

The Vice Principal's Discipline

by JJ Argus



Stories of Bondage and Submission

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

Chapter One

Nicole, Nick to her friends, had no desire to be a cheerleader. In fact, the whole concept of cheerleading offended her. The idea that a bunch of girls would be recruited, pretty girls, of course, to stand on the sidelines while boys played, and cheer them on was so antiquated and sexist she could hardly believe any girl would ever join the squad.

That her little sister Amanda was a member of the squad irritated her to no end. And Amanda's insistence that it was a sport in and of itself only made her laugh and make derogatory comments about a sport which required ultra short skirts and ultra tight tops for the viewers' enjoyment.

Nick was, at eighteen, and fresh from New York, more than slightly cynical about life, and often affected a jaded attitude which belied her youth. Having been forced to move to the hick town of Chattanooga Tennessee from New York city, however, her attitude was, in some respects justified. The southerners often astonished her with their old-fashioned, religious attitudes and sensibilities.

It was like the whole state was stuck in the fifties or something, and she could hardly wait to graduate in a few weeks. After that, hopefully, she could get a job back up north, where the weather didn't make her clothes stick to her, and she didn't have to oil up before stepping out into the hot sun every day.

Nick's fair skin and blonde hair just did not go well with a subtropical climate! She was more of a ski bunny than a beach bunny, not that Tennessee had much in the way of beaches either.

In the meantime, she was stuck. At least her home and car had air-conditioning. Even the school had air conditioning, thankfully, but then, it was a private school.

Of course, that meant a uniform, which she wore with the sort of eye-rolling attitude she exhibited so often since leaving New York. The oh-so-moral southerners, she had remarked to her parents, were always preaching about morals and God and virginity and chastity, yet the skirts the girls were required

to wear weren't much longer than that of the cheerleaders.

But they were practical in the hot weather, the school said. Riiiiight. They just liked to have it both ways, Nick thought. They wanted their young women to be chaste and virginal but wanted to ogle their legs too. Bunch of perves.

Her parents were responsible for getting her out onto the football field this day. Her little sister had left for school early. Amanda was only a sophomore. Being a senior, Nick's classes were later. But she'd been sent with some money for Amanda the girl needed for some school project or another, and the girl was out here on her lunch, apparently for a school picture.

She'd already passed on the money, but a strange, dark, exciting idea had taken hold of her mind after she'd climbed up into the stands where the girls were being lined up, row on row, each higher than the one before them. What a glorious joke on them all it would be if she could get into the picture, perhaps with her middle finger upraised.

It would have to be done without anyone noticing, of course, without her being spotted, or they'd simply retake the picture, and she'd get into trouble. Appearing in a picture anonymously wasn't as easy as she'd first thought, but she'd finally worked out how to do it.

There were five rows of teenage girls, all sitting in the first five rows of the stands. Instead of simply leaving after giving the money to Amanda she'd climbed up a few rows and was now in the sixth row, pretty much ignored by everyone. She slumped down low so those on the ground wouldn't notice her, and kept still and quiet so those in the row below her had no cause to look back.

When the photographer finally settled down to take his picture, she would raise her arm in the air, hopefully unnoticed (there were a lot of cheerleaders), middle finger extended.

But then, another, even more glorious idea came to mind. It was one of those spur of the moment ideas which really, upon more thought, would have been rejected. But there was little time for consideration as the man called for everyone to get ready and leaned over his camera.

Swiftly, quietly, she turned, raising her backside into the air as she slid her short skirt up to bare it. And then, just for good measure, she thrust her arm up, finger

extended.

* * *

It delighted her that she'd gotten away with it, and Nicky chortled happily at the thought of the look on the faces of the prudish photography people, and perhaps even the principal when they complained of someone mooning them. Ha! Wouldn't they be outraged! The only sad part was she wouldn't get to see them, couldn't be a fly on the wall when it was discovered, amidst gasps of horror!

Oh! Oh! Someone's bare butt! The horror! The horror!

Nicky was rather proud of her butt, as it happened. Everyone said it was lovely to look at. And as far as she could see checking it out in mirrors and comparing it to what the fashion, modeling and pornography industry seemed to be putting out, it was a pretty darn nice ass. It certainly drew more than its share of enthusiastic, often rude compliments from the guys.

It was certainly easier to maintain than her hair, which required a lot of time and effort in ensuring it hung smoothly, like strands of golden silk spilling down around her slender shoulders. Nor did it require any particular support, like her full breasts, which got sweaty in their bra cups in the hot Tennessee weather.

Breasts though, were more important, Nicky thought. They were what people saw coming, while her ass only appealed to them on her departure. Unfortunately, while much of her wardrobe was designed to tastefully accentuate her slim figure and firm breasts, the uniform, complete with dark jacket, she was forced to wear at school left her with fewer opportunities to show them off

She did manage to remove the jacket fairly frequently, and the white button-down shirt below was a trifle tight across the chest, leaving few in doubt as to her physical assets. But finding dates was not easy. It wasn't a big school, and there was a dearth of tall boys who weren't black.

Nicky had nothing particularly against Black guys other than they tended to be basketball players – and she hated basketball. But the others in school looked aghast at the thought of a blonde girl dating a black guy. That wasn't just the whites either. Black girls loathed the fact that pretty blondes with smooth complexions drew 'their men' like flies to honey.

Both groups tended to make their disapproval pretty clear to any girl daring enough to publicly date a black guy. And Nicky just didn't need the hassle. Besides, most of the black guys were even more wildly sexist than the white ones, and even more focused on getting into a girl's panties to the exclusion of all else.

So at six feet tall, Nicky didn't have a lot of options for dates, especially if she wanted to wear high heels – which she did – unless she wanted a guy whose face was staring into her cleavage the whole time. But that was okay. Boys were so immature anyway. The seniors were little better than the fourteen year old freshmen!

Wait until she went off to college, she thought. She'd find more sophisticated men there. Men, not boys!

She walked, or rather, sauntered into her last class of the day, Math, considering her options for the weekend ahead, and not looking forward to more boring Trigonometry exercises. But as she was about to pass the teacher's desk Mr. Simpson stopped her and handed her a note.

“Go to the office, will you, Nicole.”

“What for?”

“Don't know. The note isn't specific.”

She shrugged and turned around, heading back up the corridor. She wasn't unduly worried, but did consider the possibility they had found her butt and someone remembered her being around. She would simply deny everything, and what would they be left with? She had a nice butt but it wasn't distinctive. It wasn't like they could do a DNA test on the picture and prove it was her or anything.

She laughed at the idea and continued sauntering.

She'd have very little acquaintance with the school's administrators since arriving some months back. She had seen them at the occasional assembly, but knew little about them. When she walked into the office all she saw were office women behind the counters, and, shrugging, handed the note to the first one who looked at her.

“One moment, please,” the woman said, turning and walking away.

Nick sat down with a yawn, crossing her long legs and looking around her.

What a boring place to work, she thought. Imagine having to go to school your entire life! Ugh!

“This way please, Miss Spencer,” the woman said.

Nicole sauntered after her, around the corner, up a narrow corridor, and into an office which surprised her by being considerably less utilitarian than she'd have thought.

Chapter Two

The office was fairly large, with a rug on the floor. There were large wooden bookshelves on one side, and low ones on the other. At one end was a black leather sofa, chair and table. In the middle was a large, meeting room type table, and at the far end, a large oak, double pedestal desk. There were football jerseys up on one wall, and a saddle, of all things, sitting on a pedestal to the side.

Hick, she thought.

Though the man who rose from the desk certainly didn't look like a hick. He had a very nice dark suit and filled it out quite nicely. He was tall, taller than her, and slender, but had nice shoulders and a flat, trim belly. He seemed youngish for a Vice Principal, but then, she had no idea what requirements there were for a job like that anyway.

“Miss Spencer,” he said, giving her a sour look before closing the door behind her.

He was a black man, but... not, she thought. Ah, she remembered the plaque on the door: Vice Principal Ramirez. He was Cuban, or at least, his ancestry was. Very Catholic, someone had told her. His skin was dark, but his features were more Spanish than African, with high cheekbones and a narrow nose.

“Stand there,” he ordered abruptly, pointing at a small circle in the rug before his desk.

Nicky raised her eyebrows, but did so, shrugging.

“Stand straight. Shoulders back, chest out. Look straight ahead,” he barked.

Jesus, am I in the army or something, she thought.

But ah, yes, there was a picture of him in a uniform up there on the wall.

He stood before her, arms behind him, glowering.

Nicole braced herself for the third degree, and her indignant denials.

“I must assume that your parents taught you elements of behavior which you have chosen to ignore,” he said in a low, deep voice. “Your disrespect for them and for this school does you no credit, Spencer.”

“I don't know what you – .”

“Quiet,” he said in a low, sharp voice. “I don't want to hear your lies. I dislike lies quite a bit, Spencer.”

“But I – .”

“Your first language is English, correct? Then you did hear me tell you to be quiet. I must assume your vast ego thinks you have no need to obey instructions and orders, just as it tells you you're above elementary standards of behavior.”

Nicole pursed her lips and glowered at him.

“When you enrolled in this school, you were required to read and sign the ethics guidelines. Violating them can be cause for punishment up to and including expulsion.”

“I graduate in two weeks,” she said in irritation.

“Do you? Not if we say otherwise. If you are expelled now, Spencer, you will have little choice but to enroll elsewhere next fall in order to repeat your year.”

“But that's... that's crazy!” she protested in outrage.

“This school is designed to instill measures of discipline and self-respect in our students, Spencer,” he said.

He continued to speak in a low, but deadly serious voice which made Nicole's pulse flutter worriedly. They couldn't prove anything, after all. He was just trying to scare her into confessing.

There was a large monitor on a stand in the corner. He turned and picked a remote control up off the gleaming surface of his desk and pointed it. The monitor came to life with a picture of row on row of smiling cheerleaders. But

then, the picture zoomed in, and continued to zoom. Yes, there was her butt and finger all right, she thought, right between the heads of two girls in the last row.

The picture continued to zoom closer, and she felt her cheeks warm. Well, that was a far better view than she had expected the camera to be able to get! Not only was her butt filling the screen, in glorious color, but, well, it had been a very hot day. She hadn't been wearing panties. At least she'd carefully shaved the previous night, she thought ruefully.

“This would be your opinion of this school, Spencer?” he asked in a deadly voice.

“Why ask me? That's not me!”

“I just told you how much I despise lies, did I not? Were you not listening?”

“I'm not lying!” she protested indignantly.

He stared at her for long seconds, and she looked back, maintaining her indignant look. But she could feel prickles of perspiration starting to appear between her shoulder blades and along her spine.

God, he had a deadly look!

He stepped closer, until he was no more than six inches away, forcing her to cock her head back to look up at him. He moved his face even closer.

“Lie to me again, Spencer!” he said softly.

“I'm not lying!” she protested.

He stepped back, glowering at her, then moved around behind his desk.

“Given the circumstances, which are this flagrant contempt for this institution, your immorality in baring your private parts in public, your dishonesty and lack of repentance, I can find no reason why you should not be expelled immediately.”

“But it wasn't me! You can't expel me! Whoever says it's me is a liar! My parents will sue you!”

He sniffed derisively, then pointed the remote at the monitor again. Now she could see a video image of the stands, and her heart gave a lurch. The girl sitting behind the others couldn't be identified as anything other than blonde, but then a circle appeared around her, and as the picture taking broke up, the circle followed her as she walked away, as she walked up the path and into the school.

And her face got clearer and clearer as she got closer and closer.

And then it froze, and expanded, and there was no doubt in the world it was Nicole.

Her pulse pounded in her throat and her face reddened. Oh God!

“I will have the papers drawn up and you can take them home with you. Clear out your locker before you go.”

“But... but you can't!”

“Oh but I most indisputably can, Spencer. The ethics and guidelines are very clear on punishment. Did you even read them?”

“I... well.. no,” she gulped.

He walked back around the desk and stood close before her again.

“Pleading ignorance? Yet you knew you were lying just now. So you're a liar. Correct?”

“I... but...”

“I asked you, is that correct?”

She nodded helplessly.

“No, Spencer. Say it.”

“Yes... sir.”

“No, Spencer. Say you're a liar. Admit it openly.”

“Okay, I'm a liar,” she said in irritation.

He shook his head. “You don't say it with shame. You don't say it with any sense of it being wrong. You say it because it's indisputable and you don't care. Have you no integrity at all?”

She scowled helplessly and he shook his desk and moved back behind his desk.

“You are an arrogant young woman, very full of yourself. Do you think being from New York and being a pretty blonde gives you some special dispensation to do anything you want? Do you think the world owes you a favor?”

“No, sir,” she said sullenly.

His open hand cracked down against the surface of the desk with an alarming sound that made her jump.

“Do you want to be expelled?!”

She felt her heart leap. That question implied she still had a choice, a chance, an opportunity!

“No, sir!”

“Then spare me your sullen, sulky attitude. It draws you no sympathy here.”

“I-I'm sorry,” she said, rapidly changing her tone to one she had practiced considerably longer, letting her lower lip tremble visibly.

“Oh no, Spencer. That won't work either,” he said dismissively. “The poor little girl routine is one I've seen countless times before. I am not your father. I don't think of you as a little girl. You're wasting both of our time trying to manipulate me.”

She bit her lip. “What can I do to not be expelled, sir?”

His eyes narrowed. “How badly do you want to graduate?”

She blinked. “A lot.”

“Because you don't deserve to. Your marks are mediocre, largely because you don't put effort into your work. And your contempt for this institution does not

lead me to want one of our diplomas on your wall. I want you to bear that in mind, that you don't deserve to graduate. Now tell me why I should graduate you anyway?"

She looked at him helplessly.

"What are you willing to pay?"

"Uh? Pay? I don't have any – ."

"Currency comes in many forms, Spencer, as you'd know if you'd paid much attention in history class."

What was he... he couldn't be talking about... surely he didn't mean...

Nicky's blue eyes widened as her mind filled with a suspicion. He didn't mean something sexual, did he!? The idea didn't exactly terrify her. Nicole was far from a virgin, and Ramirez was far from ugly. It did outrage her, though. Who did he think he was!? Pressuring her for sex was outrageous!

Could she use it against him, she wondered? But then it would just be his word against hers.

"First, you must be punished for your insolence, your dishonesty, and the extra work which must be used to airbrush you out of the team photo," he said, bringing up the big wide picture of her butt again on the screen. Her butt... and the tight, closed, naked lips of her sex squeezed between her thighs.

She felt the blood rush to her face now that there was no disputing that was her. God!

"Shoulders back. Chest out!" he barked.

She flinched and jerked her shoulders back.

"Do you accept that you need to be punished?"

She jerked her head helplessly up and down.

"No, Spencer. Say it aloud."

“Yes, sir,” she said miserably.

“No. Say it.”

She looked at him uncertainly.

“Say it. You need to be punished.”

“I-I need to be ... punished, sir,” she gulped.

“Would you rather be expelled or be punished by me?”

“I... by you, sir,” she said nervously.

“Then ask me to punish you.”

She blinked. “Uhm, I-I want to be punished, Mr. Ramirez.”

He shook his head.

“Again, if you had paid attention in English class you would note the difference between asking and demanding. The former comes with a question mark. Ask. And don't forget to say please.”

She looked at him warily, uncertainly. For all her pretense of sophistication she was still eighteen, after all. She was starting to feel a sense of sexuality about his demand but couldn't quite pinpoint it.

“Please punish me, sir,” she said.

That's better. Now ask it with more humility.”

“Please punish me, sir?”

Chapter Three

Ramirez smiled thinly.

“Why should I punish you, Spencer?”

She bit her lip again.

“Because you're a liar?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Because you flaunted your body in public?”

She colored. “Yes, sir.”

“Because you are an immoral slut?”

She flushed. “I am not!”

He pointed at the monitor and she squirmed, her face heating even more.

“Only an immoral slut would exhibit herself in public like that, Spencer!”

She dropped her eyes.

“Head back! Shoulders back! Chest out!” he growled.

She jerked her head back, but looked above him, too embarrassed to meet his eyes.

“Now. Tell me why you wish to be punished.”

“I... because I'm a liar.”

“And?”

“And because I'm an immoral slut,” she breathed.

“Louder.”

“Because I'm an immoral slut, sir!”

“Do you know what kind of punishment I have in mind for you, Spencer?”

“No, sir,” she gulped.

“Corporal punishment, Spencer.”

She blinked and looked at him hesitantly.

“The code of this school allows for corporal punishment in some situations, Spencer.”

“C-Corporal punishment, sir?”

He pulled open a drawer and took out what she thought looked something like an elongated ping pong paddle except there seemed to be no wood, but just black leather. He set it on the desk.

“That, applied to the seat of your problem. Which in this case seems entirely proper. You're so proud of your bottom, Spencer. So the punishment will be to your bottom.”

“You can't be serious!”

He snorted. “Oh but I am.”

“But.. but...”

“Or expulsion. Which do you prefer?”

“But you can't – .”

“Choose.”

“But can't we – .”

“Choose,” he growled.

“I... I want you to punish me but... can't we do something else?”

He folded his arms across his chest. “Such as?”

“Well, uhm... “ Her face heated further. “I could... maybe.. do something for you?”

“Are you offering me sexual favors, Spencer?”

She gulped at the words.

He picked up the thing, the paddle or whatever it was, and slapped it lightly against the surface of the desk.

“Answer me,” he said softly.

“I could.. do what you wanted,” she said helplessly, squirming.

“So, you would perform oral sex on me?”

“I.. if you... if you wanted,” she gulped.

“Perhaps I could even bend you over my desk and instead of punishing your white little ass I could spread your legs instead? Perhaps I could mount you right here in this office and ride you like a bitch in heat? Perhaps that instead?”

Nicole's face was beet red, but oddly, she was starting to feel a strange dark thrill at his words. Her heart was pounding and the blood racing inside her, but her lower body was starting to feel a familiar spreading warmth.

God, the way he made it sound! She couldn't help picturing herself bent over his desk while he fucked her!

“Do you want to be punished, Spencer?”

“Y-yes, sir!” she squeaked.

“By me?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Then beg for me to punish you.”

“P-Please punish me, sir,” she breathed.

“Take off your jacket, Spencer.”

Nicky felt almost like she'd been punched in the stomach, but obeyed, folding the jacket and dropping it helplessly onto a nearby chair.

“Beg me to punish you,” he said softly, coming around the desk.

“Please punish me, sir,” she said helplessly.

“Remove your shirt and tie, Spencer,” he said.

Her face heated yet again and another blow struck her belly. Nicole's mind spun furiously, trying to consider possibilities. She couldn't be expelled! Another year in high school! Her parents!?! Oh no! She couldn't! And fucking him, well, that wasn't ... horrible... exactly...

She removed the clip-on tie and then her fingers, trembling a little ran down the row of buttons, then tugged the hem of the shirt out of the waistband of her skirt. She looked down as she slowly eased the shirt back over her shoulders and then off, heart pounding as she let it drop.

“Do you want me to punish you, Spencer?”

“Yes, sir,” she gulped.

“Beg for it.”

“Please punish me, sir,” she said shakily.

“Are you wearing panties today, Spencer?”

She nodded numbly.

“Why?”

“I... it's not as hot today, sir.”

He nodded.

“Take off your shoes and socks, then remove your skirt.”

Her stomach felt as though butterflies were swirling all around inside it! Nicole undid her shoes and slipped them off, then tugged off her socks. Face burning, she undid her skirt and let it drop to pool around her ankles before stepping out of them.

What if someone came in!? She was incredibly aware of her semi-nudity, of her bare bottom in the thin pink thong, of her breasts swelling within the tight confines of the small, lacy half cups of her bra.

Spencer walked slowly around her and she blushed further, her mind squirming. Was he staring at her ass? Did he have a hard-on?

He moved away, and she started to turn her head.

“Face front!” he barked.

She jerked her eyes around and he came back, only he was carrying something in his hands. It was a long, thin cane of some kind, flexible and tapered. He bent it back and forth in his hand as Nicky stared anxiously.

He stood before her and then brought the tip of the cane up against her left breast, rubbing it back and forth against the center through the thin lacy fabric.

“Do you want to be punished, Spencer?”

“A-are you going to hit me with that?” she gulped.

He smiled thinly. “Oh yes,” he purred.

Her eyes widened. “But sir, can't we do... something else?” she asked desperately.

She gasped as she felt the tip of the cane push up against the underside of her jaw, forcing her head up and back.

“Are you offering me your body, Spencer?”

She didn't know how to answer that!

“Answer me. Are you offering me your body?”

“I-I... yes, sir,” she croaked.

He sniffed, and the tip slid down, traced along the side of her throat, then down and slid into her bra cup. Nicole gasped as she felt it brush across her nipple, which was already hard and sensitive.

He slid it out and let it trail down her body, then slide in through the waistband of her thong, slide lower... and lower. She gasped as it slid across her clitoris, the sensations surprisingly powerful.

“Do you want me to fuck you, Spencer?”

Her face heated even more.

“Answer me, slut!”

“I-I... i-if you want, sir!” she said desperately.

“No, slut. I asked you a question. Are you going to beg me to fuck you?”

Nicole felt herself panicking. What if this was all to humiliate her and he didn't actually want to do anything to her! It would be a relief, in part, but mortifying!

“Do you want to be expelled?”

“No, sir!”

“Do you want me to fuck you?”

She moaned softly, almost inaudibly.

“Answer me, slut.”

“Yes, sir,” she gulped.

“Beg for it.”

She blanched.

“Please... fuck me, sir,” she breathed, her stomach swirling at the words.

“Take off your bra, slut.”

She flinched, but then obeyed, heat flaring wildly as she bared her breasts to him.

“Chest out, head back.”

He let the tip of the cane circle her right nipple, prodding and pushing against it, then slide down under her breast, pushing up against the underside.

“You're proud of your breasts, aren't you, Spencer? I imagine you enjoy flaunting them to anyone willing to watch, just as you flaunted your bottom.”

He slid the cane down again, then up between her thighs so the shaft pressed against her sex. He slid it slowly in and out, angling it up, pressing it so that the fabric of her thong pushed up into the cleft between her pussy lips. A dark swirling sense of sexual interest began to grow within her, and as anxious, as embarrassed, as angry as she was, Nicky still felt herself drawn to it.

Nicole felt a sharp sense of breathlessness as the thing slid across her clitoris, then back again.

“Slut.”

She flinched.

“You admitted it yourself. Did you not? Did you not admit to being an immoral slut who needed to be punished?”

“Y-Yes, sir!”

“Say it again. Say you're a slut.”

“I'm... I'm a slut, sir,” she gulped.

“Take off your panties, slut.”

Another blow to her belly, another flare of heat to her face, and another strange dark pulse of something hotter than heat between her legs. She froze, her mind getting fuzzy for a moment. Then Nicole slipped her thumbs into the waistband of her thong and slid the thin fabric down her legs. She stepped out of them, blushing fiercely, covering herself with her hand.

“Hands behind your neck, Spencer. Legs apart, back arched,” he growled.

Eyes wide, Nicole obeyed, shaking a bit, blushing horribly as he examined her.

“Legs further apart,” he ordered, the cane slapping back and forth against her inner thighs.

She shifted her bare feet apart on the desk, even more hideously aware of her exposure, and the sounds of the school carrying on around them. I can't believe this, she thought, half dazed. I can't believe I'm naked in the Vice Principal's office! Yet within her wild embarrassment and anxiety that dark sense of sexual heat continued to grow.

Chapter Four

He looked at her without excitement in his face, then raised the crop again, sliding it up against her sex! She gasped, mouth dropping, as he let the narrow wood sink in between the lips of her pussy. As he had before, he angled it upward, so the shaft slid across the top of her sex, across her clitoris, as he slowly slid it in and out.

“Are you a slut, Spencer?” he asked softly.

“Yes, sir!” she gulped.

“Let me hear it.”

“I’m a slut, sir!”

The words sent her stomach swirling even more, and made that dark, nasty sense of sexual anticipation grow.

“Are you offering me oral sex, Spencer?”

She hesitated. “Yes, sir.”

“Do you have experience in that area, Spencer?”

She nodded helplessly, and the cane suddenly slid up abruptly, then slapped lightly but stingingly across the center of her right breast.

“Ow!”

“Hands behind neck,” he growled.

She jerked her hands back behind her neck and pushed her breasts out.

“I require an oral response. Do not nod your head. Do you have experience with performing oral sex?”

“Yes, sir,” she gasped.

“Are you good at it?”

She blinked. “Yes, sir,” she half whispered.

“Do you enjoy doing it?”

“Yes, sir,” she said.

“So you would describe yourself, then, as a cock-sucker, is that right?”

What a bizarre conversation! Why wasn't he just... fucking her!? But the dark kinkiness of it was touching something within her that was getting more and more powerful.

“I asked you a question,” he growled.

“Yes, sir!”

“Say it then.”

“I-I'm a ... a cock sucker, sir,” she said helplessly.

“And a slut.”

“Yes, sir!”

“A cock-sucking slut then.”

She flinched.

“Say it.”

“I'm a cock-sucking slut, sir!” she said, face flaming, body heating.

“Louder, slut.”

“I'm a cock-sucking slut, sir!”

Bastard!

But saying the words was so utterly outrageous it was also oddly liberating, and exciting.

“Again. I like to hear you say something honest.”

“I'm a cock-sucking slut, sir!”

Why was he humiliating her!? Wasn't fucking her enough for him!? He was so perverted!

And why was saying those words in front of him so ... wildly, weirdly exciting?!

Because it was outrageous for her to say that! To say it to anyone, much less a man she barely knew, the Vice Principal!

“And you need to be punished, isn't that right?”

“Yes, sir! Please punish me, sir!”

“Please punish the cock sucking slut?”

“Yes, sir,” she said in a strangled voice.

“Say it!” he snapped.

“Please punish me for being a cock-sucking slut, sir!”

He sniffed and looked down at her for long seconds as Nicky felt her emotions churning and swirling inside her. He didn't look excited. But he must be! How could he not be with her standing like this so open before him!? She felt her own inner heat rousing, despite the shock and embarrassment.

“On your knees, Miss Spencer.”

Gulping, Nicky lowered herself to her knees, heart beating faster.

“Hands behind your neck, fingers interlocked. Spread your knees wider.”

Flushing, she obeyed.

“Back arched more.”

Nicky arched back, feeling the taut skin straining across her breasts as her chest thrust out.

He continued to regard her, and Nicky flinched her eyes away, then blinked back as he drew over a chair. He sat down, and continued to regard her as she knelt nervously in place.

Bastard, she thought. Pervert! Sicko!

And she was completely at his mercy! He could do anything he wanted to her! She was... she was his prisoner, his victim! A strange sense of adjustment happened within her mind. Nicky had never before seen herself as a masochist of any kind, as anyone who would be aroused by being bullied or degraded, and yet the dark thrill was spreading through her body and rousing sensations which were starting to affect her mind like a creeping fever.

He reached out with his hand, the cane extended before it, and gently traced the tip around her lips, then downward along her neck again. The tip pressed into her right nipple, then flicked up so that she winced. He did it again, then slapped the cane lightly against her breast before sliding it lower. As he had before, he slid it in between her thighs and let it press up against her sex.

“Have you fucked a lot of boys, Spencer?” he asked calmly.

“N-No, sir!” she gasped as the cane caressed her soft, moist pink flesh.

“Why not?”

She blinked uncertainly.

He leaned forward, the cane still sliding up and down, in and out between the lips of her sex and across her clitoris. “Do you like having a cock inside you, Spencer?”

He drew the cane back quickly, then slapped it against her left nipple with sufficient force to sting.

“Do you like having a cock inside you?” he asked calmly.

“I-I guess,” she groaned.

“Don't guess, Spencer. Do you?”

“I-I... yes,” she said desperately.

He slapped the tip against her nipple again, and then again.

“Do you love having a cock inside you?” he asked softly.

“Yes,” she gulped.

He was not so much hitting her nipple as letting the cane fall against it repeatedly. The blows were light, but stung, and heat was spreading out around where it hit. Her nipple was starting to ache, to throb as he continued to examine her with no emotion in his face.

“Say it.”

“I-I love having... a cock inside me,” she said, her mind squirming at the words.

“Louder.”

“I love having a cock inside me,” she cried.

“Have you considered what you intend to do with your life from this point on, Spencer, assuming, of course, you graduate?”

“I-I don't know, sir!” she said desperately.

He shifted the cane to her other breast, slapping repeatedly against that nipple.

“Have you considered the employment which might be most appropriate for you? Say, a prostitute, or a stripper?”

She stared at him in astonishment, given who he was, and the evident seriousness of his suggestion. What kind of a Vice Principal made such a suggestion to a girl!?

“I think you'd make an excellent stripper, Spencer,” he said.

He stopped hitting her nipple and let the cane slide down her taut belly and then in between her legs again, sawing back and forth like a cellist with a bow. The

cane was smooth and now slick with her own bodily juices, and the feel of it caressing her clitoris was producing unexpected intense sensations within Nicole's body.

Her breasts continued to throb, her nipples hot and aching, yet hypersensitive now. Nicole could hardly remember them feeling so hard and sensitive!

“Turn around, Spencer,” he said, easing the cane back.

Breath ragged, Nicky obeyed, then felt the tip of the cane against her back between her shoulder blades.

“On all fours, Spencer. That's a girl,” he said.

She obeyed, turning her head to look back, but the cane cut across her bottom stingingly and she gasped in pain.

“Face forward, Spencer.”

She obeyed, pulse racing, then gasped again as she felt the cane slide up and continue its caress against her sex.

“Down on your face, Spencer, arms out to your sides on the floor,” he said calmly.

The cane slide between her thighs, and she felt the pressure against them.

“Legs apart,” he said. “No, more.”

The cane cut across her buttocks sharply.

“More, Spencer.”

Nicky moaned, spreading her knees obscenely wide, her breasts crushed beneath her against the soft carpet, her chin forced up and back as she spread her arms out to the side. This was so utterly humiliating a position! So why, despite the shame, was her body flaring with heat and hunger. Why did she feel, more and more, as though a crackling sexual electricity was gripping her body?

“Draw your knees further forward so your bottom raises more,” he instructed.

Nicky moaned weakly.

“A-aren't you going to... to do it?” she asked desperately.

The cane snapped across her bottom and she winced, her body jerking.

Her soft breasts, pillowed out beneath her, rubbed lightly against the rug, and she almost gasped, her nipples so sensitive!

“Don't question me, Spencer. I'm still exploring what punishment would sufficiently mitigate your crimes as to allow you to graduate and sully the name of this institution with your name on our diploma.”

“What do you think, Spencer? Are you in a proper position to perform your function as a receptacle for semen?”

Her face heated out the outrageous question, but she winced as the cane cut across her bottom again. Again, her torso ground her breasts into the rug, and she felt a dark heat there.

“You certainly appear to be a tempting place to make a deposit. I'm sure our football team would appreciate the view and opportunity. Should I invite selected members in to make use of you?”

Bastard, she thought. She should say yes, go ahead! Aside from humiliating her she was completely confused by all this posing and making her say dirty words. Why didn't he just fuck her and be done with!? Then the thought of his words spread through her mind, and she imagined herself kneeling like this, her ass sticking up, her legs apart, while the football team came in, lust in their eyes.

God!

“W-why are you doing this?” she moaned breathlessly.

She wasn't surprised to feel the cane cut across her bottom, and jerked in pain.

“Do you know why we give children a bare bottom spanking, Spencer?” he said. “It's not necessary for the infliction of pain, after all. The thin fabric of ones trousers is unlikely to offer up much protection from a well swung hand, never mind a strap or paddle.”

Crack! The cane cut across her bottom, and she let out a helpless cry of pain.

“The best lessons are ones the mind learns well, Spencer. A bare bottom spanking is memorable for both the pain, and the embarrassment, the sense of helplessness, the knowledge that because one has been naughty one cannot do a thing to avoid ones punishment. One is helpless before that punishment, naked, as it were.”

Crack! “Oh!” she gasped, flinching.

“And since you saw fit to grace us all with the view of your bottom and genitals, this would seem utterly, utterly fitting, don't you think?”

Crack!

“Ow!”

“I asked a question, Spencer.”

“Yes, sir!”

“And besides, have you not already proclaimed yourself a slut, in fact, a cock-sucking slut? Yes, indeed. Repeat yourself, Spencer.”

“I'm a cock-sucking slut, sir!” she moaned.

“Indeed.”

The cane pressed up harder as it sawed across her clitoris, and it was all Nicky could do to not grind her hips against it. Her clitoris was swollen and hot and she desperately wanted to shove back, to have him enter her and pound himself against her!

“And you said something about loving the feel of a cock inside you, did you not? Repeat that.”

“I love having a cock inside me,” she groaned.

Crack!

She hissed at the sting.

“Nasty girl. But then, we do indulge our young at times.”

Chapter Five

Ramirez got up and moved around. Nicky longed to turn her head but didn't dare. He returned, and she felt something touch her, something thicker, yet still slick and... feeling oddly soft, but not.

It pushed against the mouth of her sex, and for a heart-stopping moment she thought he was finally doing it, finally going to fuck her. But almost at once she sensed something different, something not quite... right. It forced the soft lips of her sex and back... and back, and wider, until they strained to envelop it, and her fingers dug into the palms of her hands on the floor.

“Ohh!” she moaned as it pushed slowly forward into her body. She fought even more desperately to keep from pushing back against it as heat flared within her.

It was very thick, and though slick with something it moved slowly. Again she wondered, a tad frantically, if this was him, if it was his cock, but it still felt ... off. But it still felt intense! She was so full! It was so big!

“Tell me again that you love cock, Spencer,” he said softly.

“I-I... I-love .. uhg... I lo.. love cock!” she groaned as the thing pushed deeper still, forcing wide the elastic walls of her sex.

She turned her head, despite him, but her position was awkward and she could see little, other than him sitting on his chair, his arm extended. So it wasn't him. She was right!

Crack!

“Face forward, Spencer.”

She moaned, gulping in air, chin against the carpet as he pushed forward.

“Wh-what are you doooing?” she moaned.

“Indulging you, Spencer. I'm filling you full of cock. True, it's not a real penis.

It's a very well-crafted silicon copy, however, and should please you. Therefore, for politeness sake, you should thank me.”

Crack!

“Ungh!”

“Thank me, Spencer.”

“Th-thank you, sir!”

“Thank me for the cock.”

“I... th-thank you for the .. .the cock, sir! Oh!”

God it was deep! She moaned as he twisted it slowly, drew it back, then pushed it deeper again. It ached, deep inside her, filling her completely, bigger than any cock (not that she'd had a lot of them) she'd ever had inside her! It felt as though it were throbbing inside her, but it was her body throbbing around it!

It stopped moving, and a moment later she felt something cool against her small tight back opening. She moaned at pressure against herself there.

Crack!

“Dont move, Spencer.”

“But – !”

“Don't move, Spencer,” he said, using the exact same tone.

“Please, sir!”

Crack!

“Don't move, Spencer.”

She gave a half sob as her back passage was slowly forced open and what felt like a twin of the thing inside her pussy was pushed forward. A dildo, she supposed, though she'd never had one. She groaned as it eased back, then pushed forward. She'd never had anal sex. The thought was dirty! But now... now, given

how dirty this was, how he was shaming her, degrading her, somehow it almost felt... right.

Crack!

It slid deeper.

“”What are you, Spencer?”: he asked calmly.

She didn't answer and the cane cut across her bottom.

“What are you?”

Nicky could hardly get her mind to function on anything but the intensity of the sensations churning inside her.

“I don't know!”

Crack!

“You should know. You just learned the lesson, after all.”

Crack!

“Weren't you paying attention, Spencer?”

Crack!

“You're a cock sucking slut, remember. Say it.”

“I'm a cock-sucking slut, sir!”

“And what do you love?”

“I-I love cock inside me, sir!” she gasped.

The dildo in her ass drew back, then thrust in hard enough that she cried out, her head jerking up, her body half rising before he ordered her back down with a crack across her bottom.

“Sit up, Spencer.”

Gasping, panting, Nicky slowly pushed herself up off the floor, her nipples grinding deliciously against the carpet before she pushed herself up higher. Now, as she straightened, she could look down the length of her flushed body to see the base of the ... dildo... protruding from the straining lips of her sex. She could also see an identical base behind it, no doubt pushing out of her ass!

“I want you to draw your hands back behind you and clasp them together,” he ordered.

Uncertainly, Nicky complied, and a moment later felt something metallic around one of her wrists. There was a clicking sound as it tightened, then a similar metal framed the other one, and it too clicked closed. She shuddered, her sudden masochistic sense of being a prisoner redoubling, and the heat along with it.

“Turn around.”

She cringed at the order, but turned to face him, flushing hotly again, her hands pulling experimentally against whatever now bound them together. Handcuffs! Her eyes widened at the thought, and she felt the churning inside her belly grow even worse.

“Sit back on your heels, knees wide.”

She obeyed. Sitting with her feet bent under her, the dildo in her pussy was some inches from touching the floor, but the one in her bottom was closer, for it wasn't as deep.

“I want you to slowly slide your feet out from under yourself, Spencer,” he said, “until the backs of your feet are on the floor.”

He pressed the tip of the cane against her left nipple, jabbing it lightly, twisting it, flicking it so that her nipple ached as she awkwardly slid her feet to the sides. That, of course, would force her torso downward, and it quickly did, the base of the dildo in her bottom pressing against the floor.

“All the way down, Spencer.”

Nicky whimpered helplessly, but the force of her arousal now was pushing aside any concern for the ache of the thing, and she slowly let her weight down, groaning as she felt the dildo sinking deeper into her ass. She wriggled on it,

rising a bit, then sinking down further as he watched. It pushed deeper, and then she felt the base of the other touch the floor, and looked down, groaning, gasping for breath, her entire front flushed with heat as she let her weight sink herself down on both of them.

“Oh! Uhghh!” she moaned, gulping in air.

She sank down further, the dildos pushing higher into her belly. They looked huge! She wondered how long they were!

The cane slid down and slapped lightly against her clitoris.

She flinched and gasped. “Oh! Ow! Please!”

He stood up, then picked up the chair, shifting it, moving it to place it down beside her before resuming his seat. A moment later Nicky gasped as she felt him grasp her hair and force her head up and back sharply. She rolled her eyes at him anxiously and he smiled gently.

“Tell me again what you are, Spencer.”

“I-I'm a cock-sucking slut, sir!” she moaned.

“Are you full of cock right now, Spencer?”

“Y-yes, sir!” she gasped.

“Say it.”

“I'm full of cock, sir!”

“And you love it, don't you.”

“Yes, sir!”

He brought the can down across her breasts and she cried out.

“Say it, Spencer.”

“I love being full of cock, sir!” she cried helplessly.

“Now as a sock-sucking slut, you clearly also need to have a cock in your mouth. Isn't that right, Spencer?”

“Yes, sir,” she whimpered.

“Beg for one.”

She moaned weakly, groaning as her weight pushed down harder on the dildos impaling her.

“I... please ... please may I ... have a cock in my mouth, sir?” she panted.

“Yes, Spencer, you may.”

He held it up before him. It was not his, but another dildo. But it looked like, well, at least from the base, it looked like the other two. Surely they weren't as long as this one! She gaped at it, imagining them so deep inside her they were practically in her chest!

It was very realistic looking, in shape, coloration and look. And as pressed the head against her mouth she got to see it even more closely.

“Open your slut mouth,” he whispered.

Anxiety and heat were electric within her, as Nicky slowly parted her lips and let the dildo push forward into her mouth. She moaned around it, staring up at him.

“Suck it. Wet it down. Make it all slick and slippery so it can fuck you, Spencer,” he said softly.

She moaned around it, but didn't really need to do anything else as he began to pump it in and out. He pushed deeper, and her anxiety rose as it filled her mouth and threatened to enter her throat. She had deep throated before, but it was not easy unless she was distracted by... by being extremely aroused.

She moaned as he pushed it into her throat. She gurgled weakly, choking, and he pulled it back, sliding the head along her tongue.

“Do you know how to deep throat a cock, Spencer? Because it seems to me that a cock-sucking slut ought to know how to do a proper job of it.”

“I-I... yes...sometimes!” she gasped desperately.

“Sometimes you know? How can that be?”

He let the now saliva-slick head caress her cheeks.

“I want you to swallow every inch of this cock, Spencer. Then you'll truly be full of cock, every orifice stuffed with it.”

“Please I – .”

“Please what? Please may I have more cock? Was that what you intended to say?”

Nicole tried to focus her mind enough to speak coherently.

“I-I need to... to be able to control – .”

“No, Spencer,” he said firmly. “You are in control of nothing. I am in control. You are simply cock-sucking little slut being disciplined.”

He pushed the thing into her mouth and she moaned around it.

“You are going to swallow every inch of this cock, and love it.”

He pushed it deeper, the head entering her throat, and she choked weakly. He drew back.

"I'm disappointed in you, Spencer," he said, "Perhaps you still have much to learn, even if you are from New York."

He placed the head of the dildo just within her mouth. "Suck," he said softly.

Gasping, panting, Nikki did as he ordered, hoping to keep him from ramming it into her throat. She sucked and the fat head of his dildo, wincing as he twisted his fingers in her hair.

"Now the tongue, Spencer," he said, "Move your tongue from side to side along the underside of this lovely cock. That's it, now slide it as far forward as you can and then, pressing up firmly against the cock as you slide it back toward you. Work your lips, massage this cock with them. You think being a good little cock

sucker is just about holding your mouth open?"

He pushed the dildo deeper, but only by an inch or two, then began to pump it slowly in and out as she licked at it.

"Don't forget the suction, Spencer. Not a steady suction, but alternating and strength. This isn't a job, Spencer. You love that cock. It's the most wonderful thing you've ever had inside your slutty little mouth. You love the taste of it. You love the feel of it. You love the sight of it. Suck on that cock, little slut."

He pushed deeper, filling her mouth. "Think of it as meat, Spencer. You just need to swallow it and keep swallowing so the muscles of your throat massage it. Don't think about anything else but how wonderful that cock feels inside you."

He pushed into her throat, but at least Spencer was ready this time. This was not the first time she'd felt a cock in her throat after all. True, this was a lot bigger than the last time, and she wasn't as drunk, but she was far more aroused, and was beginning to regain a sense of confidence in her ability to swallow deep throat the thing.

Still, she gurgled as it slid deeper into her throat, as she stared with something like crossed eyes at the shaft and his hand holding the base, nearing her mouth. She gagged softly, but as her body eased down, almost instinctively pushing back from it, the pressure on the dildos inside her belly grew more intense, making her moan helplessly.

She really was full of cock! Even if it was silicone!

He eased his hand away, the dildo sliding up her throat, and then out. Nicky gagged and coughed hard, gulping in air as he pulled the thing free.

"You see, little slut, you can deep throat a cock. You were made for it, after all. Your body was designed to be a cock-sucking slut, to service men, to please their cocks and their bodies."

He used his grip on her hair as something of a handle, twisting her head forward and back as he rubbed the saliva coated cock across her face. He pointed it at her mouth and pushed it in again, and Nicky moaned helplessly, sucking and licking at it as it slid along her tongue. It pushed into her throat, and she jerked and moaned, her wrists pulling against the handcuffs as it slid deep.

“Swallow that cock,” he said softly. “You know you love it, slut.”

Nicky stared up at him, eyes wide, heart pounding, chest burning.

He smiled thinly, then eased it up and back, pulling it free.

“I think you need a real cock, don't you, Spencer? I think you need to be fucked like the whore you are. I think you need it. Say it, Spencer. Tell me you need it.”

“I-I... n-need i-it!” she croaked, still gulping in air.

He slapped her with the dildo.

“No, slut. Tell me. When will you ever learn?”

“I need a real cock inside me, sir!” she gasped.

Chapter Six

Ramirez released her hair and stood up, then turned to face her. He smiled and reached down, his fingers grasping her horribly erect nipples.

Nicole gasped as he gripped both of them and squeezed. They stung, then flared as he rolled them between his fingers. But then he tightened his fingers again, hard, and she cried out as he pinched both nipples. He drew back, still pinching her nipples, and Nicky lurched to her feet, pulled by the sharp sting of her nipples, drawing her up to stagger forward as he baked up.

He released them, his hand sliding around her head and gripping her neck to pull her forward and bend her over his desk. Nicky gasped as her breasts pillowed out against the cool wood of the desk and his hand cracked down across her bottom.

“Spread your legs, slut.”

Heat surged as she obeyed, moaning as he slapped her bottom again. She felt his fingers at the dildo, pushing on one, pulling on the other, pushing on both again. Then another slap to her bottom made her cry out weakly.

His fingers slid beneath her, and Nicky jerked sharply as they made contact with her clitoris. She fought desperately not to move, but her will collapsed and her hips rolled sharply upward.

“Oooohh!” she cried helplessly.

“You see? This is what you were made for, Spencer. Being a slut.”

She felt the dildo in her pussy pulling back, then thrust in hard enough to hurt, to make her cry out again.

“The more cock you get the happier you'll be.”

He drew it out once more, out completely, and she felt suddenly vacant, but only for a moment. Then something else pushed into her, and she knew immediately

that it wasn't a dildo. It was warm, and the unmistakable tactile sensation of flesh against flesh filled her with a trembling sense of something like elation.

“Oh! Oh! Oh God!” she gasped as it slid into her.

It was even thicker than the dildo!

“Oh!” she moaned, her hips rolling helplessly, ignoring his slaps.

“Whore,” he said calmly.

She didn't care what he called her. Her entire body was thrumming with the intensity of the pleasure, of elation as his cock finally pushed deep into her belly.

And then he started to pump.

One stroke. Two. Three, and that was it.

Her body flared wildly, the orgasm screaming through her nervous system in a wild, uncontrolled explosion of sensation that overloaded her nervous system. If she hadn't already been so breathless she'd have screamed. As it was drew in a deep, gurgling breath of air, which then rattled out of her in a warbling sob of ecstasy.

“Whore,” he said.

“Slut.”

With every stroke he cursed her, or perhaps, described her, as if chanting the words, softly, but certainly.

“Whore. Slut. Whore. Slut. Whore. Slut.”

He was not thrusting quickly. He buried himself in her belly and ground his pelvis against her trembling, upraised bottom, then drew slowly back before thrusting hard and deep, to lay buried inside her again and grind against her.

“Whore,” he pronounced, thrusting deep.

“Slut,” he said, driving into her to the balls.

“Whore,” he said, filling her with his cock.

The orgasm slowly faded, leaving her limp, gasping, almost drooling, eyes slitted.

He changed his movement, now moving in and out in a slow, even stroke which, nevertheless, paused at its deepest point so he could twist himself inside her.

He slapped her bottom, then ran his hands up and down her body. He slapped her bottom again, then drew her hair back into a mass, wrapping it around his fist.

Nicky groaned as her head was literally lifted up and back.

“Shove your beautiful little ass back at me, slut,” he said. “You know you want my cock inside you.”

Moaning, she complied. It wasn't like she had a choice. He tugged on her hair with every stroke so that she had to jerk back to meet it. Again, her wrists pulled feebly against the handcuffs.

Helpless. Helpless!

He pulled harder on her hair, and her head came back sharply, lifting her torso off the desk, at least enough for his free hand to slide in and cup her breast. She shuddered as his fingers closed and began to knead her swollen flesh.

He pinched her nipple, and she gasped.

“Are you a whore, Spencer?”

“Yes, sir!” she moaned.

“Say it.”

“I'm a whore!”

“Again.”

“I'm a whore!”

“Again. Keep saying it.”

So she did, punctuating every stroke of his cock with it, chanting it as he fucked her. Her mind was swirling through the wild, dark sensual heat of the moment. And even though she'd just climaxed, her body responded, heating rapidly, her pussy squeezing down around his cock as he pumped it in and out.

She whimpered and trembled as she felt his fingers on the dildo, felt that pulling out, then pushing in.

“Whore,” he said.

“I'm a whore! I'm a whore! I'm a uh... whore! I'm a whore! Oh! I'm a w-whore!”

His strokes quickened, but remained long and deep, and his hips began to stroke her bottom with more authority. Whenever she slackened her chant he tugged sharply on her hair and slapped her bottom until she resumed it.

“I'm a whore! I'm a whore! I'm a whore!”

But it became more difficult to speak as her breathing became more ragged and the sexual steam began to pour up through her mind. Whenever she stopped, however, so did he, until she resumed, until it became something like instinct, and she didn't even have to think about speaking.

“I'm a whore! I'm a whore! I'm a whore! I'm a whore!”

His strokes became even more powerful, his hips stroking her bottom with bruising force, the desk jerking against the floor with the weight of the impact. His thick cock pounded into her, and Nicky's mind swam through a violent haze of sexual heat and hunger as he rode her into a second, even more powerful orgasm.

Her voice rose in a cry of passion, but it was still the chant he'd ordered her to issue.

“I'm a whore! I'm a whore! I'M A WHORE!”

His hand came across her face, clamped down on her mouth as she screamed into it, as her body flared wildly and the hot rush of passion exploded through her body. Her muscles spasmed and her hips bucked frantically back to meet his plunging cock, heedless of the bruising pain of impact.

He rode her brutally, his hips pounding against her bottom with blinding speed, his cock spearing into her churning belly as her pussy burned like lava around it. She cried out again and again, her cries muffled by his hand, and then, with shocking suddenness, he stopped and jerked back.

Dazed, gasping, Nicky moaned as her body was flipped over onto her back, onto her handcuffed wrists. His big hands encircled her thighs, jerking her bottom to the edge of the desk, then spreading her long legs wide as he dropped to his knees.

“Oh! Oh please!” she sobbed, writhing as his tongue licked across her clit.

The intensity of the sensations was too powerful! She gasped and moaned, twisting and writhing as his mouth covered her sex, as his lips and tongue licked and sucked on her clitoris.

“No! No! No!” she groaned as his tongue licked heavily across her burning clit.

Her hips rolled and bucked, trying to escape those powerful sensations, but his hands clamped down on her thighs, forcing them down and apart, aching far apart, the tendons in her thighs straining and stretching as he mouthed her.

And then, the sensations morphed, twisting within her into something else again. And almost that fast, the sexual need flickered and then flared into life and spiraled up through her body and mind as her cries became uncontrolled gasps of pleasure.

He rose up like a God between her legs, his cock still hard dropping atop her, laying along her groin, the swollen head pressing against her stomach. His hips slid back, and his cock pressed against her moist center and forced its way within.

Groaning, she forced her head up, gulping in breath as she watched him sheath himself inside her.

“Oh God!” she moaned.

He tightened his grip around her legs, just above the knees as his hips began to draw in and out. But as he thrust he lifted her knees, raised her legs, drew her ankles up onto his broad shoulders as his hips struck her buttocks again and

again.

Now his hands came down, kneading her breasts, tweaking and pinching the nipples. He leaned over her, further and further, pressing her legs back, bending her in two as his hips rose and fell faster and harder.

His eyes were were hot and hard as he pounded himself into her, and the desk trembled beneath as Nicky gurgled helplessly and stared up at him, dazed and gripped by a rapidly swelling hunger. She could barely think, much less speak, and gasped with each thrust as he drove himself into her.

He leaned further, shifting his hands along her legs, sliding them down lower until he gripped her ankles. He forced them down and back, harder, until the backs of her feet were pressed into the wood above her head and her bottom was forced upward to be beaten and pounded by his down-strokes.

Another orgasm flooded into her and washed her mind away.

Nothing mattered but the pleasure, and that it lasted forever!

She quivered and strained, her body convulsing even as he crushed her beneath him and pounded her buttocks with his muscled hips. His cock was a spear, driving into the deepest part of her belly with terrible speed and force, churning her insides to a frothing mush as the pleasure shattered her mind.

He rode her through the orgasm, his pounding a constant, a driving drumbeat of raw sensation that kept her shaking and trembling for long, long seconds as the climax burned within her mind. Even as it slowly subsided, her body continued to be hammered by his deep thrusts for something approaching a full minute, as she lay there, lost within her mind, seeing but not absorbing, her mind floating in languorous pleasure.

He eased, his grip slackening as he drew back. She groaned weakly as her body was permitted to unfold, until she was laying dazedly on the desk, legs spilling limply across the edge, chest heaving.

“You are a temptress, Spencer,” he said, slightly out of breath, his voice, for the first time, unsteady. “A slut like you is a sexual animal men cannot resist. Like a bitch in heat, you draw every male within scent of you to sheath themselves in your belly and ride you to climax.”

He combed his fingers through his short hair, catching his breath, smoothing his face into that now familiar pose of calmness.

“Clearly you have not been adequately punished for your wickedness,” he said.

Nicky only moaned, her head laid back, her eyes unfocussed, staring at the ceiling overhead.

She heard him moving around, but ignored the sound until he grasped her arm and jerked her upright on the desk.

“It is time to stop rewarding you for your sluttishness, and punish you for your wickedness,” he said, his voice back to normal.

He pulled her off the desk, then turned her and bent her over again.

Crack! His hand slapped against her bottom sharply.

“Spread your legs, slut.”

Moaning, she obeyed, and gasped as she felt the dildo being pushed into her again, hard and fast and deep, deeper than before, until it was practically buried within her!

She gasped and jerked as he pressed against the other one, forcing it deeper into her ass, so the nose brought cramps to her. “Oh!”

“Did you not beg for punishment, Spencer? I remember it well,” he said.

He jerked her upright again, and turned her to the side.

There was a pedestal which had held a heavy saddle. The saddle had been removed, and now the pedestal was bare. It was a thick square, vertical wooden post upon which rested a rounded horizontal post, like the top part of a 'T'.

He turned her and she felt his hands at her wrists, then felt the handcuffs loosen and fall away.

“Bend over this.”

“But...”

“Do as you're told, slut,” he ordered calmly.

“But it's too high,” she protested helplessly.

Indeed, the rounded pedestal was as high as her lower ribs.

“Reach across it.”

Nicky obeyed, putting her arms across the top of the pedestal, trying to fold herself across, then yelped as she felt him wrap an around around her legs and lift. She slid up and across the top, her upper body sliding upside down on the other side.

She grasped the vertical post to keep from sliding too far, and then felt him easing her slightly back before wrapping a leather strap around her thighs just above the knees, pinning them to the post. He moved around to the other side, then slid straps around her wrists as she stared, shocked, and drew them down to the post, tightening it as he attached it in place.

I can't believe this, she thought dazedly.

But her pussy began to throb again! How was that possible when she'd come twice, she thought wonderingly.

Her bottom was so helplessly thrust up and out!

Then she yelped as she felt him seize her hair and use it to lift her head up and back until she was staring into his groin. He had something in his hand, though, something thick and round and black, and as she stared, he pushed it abruptly forward. Her eyes widened as she got a momentary glimpse of it. It looked... looked like a penis, a black penis, thick and thickly veined. The veins slid through her taut lips and across her tongue as he pushed it deeper, until she almost gagged as it threatened to go down her throat.

A flat base pressed against the outside of her lips, and a strap went around her head.

“I will show you the punishment sluts get here, Spencer,” he said calmly.

Chapter Seven

She moaned and wriggled helplessly, eyes bulging, then gasped as she felt something flat and cool against her upraised bottom.

A moment later there was a sharp 'crack' of sound as something flat and wide impacted against her upraised buttocks.

She squealed into the gag at the sharp stinging pain, her body jerking sharply against its restraints.

“As I said, Spencer. I feel this is a most appropriate punishment to a girl who bares her buttocks to all and sundry,” he said.

Crack! The thing hit her a second time, and she squealed even louder! That hurt! It stung!

It wasn't the cane this time, but that leather paddle thing!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Spencer writhed and moaned at the repeated stinging impacts. The pain grew as the flesh of her buttocks became more tender with each successive blow. Yet each blow sparkled against something in her mind, as well, and the sharp sensations seemed to echo through her body, from her buttocks to her groin, to set her pussy thrumming.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Her bottom was soon on fire! Spencer continued to pull against the restraints, futilely trying to escape her fate as Ramirez rained slow, measured blows on her helpless bottom.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

It wasn't so much that the pain was so horrific, but that it was so repetitive and that she could do nothing at all to stop it that made tears begin to appear in her

eyes. Her mind was gripped by a dark, masochistic thrill at how cruelly she was being treated, and her pussy burned, yet even so, the pain was greater now as her body shook to the sharp blows.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The blows halted, and he moved around to the other side, looking down at her. She gasped as he buried his fingers in her hair, once again using it as a handle to raise her upside down head right-side up. He gazed down at her, eyes gleaming.

“Well, Spencer? You like to think you're up on a pedestal. How do you like being on a real one, with your best assets on display?”

Nicole's eyes were teary, and she gasped at the pull to her scalp even as he bent and undid the strap running behind her head.

He eased the thick gag thing, the cock thing out, and she gave a half sob, gulping in air, eyes blinking rapidly.

“Let me hear your confession again, slut,” he said, forcing her head even further up and back as her scalp burned.

“Please!” she croaked.

“Let me hear it.”

“I-I'm a cock-sucking slut!”

He unzipped his black trousers, then reached in and pulled himself out. He wasn't hard again yet, but wasn't soft either. She stared at it, panting, as if she'd never seen it before. Well, her mind had been so awash in sexual passion she'd hardly been able to focus by the time he'd flipped her onto her back. And then he'd driven her half mad with his tongue!

It was much larger than any she had seen in person before, she thought. Nicole stared, open-mouthed, still gulping in air as he let the head slide back and forth across her lips.

“Again,” he whispered.

“I'm a cock-sucking slut,” she whimpered.

He pushed it into her mouth, and she rolled her eyes up at him, then licked it hesitantly. She wasn't reluctant, only somewhat challenged. It was a big cock! But it was a lot better than feeling that paddle against her rear end! Oh yes, she far preferred this!

She sucked, and it hardened very quickly, pushing deeper into her mouth. Her wrists pulled instinctively against the leather straps which held them down, seeking to wrap her fingers around the base of his shaft. But that, of course, was not to be.

Nicole liked to think she was very good at oral sex. She had certainly never had a complaint, and previous boyfriends had proclaimed themselves much impressed. But without her hands, she had no control, none. It was all up to Ramirez how deeply he moved, and his cock was very long as well as being thick.

He let her suck on it, pumping slowly in and out, and Nicky felt every ridge as the now slick shaft caressed her tongue and lips.

“A cock-sucking slut should be very good at sucking cocks,” he said, from the long distance above her.

He forced her head back even further, and then pushed forward. Nicole had no time to prepare as the head of his cock pushed into her throat. Her eyes bulged as it continued its journey smoothly forward. The angle of her head was perfect and he pushed straight into her throat. Nicole was shocked by how easy it was. She hardly felt the urge to gag at all!

She stared in shock at the shaft disappearing into her mouth, stared until her face was jammed up against his trousers, against his groin, and his cock filled her entire neck, the head feeling as though it was in her very chest! Her throat bulged, and even ached somewhat, but oddly, she felt no choking sensations, just a heavy pressure.

But she couldn't breath. His cock plugged her throat as neatly as a cork in a bottle. A very long cork. She began to panic, to pull against the restraints, her body trembling and shaking as her chest heated and her head pounded and the beads of sweat which were already covering her body thickened and multiplied.

He eased smoothly back. She had some urge to gag, but really, her mind was entirely focused on breathing. And the desperation of her need wiped everything else from her thoughts until, with a choking gasp, she felt him come free and she was able to gulp in deep, desperate, ragged breaths of air.

Nicole's mouth full of saliva. Even as she filled her lungs with air she could feel the saliva drooling over her lower lip as she gasped for breath. His cock was smooth and black glistening with her saliva, the feel of it as he rubbed it back and forth across her lips slick and sensuous. She felt lightheaded by the lack of air, dazed.

He tightened his fingers in her hair pulling upward, forcing her mouth wide again as the head of his cock rubbed slowly back and forth against her lips. He let the swollen black head circle her mouth caressing her lips before pushing himself forward again. She felt it slide along her tongue, filling her mouth as it slid deeper. She moaned around it, her eyes rolling dazedly up at him.

Then her eyes move down to the gleaming shaft before her, staring as it slid forward. Even as she felt it pushing for into the back of her throat she stared at the thick hard plaque flesh until once again her face was jammed against his groin. Her lips were wrapped around very base of his cock, her face pressing against his trousers. Her nose was filled with the musty, musky scent of the fabric.

But her mind was filled with the pressure of the thick flesh stuffed inside her throat. Her eyes were wide, her mind filled with a sense of wild, thrilled excitement at how deep into her throat he had pushed his slick black cock. The narrow tube of her throat felt stretched and bloated, aching with the fullness of him. His cock crushed her tongue down against her palate, and as he began to move, she felt the ridges and lines of his swollen flesh caressing her tongue.

She gurgled helplessly, unable to breathe, unable to speak or protest, to beg or plead. His prisoner! His torture victim! His slave girl!

Her body quivered and trembled atop the pedestal, legs and wrists pulling helplessly against the straps. Her neck ached, inside and out. He held her head up and back sharply, the back of her head pressed between her upside down shoulder blades. As he began to move his hips in and out his cock began to use her mouth and throat with a slow deliberate stroking motion.

Saliva dribbled out over her lower lip around the thick plug of his cock and she gurgled and gagged weakly as he began to move faster. Her eyes grew wider as her breath ran out and she felt a pounding in her skull. She slid the long length of himself back out once again and she coughed helplessly, gasping for breath.

"What's the matter, Spencer?" he asked softly, "Didn't you say you are a good little cock-sucking slut?"

His stiff black cock was aimed at her face like a menacing spear of flesh. He pushed his hips forward even as she continued to gasp for breath, his cock pressing against her cheek and sliding up across the bridge of her nose as he ground himself against her face.

"It doesn't look like you've got what it takes to handle a black cock"

He eased his hips back, then pushed forward again, his cock sliding unerringly through her open lips across her tongue. She had a moment to suck in a deep breath of air, to fill her lungs, then the swollen head of his cock pushed into her throat slid remorselessly forward in a smooth, even thrust that drove him deep into her throat.

He tightened his grip in her hair and then drew his hips back perhaps three or four inches before pausing and thrusting forward once again. Again he drew back before driving himself forward once more. He drew back, pushed forward, drew back further, and buried himself once again. His strokes became faster, and deeper.

Again she became light-headed from lack of breath, and her eyes began to glaze over. His cock made her wet, slurping sound as he pumped in and out, and her survivor continued to dribble down around it to soak her chin and moisten the floor beneath her. He pulled out again and let his cock slide back and forth over her face.

God! She could not believe this was happening! The size of the thing! And it absolutely filled her! But her head was throbbing, her chest pounding, her throat aching, and her scalp beginning to burn from the constant pulling of her hair. She had practically forgotten her throbbing ass so high above her on the other side of the pedestal.

That is, until he gathered her hair up in a tangled mass he could hold in one hand

and brought the other hand up onto her ass. Her eyes blinked rapidly as she felt his fingers caressing her overheated flesh, felt them sliding down to the dildo jammed into her, pushing on it, then pulling, then pushing so it began to plunge in and out of her. He was fucking her ass in time to the way his cock stroked up and down in her throat and across her tongue!

He eased himself back, his cock popping free from her throat so she could breathe again. She coughed and gasped for breath, chest heaving. He abruptly released her hair and her head fell forward, to hang upside down once again. Chuckling softly, he moved around to the other side of the pedestal his fingers reaching out to stroke and caress her clitoris.

"Very smooth, Spencer," he said.

She felt the straps around her thighs go loose, and her legs parted as his hands moved between her thighs. She felt his thumb stroked across her clit again, and she groaned as he pushed against the base of the dildo, jamming the head into the back wall of her pussy.

Crack! Not the paddle this time, but his open hand slapped against her bottom with stinging force. She felt the dildo drawn back then thrusting forward once again. Then he began to pump the dildo in her ass, using longer strokes, deeper strokes, faster, harder strokes.

"Oh! Oh! Please!" She gasped.

"What's the matter, Spencer?" he asked, "You've got a beautiful ass. You know you have a beautiful ass. You're proud of that. You can't help showing it off. What do you think men are thinking when you show off your beautiful little ass? Don't you think they want their see their cocks jammed into it? Don't you think they imagine themselves pressed against you, their cock buried in your tight ass?"

His finger pushed deep into her ass, squirming inside her, twisting and turning, before pumping slowly in and out.

Crack! His hand slapped down against her bottom again. Crack!

He undid her wrists, then lifted her bodily into the air. She squealed in shock as he raised her high, but then he brought her down across his shoulders, apparently

effortlessly. He carried her across to the desk and set her down, his hand sliding down to jam up against the dildo in her ass again so that she gasped in pain.

She sagged, swaying, grasping the side of the desk for support as he turned to the shelf and turned on a radio. Music came from it, bass thumping as he sat down.

“I'd ask you to strip for me, Spencer, but that would be redundant. Let me have a lap dance then.”

She stared at him, eyes fluttering, hair tangled as she continued to gulp in air. She was dazed, having been held upside down for long minutes. The world moved around her and she knew she'd fall if she let go of the desk.

He snorted and stood up, grasped her arms and pulled her forward. And as he sat, he pulled her further, so that her legs hit the front of the chair and had to spread apart.

And then she was straddling him, sitting on his lap, still dazed as his hands roamed up and down her body. He cupped one of her breasts, squeezing it, drawing her nipple into his mouth so he could suck and chew.

Nicky moaned, grasping his shoulders for support, still dazed. He squeezed her bottom, his fingers gripping the dildo there to push it up harder.

“Oh!” she moaned. “Please!”

“You love cock, Spencer. It's what you live for,” he said.

The world spun less and less as she half lay against him, his mouth sucking and chewing and licking at her nipples and breasts, his hands stroking and caressing, squeezing and kneading and slapping.

Then his fingers slid beneath her, squeezing her buttocks, lifting her up. She gasped as the dildo slid out of her.

Then as he lowered her, she felt his cock pushing up into her ass.

She moaned, but her mind didn't even grasp the concept of protesting. Why would she? She had no control over anything. The complete acceptance of that

should have shocked her, but she embraced it with something like wonder. She used her legs to ease her downward movement, at least, to slow it, but even so groaned as she felt how deep he was going.

“Every inch, Spencer. Every inch inside you, slut. You love to show your ass around. Now you're going to get what every man who sees you wants to give.”

He squeezed her breast, sucked her nipple, and squeezed her ass, and slowly, Nicole began to ride up and down on him. Her body adjusted to his length, somehow, and soon her buttocks were flat against his thighs as she rode him. Every downward slide filled her with a wild, raw dark heat and something like glee as inch after inch pushed into her.

She rode him, bounced atop him, gasping and moaning for breath, grasping his shoulders, looking over his head, eyes closed, moaning and grunting and panting as the heat grew within her yet again. She'd never had more than one orgasm before. Wasn't it called a climax for a reason? Yet now it seemed there was no limit to the excitement she could feel!

She slid up and down him, impaled repeatedly on his stiff cock as her breasts burned and throbbed. And when his fingers reached down between them to rub against her clitoris the heat became a column of seething fire that fried her mind. She cried out again and again as she rode him into the orgasm, then lost her mind as the pleasure flayed her with its power.

* * *

Nicole was a changed woman. Her experience with Ramirez had not daunted her, but inflamed her. And after she had done with him, what she had let him do to her, how could she not accept the fact that she was indeed a slut and a whore? But she embraced the thought, and with it came a wild dark freedom to indulge the hunger within her.

It was not so much her fellow students who benefited from her newly adjusted thinking on sex, however, but the men in the city, especially the ones who had no idea who she was. She went to rough bars, and embraced rougher men who used her savagely and made her scream in pleasure.

Every time men looked at her with lust she preened, feeling the heat rushing through her. And a wild dark thought filled her mind as graduation approached.

Maybe she really could be a stripper! The thought of all those men staring at her, lusting after her as she danced naked before them was a wild and incredible thought that she masturbated to nightly.

She graduated at last, having learned more about herself and her future in her last two weeks than she had in her first four years. Ramirez was a pervert, she conceded, but a fine teacher. He'd not only set her feet on the road to a rewarding career he'd trained her well in the use of her most important asset: her body.

Her uncertainties had vanished, and, filled with confidence, she returned to New York as a determined woman with a rich career ahead of her.

END

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? 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 do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he 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!