he asked.

She stared at him, her stomach lurching.

“Yes,” she squeaked.

He snorted, shook his head as if in exasperation, then turned and went to a corner cabinet. He opened it and withdrew what she at first took to be the switch. Only no, this was more slender, and slightly longer. It was perfectly smooth, and had a small loop of leather on one end, and a small flat flap of leather about two inches long on the tip.

“Would you remove your dress please, Bethany?”

“Wh-what?!” she squeaked.

“You may turn around to do it.”

Beth turned as if in a haze, then her trembling fingers reached up behind her and unhooked the dress. She slid it slowly down over her shoulders and arms, baring her back to him.

“All the way please.”

Heart pounding, pulse racing, she pushed it over her hips, sliding it down her legs, then stepping out of it. She felt him behind her, taking the dress from her, folding it neatly.

“The panties.”

“B-but it's a thong! You can spank my bare bottom without – .”

“The panties, Bethany,” he said firmly.

She was going to faint!

She slipped her thumbs into her panties and slid them down, then stepped out of them.

“And the bra.”

“But – !”

“Now, Bethany. I have work to do.”

Blushing furiously, Beth undid her bra, and, though her back was to him, crossed her left arm over her breasts as she slid the shoulder straps off and dropped the bra onto the floor.

“Turn around, please.”

“W-why?!”

“So I can begin to administer the discipline you require.”

She felt his fingers on her shoulder, turning her, and did not resist. But she dropped her right hand to her groin to cover it as she kept her left arm across her breasts. Her face flamed as he turned her fully to face him, her body nude, her sex obscenely displayed due to the lack of pubic hair!

“Now please place your hands behind your neck, Bethany, and draw your shoulders back?”

“I-I can't!” she gasped.

He frowned and she gulped in air, eyes huge.

“Bethany,” he said warningly.

A shock swept over her as she slowly complied. It was made up of equal measure of humiliation and a deep, searing sense of excitement and arousal as she exposed her body to him. It was the first time she'd ever done so to a man, and she felt a quaking in her chest as she waited some kind of... approval.

She had no idea why she needed it, but while she had compared her body to those she'd seen in pictures and had considerable reassurance of its attractiveness, still she quivered with anxiety that he would find her somehow ugly or inadequate in some way!

“Interlock your fingers please.” he said.

She did so, flushing horribly.

“Shoulders and elbows back.”

He brought the thing up against her breasts. As she arched her back, the skin pulled tautly across them, and they felt swollen and tight, the nipples horribly erect and tingling!

And it was those nipples he aimed for!

She stared, wide-eyed, as he lay the flat leather against the center of her right breast. Then he drew it back perhaps six inches before slapping it rapidly forward and down.

Bethany started and gasped as the leather struck her nipple lightly. She felt the sting of it, but the pain was minor. He struck it again, however, and again and again, each slap carefully aimed and distinct, and her nipple began to throb and heat up. She could feel the flesh getting warm and more sensitive at each successive blow, and her heart beat still faster.

She swayed, and he had to grip her arm to keep her from stumbling.

“Spread your legs for balance,” he said.

Without thought, she did so, flushing only afterward as exposed herself further.

“Arms back,” he said.

He moved around behind her, and she felt his large, firm hands on her bare arms just above the elbows, drawing them slowly back until she was arched sharply.

Then he moved back around in front of her and began to bring the tip of the crop down against her left nipple. As before, the individual blows were not harsh, but after a few her flesh began to heat, and grow more sensitive. The center of her breasts became pink with heat as he shifted to her other nipple again.

This time he swung the crop down with very rapid little slapping motions, using only his wrist, not his arm, so that the force was not great. What the impacts lacked in force, however, they made up for in number. The tip of the crop was a blur as it slapped against her nipple so fast the little stinging sensations struck her almost continuously.

He shifted to the other nipple, then back, as she felt her breasts burning, her nipples aching.

Then he stopped, and the soft leather flap slid down her chest, as it fluttered, down across her firm, taut belly and abdomen, and then even further.

“Oh!” she gasped, almost stumbling as it slid across her clitoris, then lower. As he had before, he angled the thing forward and down, letting the slender shaft push in between the lips of her sex.

“Are you still feeling aroused, Bethany?” he asked.

She couldn't find the breath to speak!

He let the thin crop slide up and down, and she gurgled helplessly. Then he drew it back and examined it, shaking his head as he held it out for her to examine. She could see it glistening, and her face flushed even more deeply.

“Don't be embarrassed,” he said in a kindly voice. “It's a natural reaction to arousal, after all. It's not your fault. However, we do need to confront the way your body's reactions are impeding your ability to think and function properly.”

He brought the crop down, holding it loosely, then let the leather flap slap up against that hot, swollen, throbbing place just at the top of her sex: her clitoris.

She winced, eyes bulging temporarily.

The thing slapped her again, and then again, not striking hard, but repeating its movement until she found it very difficult to hold still. He shifted his aim to her nipples, first left, then right, then back between her legs, as she stood swaying and trembling, gasping, feeling as if the room were horribly overheated!

“Turn and bend over the desk, Bethany.”

Dazedly, she complied, and gasped as the crop snapped across her bottom with stinging force. It struck again, and then again, as she felt her burning nipples squeezed against the wood below, as her breasts throbbed and her pussy burned.

“Spread your legs apart, Bethany.”

Moaning, she did so.

“Wider.”

She shifted her feet as far as she could on the floor, the top of the chair digging into her abdomen as she gulped in air.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

She moaned as the crop snapped across her bottom again and again.

Then it slid between her legs, up between the lips of her sex, and caressed her most intimate place, stroking softly up and down, back and forth. Beth felt her hips rolling up and back as a dark hunger suffused her, as her skin tingled and crackled with energy, with a desperate yearning need!

“You're a very beautiful girl, Bethany,” he said. “And you have a beautiful body.”

The crop slid up her spine, then she felt his hand on her sore bottom, stroking and caressing it, sliding downwards.

“But you must learn to control that body or it will control you.”

His fingers slid down across her moist sex, and she felt one penetrating her! It pushed in between her pussy lips and through the mouth of her sex, then slid deeper still! She shuddered, her mind swamped with emotions and sensations as the finger drew back, then pushed in again, this time thicker, as if joined by a second finger!

She heard herself moaning, felt her hips beginning to roll up and back, and was helpless to stop them, to control herself. Then she felt a touch against her clitoris, felt soft fingers rubbing against them as other fingers pumped in and out of her.

She'd never had an orgasm like this before.

Not this intense! Not this powerful!

She had... experimented from time to time, usually after meeting a particularly

handsome young man, and this had given her a certain measure of physical pleasure. But nothing like this. A thunderous wave of sensations poured over her like a flood, swamping her mind as her hips bucked up and back spastically, her mouth issuing a series of gurgling, breathless moans as the raw sensations swept her mind up like a cork in a flood!

The crackling energy which had been rippling along her skin rose to a roar, threatening to consume her! She cried out in helpless release, head thrashing, body grinding her bare breasts into the hard wood, hips rolling lewdly back against his fingers as intensity of the pleasure sought to consume her.

Finally, it faded and then ceased, leaving her gasping, eyes glazed, boneless and barely conscious.

“We'll have to do something about this,” he said. “I'm quite sure you won't be able to function properly here until you gain some measure of control over your physical urges and responses, Bethany.”

Beth heard him, but didn't really understand him, nor care what he said. She lay across the table, groaning, basking in the dreamy afterglow of the massive climax.

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“I-I don't know,” she gulped anxiously.

“We have dealt with such issues before, Bethany, now get on please,” he said, a trifle impatiently.

Blushing, anxious, self-conscious, but still gripped by a wild dark sense of sexual hunger, Bethany stared at him and then at the pole helplessly.

The office was small and old-fashioned, as befit the university, really. There were cabinets all along the walls to about three feet, and then bookshelves above them, built into the walls. Mr. Baxter had taken a very heavy old hat rack from next to the door and placed it three feet away from one of the shelves.

He'd then taken a three foot long, triangular length of wood, laid one end atop a book shelve at waist height, and slid a notch in the other end into the side of the hat rack, which held it firmly in place with the flat part on the bottom and the

narrower part on top.

She grasped the thing in her hands, then swung her right leg up and over it. The three sided length of wood was just barely low enough for her toes to touch the floor as she held it tightly between her small hands. But it still pressed firmly against her body, against her sex, in fact.

“We must show your body that such instincts, such hormonal desire lead to pain, and that will temper your body's reaction,” he said.

Beth was dubious, and anxious, and yet felt no means of refusing.

“Remove your hands please.”

“But...”

She gasped as she eased her trembling hands away, letting more weight down on the narrow triangular wood below her.

“Put your hands behind your neck, please, Bethany.”

Gulping, she obeyed, and he moved in closer. She felt him griping her wrists, adjusting them, crossing her wrists. Then she felt something, like soft thin rope wrapping around her wrists, pulling them firmly together.

“B-but Mr. Baxter.”

“Your body will come to learn that your intellect is in charge,” he said with a contented smile.

With her wrists bound together she felt the rope pulling down along her spine, between her shoulder blades, pulling her wrists further back. He held the rope there, then slid it around her chest at the very bottom of her breasts, then tied it behind her, squeezing in against the underside of her taut breasts. A second loop went around her chest, this time at the very top of her breasts, pressing down firmly against the soft flesh, and tying again behind her.

He moved forward a bit, and she saw he had a small length of cord in his hand. He tied a loop in it, then guided it to the center of her reddened breast, to her hot, swollen nipple. She stared as the small loop encircled her nipple, then watched

him carefully tugging on it, closing the loop. She gasped as it tightened around her nipple, and began to squeeze.

“Oh! Oh! It's too tight!” she gasped, as he suddenly jerked it tighter.

“It's supposed to hurt, Bethany,” he said, a trifle impatiently. “It won't work otherwise. Don't worry, it will ease in a moment.”

He left the cord dangling from her nipple, produced a second, and quickly slid the loop around her other nipple, and closed it tightly as well.

“Oh! Ow! Ow! Ow!”

She twisted a little, but could not really do a thing to ease her burning nipples, not with her hands drawn down below her neck!

She gasped, gulping repeatedly as he drew the two cords up and forward, ensuring they were both taut as he bound them to the coat rack before her.

Her nipples burned, and she tried to lean forward to ease the pull, but he moved behind her, tying a small rope to the one around her, and then drawing her body slowly back.

“Oh! Oh! Oh please!”

“Just centering you properly.”

He didn't pull her very far back. She was still upright, but her back was bowed sharply, of course, her head back, and her nipples were stretched out at the pull of the cords.

“I-I'm going to fall!” she gasped.

“Nonsense. But we'll make sure you don't.”

She squealed as he bent and grasped her ankle, pulling it out from under her, raising it up until the side of her ankle was even with the wooden post she straddled. Then he tied it there lightly before bending and lifting her other ankle up and back behind her as well. He bound both tightly and firmly to the wood.

“Now you can use the muscles of your legs to ensure your balance,” he said.

Yet now all of her weight was pressed down against the narrow edge of the wood underneath her, all of it focused on her pussy and tailbone, and the small soft bit of flesh between them!

“Short term pain for long term gain, Bethany,” he said.

He took something out of one of the cupboards. It looked like a pencil with an eraser on one end, but an electrical cord on the other. Humming softly, he pressed what she thought of as the 'eraser' right in against her body where it was crushed against the wood.

Again her clitoris, to be exact.

Then he taped the thing against the wood, ran the cord over to the side, and plugged it into the wall.

“Now your body will begin to realize that your mind is in charge,” he said.

The thing began to... to buzz... to vibrate against her!

Her pussy began to ache with her weight, and she leaned back a bit. That, however, put more weight on her tailbone, and also pulled her nipples more firmly against the cords binding them! There was an instant relief, however, of the ache to her pussy. The buildup of pain in her tailbone did not take long, though, and she moaned as she leaned forward.

That eased the pull on her nipples, and she felt a sense of relief there, and also as the ache to her tailbone eased. But now her pussy began to ache, and leaning forward forced her shoulders further back so they ached as well.

Mr. Baxter ignored her, sitting at his desk, examining his computer.

She gulped weakly, leaning back again, then forward, then back. All the while that buzzing things taped to the wood pushed against the top of her sex, and was having a strange effect on her body. Where it touched felt numb, at first, then it seemed to buzz, too, as if the muscles or nerve endings were vibrating.

That vibration started to spread up through her lower belly, and soon her entire

body felt as if it were thrumming. The ache in her pussy made it extremely sensitive, and every time she eased back onto her tailbone a wave of relief spread through her, followed by a burst in sensation from that ... thing pressing against her!

Bethany was not a stranger to arousal, but she'd never felt anything quite like what was rising inside her. Her entire body felt liquid, and trembled with the pressure and crackling sexual electricity gripping her. She felt as though she were light-headed, and almost floating outside her body. Yet every sensation her body experienced swept through her mind as well.

The ache to her nipples began to somehow change, becoming something dark and achingly pleasurable! She felt herself constantly tugging herself back against the cords so that a steady stream of sensations burst through her chest. At the same time, she used her leg muscles to lightly grind herself against the wood below.

She didn't intend to give herself more pleasure, not really, not with any particular thought. It was as if her body did it on its own. She knew, of course, what she was doing, but did nothing to stop it. Nor could she. Her mind was almost divorced from thought, floating there as she gasped and whimpered softly.

And then orgasm hit, and her mind activated only enough to try to hide it, but it was no use, for her body writhed and jerked, and she cried out repeatedly at the sharpness of the pain and the wondrous power of the pleasure as she swayed and jerked against the cords and ropes, as she jammed herself against the buzzing pencil and her face became a red mask of ecstasy.

Mr. Baxter shook his head in evident disapproval, and stood up.

“Really, Bethany,” he said with a frown. “You're not contributing much to your future with behavior like this.”

She ignored him, swaying weakly, and then felt his hand in her hair, gripping it, raising her head up and back sharply. She groaned, eyes fluttering as he looked at her.

“If you're going to simply let your own lust control you, Bethany, I'm not sure what kind of academic future you have in store for yourself.”

She moaned, for pulling her head back forced her back to arch and pulled her nipples even harder against the cords.

“You should be able to resist this slight temptation,” he said.

She felt the buzzing thing moving in his hand, rubbing up and down against her clitoris. That seemed to redouble the sensations flooding her helpless body, and she felt the muscles in her belly and groins spasming, felt her hips trying to buck forward as the heat and sexual energy surged within her.

She gave a helpless cry as he pulled her head even further back, her nipples stretching out painfully.

He snorted, then reached up and with two sharp tugs, the cords came free.

“There. I've eased the pain, but I'm not sure that's going to help you in the long run, young lady.”

Her nipples burned! Untying the cords hadn't eased the pain at all, but had doubled it!

“Oh! Oh! They hurt!” she gasped.

“What? Oh, don't worry. That will ease as the blood returns. In fact, I bet it's already easing now.”

In fact, it was. The sharp ache to her nipples was fading, and a kind of pins and needles sensation was coming to them.

“Don't worry. No damage done,” he said.

And perhaps to reassure her, she felt his fingers going to her nipples, catching them between thumb and forefingers, rubbing them between the pads of his fingers.

“Here. I'll kiss it and make it better,” he said.

She gasped, staring up and back at the ceiling as he continued to hold her hair firmly back, as she felt his mouth around her tingling right nipple. His tongue slid over it and she felt him mouthing and sucking it.

A tremendous flood of sensations swept through her, and her hips tried desperately to grind against the buzzing thing.

“It's obvious this isn't going to work,” he said.

He eased his grip on her hair, and she swayed forward dazedly as he untied her ankles. They all-but fell, and she groaned and tried to shake her mind back to full strength as he helped her off the thing. Her legs were so rubbery, however, that she sank immediately to her knees. And, as it happened, she was so off-balance when she did that she jammed her face right into Mr. Baxter's groin.

“Oh!’ she gasped, drawing back.

It had felt quite odd, and looked even odder. The crotch of his trousers sort of ... bulged out as though there was something very hard, very swollen inside.

“Now look what you've done, young lady,” he said sternly. “Now I'm going to have a hard time concentrating on my work.

She would have apologized. She felt the urge to, but didn't have the breath.

Then he unzipped his trousers, reached in and pulled... it... out.

Emily stared at it, part of her appalled, part of her enthralled. She'd seen them before, of course, in pictures, but never in person. She was rather shocked and intimidated at how large it was! It looked so rigid!

“I think it would be only proper of you, Bethany, to relieve the tension you've put upon me,” he said.

She gaped, swaying on her knees. Only his grip on her hair kept her steady. Then he pulled forward, and at the same time guided his cock right into her open mouth. Her eyes went wide, and she tried to pull back, but his grip on her hair was firm as he pulled her forward. His cock, the puffy head, and several inches of shaft, slid into her mouth.

She felt it on her tongue, felt it forcing her lips wide, felt it throbbing there, warm and soft and yet hard at the same time. It was almost instinct that made her begin to suck on it, but she quickly remembered what she'd heard about her required performance. She wasn't a complete innocent, after all. She began to

lick at it, in an uncertain fashion, as she sucked.

And then he began to pump it slowly in and out, through her straining lips, and across her tongue.

It felt... awfully good on her tongue, the tactile sensation somehow transmitting itself right down through her body to her groin as she sucked and licked.

She wanted to touch it, to touch him, but her arms hands were back behind her neck, below her neck, really, bound tightly in place as he moved his hips slowly in and out.

“Lick against the underside of the head,” he said. “That's a good girl.

She moaned around the thickness of him, rolling her anxious eyes up, hoping she was doing it properly.

He pumped slowly along her tongue, the thing pushing deeper each time, until it threatened to go down her very throat! Yet even as she sucked and licked, she stared along the shaft and saw she only had about half of it in her mouth. Was that good enough? What about the other half? Didn't that matter?

And then she found it did.

“Take a deep breath,” he said.

She had no idea why, but obeyed, and the next thing she knew he was pulling her head forward, and more of the shaft was sliding into her mouth as the front part pushed into her throat... and then went right down inside it!

She was too shocked to gag, though she did gurgle and twist instinctively against him as he pulled her forward. But her strength was nothing to compare to his, and her face was soon jammed in against the fabric of his trousers, her throat aching around the thickness of the flesh he had forced down inside it.

“That's a good girl. Swallow that,” he said. “Swallow.”

It wasn't like she had a choice! He filled her throat! And she couldn't breath! Her chest began to burn and her head began to pound and she moaned helplessly as he held her in place. Then he finally eased back, the long, slippery shaft sliding

up her throat and out until it emerged, dripping wet, as she gulped in deep, desperate breaths of air.

“Good girl,” he said.

Bethany was grateful for the praise, but her head was still woozy and her chest heaving.

He guided her back onto his slick cock, and she moaned as it slid along her tongue. She tried to suck it as best she could, but he almost immediately slid it right down her throat again!

Again she gurgled, and felt a desperate awareness of her inability to breath. It didn't occur to her to gag. She was more concerned about how long until he allowed her to breath once more!

He drew back, slowly, and then popped free, and she drew in shuddering breaths as he rubbed the spit-wet cock all across her face.

“Good girl,” he said. “Now you're learning.”

She wanted to protest, but had no breath, and he again slid his cock into her mouth and down her throat.

He pulled out, and then lifted her to her feet, primarily by his grip on her hair. She staggered, and he guided her back against the edge of the table, then gripped her hips and lifted her up onto it. She moaned as sat briefly on the edge, her back still arched because of the pull of the ropes around her wrists. But he soon tipped her back, gripping her ankles, raising them up high and spreading them apart

“I think I see an answer to our problem, Bethany,” he said. “Your sexual frustration is what is causing your mind to wander at work. It can be sated in the same way as mine.”

Beth was still gasping for breath as he gripped her thighs and spread them achingly wide. Then she felt the exquisite pleasure and aching pain of his slick cock rubbing up and down against her pussy. The pressure of the wood had left her feeling bruised and sore, and his touch ached, but at the same time, the soft, warm slipperiness of his touch was delicious and ... arousing.

Her arms were pulled down behind her so that her head rested on her upper arms. Her back was bowed, but she could easily see as he guided his thick cock against her, watched, open-mouthed and panting, as he rubbed the round head up and down against her aching pussy, then as he pushed in against her.

She felt the pressure against her opening, felt the lips of her sex being forced in and back, spreading wider and wider. She moaned helplessly, her mind spinning, knowing she should object, but... not wanting to!

The pain mounted as his fat cock slowly forced her opening wide enough to push through, and then there was a long, glorious wave of sensation as he pushed into her, as that long, slick shaft moved forward, inch after inch disappearing before her disbelieving eyes, disappearing into her body!

And as she watched it from the outside, she felt it on the inside! She felt its progress as it slid deeper into her body. There was a very brief sting as it met the resistance of her hymen, then it pushed through with hardly a pause, and her eyes almost rolled back in her head at the sheer erotic joy of feeling it drive deep into her belly!

It ached... so wonderfully! She could do nothing, say nothing, as he gripped her thighs, forcing them up and still wider, then drew the long, gleaming shaft back up ... and then pushed forward once more. Bethany had never felt such intensity to the sensations from 'down there'. She gaped and moaned and shuddered as he began to pump his big cock in and out, using longer and deeper strokes.

When the orgasm hit she jerked her head back and began to cry out in unrestrained pleasure!

He leaned forward, clamping a hand over her mouth, thrusting harder, deeper, so that her body shook under the blow of his powerful hips! The orgasm grew even more powerful, and she squealed and cried out in disbelieving ecstasy as sexual electricity crackled through her body like sheet lightning threatening to tear her apart!

Yet even as the orgasm slowly subsided, he continued to thrust into her, and she found that the orgasm had not consumed all of the sexual energy. Indeed, there was still a powerful surplus, so that she whimpered and sobbed in helpless delight at the continued thrusting. It felt so glorious!

Another orgasm shook her body, and another, and each time he slapped his hand over her mouth to muffle her screams of pleasure as her entire body threatened to burst into flames at the wild intensity of the sexual release!

He scooped her legs up and pressed them back against her, spreading them apart, jamming her ankles further and further back until they were actually behind her head! She shuddered and moaned, staring up at him, then down at the sight of his thick shaft sliding in and out of her. She stared up at him, then down at it, then up, then down, dazed, enthralled. She grunted ceaselessly, gasping and moaning and whimpering as sensations tore through her.

Another orgasm shook her, nearly to the point of unconsciousness, and then finally he seemed to pause, his cock buried inside her, as she bucked and twisted, and the energy slowly drained out of her.

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It was an ... unsatisfactory solution. And Bethany thought the whole thing quite immoral, so much that she felt guilty over cooperating. But she couldn't built up the will to refuse. Not only was Professor Baxter insistent, but... a dark, squirming side of her, lust, she thought guiltily, took a delight in the whole thing.

It was a sort of chastity belt. Sort of. She was to put it on before going to school. It consisted of a T-shaped belt. The horizontal part went around her waist. The vertical part descended down her belly, went over her pussy, and then between her thighs and up between her buttocks to fasten in the rear.

All very well and good except that attached to the belt, right where it went between her thighs, were a pair of soft silicon protrusions which had to be taken up inside her body! One was about six inches long, the other was half that, but wider. They went up inside her, and then the belt locked around her waist. Nor did she have the key.

There was a small opening if she needed to pee, but she could do nothing to remove the thing until she went to work that evening. It certainly prevented her from touching herself, but having those... things inside her kept her mind fluttering around the idea of sex almost all day! And the pressure of the leather against her pussy ached, but in a way which seemed darkly sexual.

By the time she got to the library she was panting with need, almost trembling

with it! She would rush to Mr. Baxter's office, and with hardly a word to him, close and lock the door, then bend over the table and raise her skirt. Sometimes he would ignore her for a time, until she couldn't take it any more.

“Please, Mr. Baxter!” she would whine.

Then he would sigh and get up, coming across to her. He'd unlock the belt and remove it, and as the thin, slick silicon bars slid out of her body she'd feel a powerful wave of relief combined with anticipation.

“You are literally dripping wet, Bethany,” he'd often say.

That always embarrassed her.

But not for long. For the feel of his cock, so much thicker and longer, feeling so very much more intense, so much more delicious against her soft, quivering, overheated flesh as it pushed into her, would almost always push her right into her first orgasm.

That was why, before doing it, he pushed the penis gag into her mouth. It was almost as thick as him, and it slid right into her throat, filling her mouth and blocking most of the sounds she would otherwise make. She could breath around it, enough not to suffocate anyway. But such was her excitement that cutting back on her air supply always left her light headed.

But that didn't matter. As soon as that big cock drove deep into her body she would climax with a howl, bucking back violently against him as he slapped her bottom and drove himself into her with hard, deep strokes.

Multiple orgasm would scream through her system like a freight train with car after car passing through a tunnel. By the time he finished she was drooling, eyes slitted, and muscles spent, but the sexual frustration had been considerably eased, allowing her to work properly.

The problem was, of course, that she wasn't always working in the history section for Mr. Baxter. And one day when she got there, he wasn't even there! Mr. Sullivan had taken his post while he went on vacation! That was hideously embarrassing, but Mr. Sullivan had the key, and his cock was almost as big as Mr. Baxter's as he sheathed it in her trembling, shaking body.

The orgasms marched across her mind like the thundering boots of a marching army, and left her dazed and limp.

Mr. Ford was smaller than Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Baxter, but he had a shockingly agile tongue which drove her to the edge of insanity! She had never felt anything like the touch of that slippery little tongue!

Then there was Mr. Washington. He was a chubby man, though tall, very, very black. And his cock was the biggest she'd ever seen. She thought he'd tear her insides out, but didn't care. The orgasms were so intense, so powerful, and so long-lasting, though, that she was hardly fit for anything for over a half an hour afterward.

She was extremely dubious, and mortified, when Ms. Taylor took over! She really wanted to refuse her! But her tongue proved even more skilled than that of Mr. Ford, and then she strapped on an enormous dildo, one almost as big as Mr. Washington, and pounded Bethany into such a long series of intense orgasms that all her objections evaporated in a steamy cauldron of sensory pleasure!

And then, topping all that off, the woman drew the long thick silicon from her body and began to use her fingers. First three, then four, and then, somehow, ignoring Bethany's muffled cries of pain, she managed to force her thumb into her as well. Feeling an entire hand sliding up into her body made Bethany's eyes bulge, but her body soon began to quiver and shake as that hand turned and twisted, formed into a fist, and then began to move in and out.

The orgasm that produced actually drove her into unconsciousness!

Of course, she was still spanked and strapped quite frequently. Ms. Taylor, in particular, found many failings in her performance, and required her to bend across her lap at least a couple of times a week. But since her knowledgeable fingers were always working between Bethany's legs much of the time Beth didn't mind.

And she got an excellent recommendation when she graduated, going to work in a rural library under Mr. Collins, a tall, handsome, and very strict head-librarian who had graduated from the same school as she did, and who understood the need to discipline the young.

END

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

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

### **Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)**

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir', and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

### **Working For the Smiths**

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

### **Out of Uniform**

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but

finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

### **The Ladies Gym**

Paige gets a job as a receptionist at a high-end women's gym. Jessica, the owner is a strict boss, and her punishments tend to be short, quick, and slightly painful. But that was all right, because the pleasure she gives the lovely young girl more than makes up for it. But Jessica isn't the only one interested in Paige. The other fitness instructors have much to teach her, as well. And so do the clients! Paige finds herself in a kinky game of submission and domination, with her on the bottom, taking orders and learning obedience from the older women at the gym. That wasn't what she signed on for, but the scalding heat the women give her is too much to resist.

### **Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)**

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

### **The Nerd Girls**

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

### **Owned by My Best Friend's Family!**

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural – and hot, and the the wild, rough, kinky nature of what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

### **Zoe's New Boss**

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

### **In The Vampire's Lair**

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

### **The Temporary Harem Girl**

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

## **Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur**

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems to do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when she becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

## **Owned by Mister Trask**

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

## **The Penthouse**

Courtney is a poor girl, but a party girl with ambitions. Finding herself in a fabulous penthouse with a wealthy man is her dream come true. But he's not her date, but his father! And he's very much the alpha male used to getting his way! Courtney begins a scalding journey of submission and pleasure, learning to submit, obey and abandon her inhibitions before him, his son, and the servants!