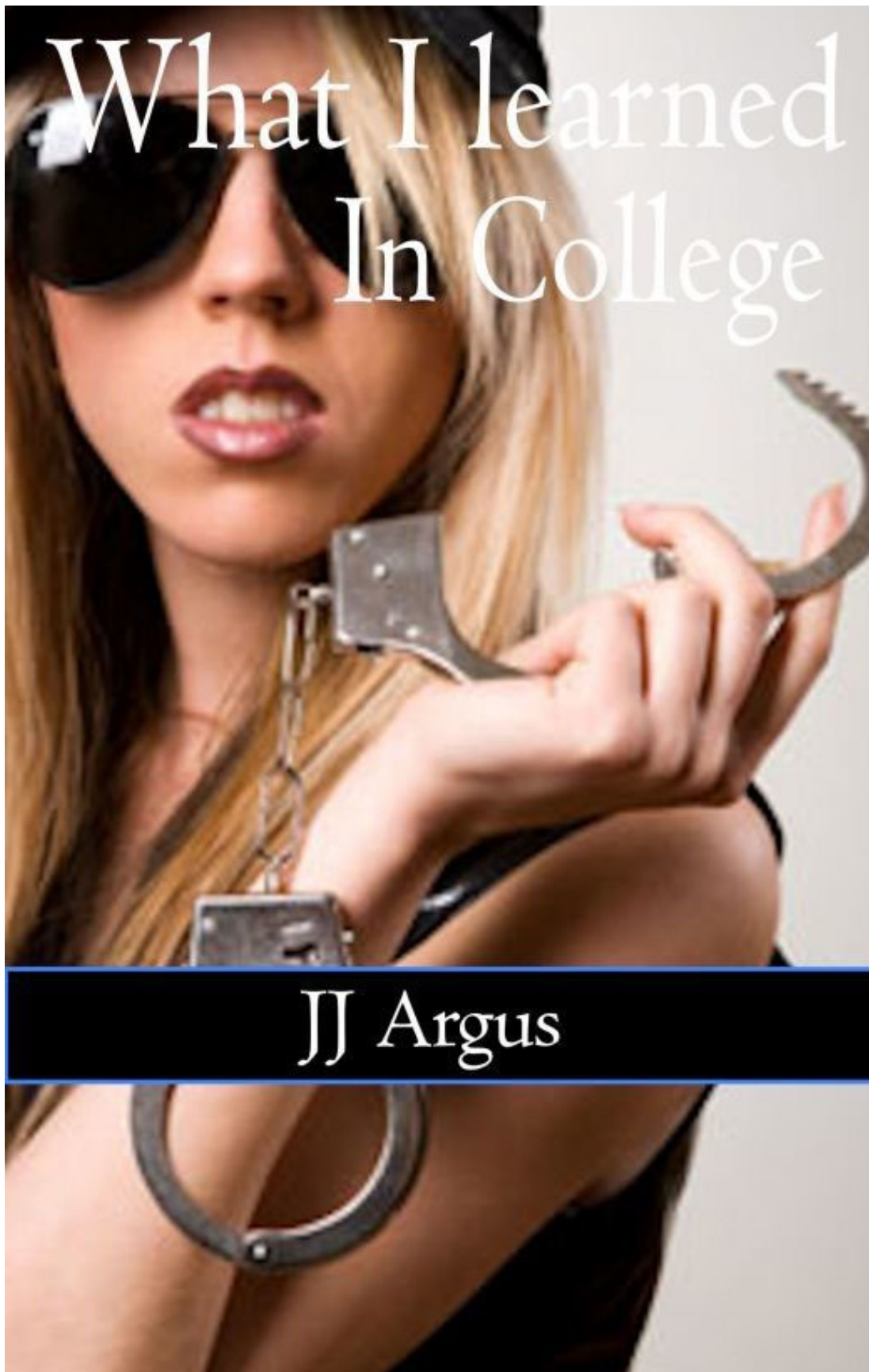


What I learned In College

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By JJ Argus

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Smashwords edition

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

My experience with bondage began in college, in my freshman year, in one of the first parties I went to. College parties, in case you didn't know, are a place where guys are supposed to get drunk, and girls are supposed to look hot. I was dubious about them from the start, but my roommate loved them, and all her wild tales of fun finally decided me to accept one of the invites we kept getting.

Why did we keep getting invites? Because we were freshman girls and good looking. No other reason. The seniors figured we were fresh meat, and that, being away from home for the first time, they'd be able to get us to do all sorts of shit we probably wouldn't have ever thought of doing before. And they were largely right.

I had bypassed the “pimps and hos' party, for example, where Cassie had worn little more than lingerie. I had decided not to go to the toga party either. She came into our room on a Thursday after school and tossed her bags on her desk.

“Party Friday,” she said. “You should come, Alyson.”

“Uhm, where?” I asked, looking over the side of my upper bunk bed where I'd been reading.

“One of the frat houses. It's gonna be wild. You need to have some fun.”

“I guess,” I said, “But all these parties all seem to be designed to get us to show up half naked.”

She giggled. “What's your point?”

I made a face.

“Everyone dresses the same! So it's okay! Nobody's gonna call you names! This isn't high school!”

“That's not the point. Don't you mind these sexist guys demanding some sort of dress code just so they can check out your body?”

“I like guys checking out my body,” she said with a smirk. “Besides, how are you gonna meet guys if you don't go anywhere? In Geology?”

“I've met guys in class,” I said defensively.

She snorted. “You can meet guys here and actually dance and talk with them. Get off your lazy ass and do something before you're a little old lady!”

“What kind of party is it?”

“A wild party,” she said.

“Uh huh.

She rolled her eyes. “Slutty schoolgirl,” she said.

“Forget it!”

“Come on! All you need to wear is a white shirt, a plaid skirt, and some kind of tie or scarf!”

“You mean a short plaid skirt.”

“Alyson, I've seen you naked, remember. You have great legs.”

“That doesn't mean I want to show them off to everyone!”

“What else is the point of having great legs!?” she demanded.

We argued for a bit but I wound up agreeing to go. I mean, she came back from these things with a lot of wild stories and it was obvious she was having a lot of fun.

Visible bras were de rigeur for these outfits, she claimed. She simply tied her blouse off in tight beneath her breasts, so her pink bra was partly visible, and hung a loose tie from her neck. I didn't have any tartan skirts, but I did have a relatively short black skirt I'd bought for work as a receptionist over the summer. It was made of thin material so it was fairly easy to shorten by folding up the waistband.

Of course, Cassie and I argued over just how high to roll it. If she'd had her way it would have barely covered my ass! I rolled it high enough to make me uncomfortable anyway. It was bad enough I'd given in to how low to wear it on

my hips!

I decided to wear the same white blouse I'd worn for work, with my lacy black bra underneath. Again, since the shirt was a summer shirt it was lightweight and though you couldn't see through it you could easily see outlines of the black bra. I decided not to pull up the shirt and tie it together, but to leave it held together in front by just a single button between my breasts. That would give it a peekaboo look which still didn't really expose much.

And since I'd worn the black skirt I could wear black stockings, instead of the white socks Cassie had. That the stockings didn't go up all the way to where the skirt was now just made the outfit seem sluttier. And, of course, I wore my highest heels and a black tie borrowed from one of the guys on the floor.

I have longish blonde hair that falls halfway down my back. I roughed it up instead of brushing it out straight, and used the blow dryer to give it a tousled, straight from bed look then put on really bright lipstick.

"It's almost perfect," Cassie said.

"Almost."

"Take off that shirt and wear one of mine."

She was already grabbing one from the closet.

"Yours will be too small," I said.

"Duh! That's the idea!"

I was doubtful, but she was right. She was six inches shorter than me, and her shirt was both tight across the chest, and didn't hang down nearly as much. With how low the skirt was there was a little space between the waistband and the bottom of the shirt.

"Think I look slutty enough?" I asked doubtfully.

"You look like a classy slut! It's perfect for you!"

* * *

We got an idea what kind of party it was the moment we stepped in and saw the guy duct taped to the ceiling. He was a little guy, and didn't seem entirely comfortable up there.

“Freshman,” Cassie said dismissively.

“We're freshmen,” I hissed.

“We're girls. No one has much use for freshmen guys.”

I didn't have to point out to her the use they had for us.

Her brown hair was done in thick pigtails, and she looked quite girlish as she pulled me through the crowd. And there was quite a crowd. Everyone was jammed in together. And someone gave my ass a quick grab as we moved through it.

The noise was incredible! You could hardly hear anything for the hubbub of voices trying to shout over the pounding music.

The drinks were in plastic cups. I looked at mine suspiciously, but they were all together on the table so if they were all drugged everyone was going to wind up sleeping here. I shrugged and took a drink while my eyes ran through the room.

Cassie had been right in that all the girls were dressed similarly. The guys, so far as I could tell, were just dressed like guys. Bastards. How come they never had to dress up... or down?

Still, a guy soon asked me to dance, and he was reasonably cute, so I did, and then he introduced me to another guy, who I danced with. Then Casey introduced me to a guy, and time went by surprisingly quickly. I was having a good time, and not feeling a lot of pain either, though unlike Cassie I was watching my drinking more.

But I was still having fun, and the guys, well, they were trying it, you know, but it was fun, not high pressure. Every guy I danced with ran his hands over my ass at least once, the braver ones tried to just leave their hands on. The even braver ones managed to slide their hands in through my open shirt and along my skin. I usually managed to grab them before they went too high, though.

I got kissed a lot, too. I had this thought that this was a great way to find out how good guys were at kissing, sort of like a wine tasting! When I told that to Cassie she laughed her head off and told everyone around us, which of course, only got more guys wanting to 'let me have a taste test'!

Some blonde girl had too much to drink and let herself be persuaded to do a strip tease up on the kitchen table. She'd got down to just her thong when she tripped and fell off the table. Fortunately a bunch of guys caught her or she'd have broken her fool head. She got groped some before a couple of girls pulled her loose, but I can't say she was upset at that.

And of course, there was the obligatory lesbian make-out games. See, that was the second part about college parties. The guys got to ogle us in slutty outfits, and we got to be cock-teases without being condemned for it. So a number of girls took the opportunity to do deep, french kisses and grope each other while guys stared and hooted and demanded they do more.

So I wasn't surprised when Cassie grabbed me and mashed her lips against mine as the nearby guys shouted approval. I had had a few by then anyway, but really, what I was high on was all the attention I was getting. I didn't really do parties and wasn't used to it. Sure, guys always looked at me, but there were so many more here, and the interest was so blatant!

So I played to them just like Cassie did, and when she grabbed my ass I grabbed hers and we kind of ground together while the guys whistled and applauded.

“Take it off! Take it off!” they shouted.

Cassie having had more than me grabbed my boob, and then undid the single button and jerked my shirt open before I could stop her. I yanked it shut again, blushing as all the nearby guys shouted and applauded. Then she untied her own shirt and arched her back, showing off to them all.

In fact, about a third of the girls still there by then were now dancing in just their bras, having removed their blouses! No way I was going to do that!

Cassie grabbed me a short time later and shouted in my ear about another party. I was reluctant but followed her up the street. This one looked like it had been wild but there was only about a dozen or so people left, and I was disappointed. By then it was after two in the morning, though, and I figured I'd be heading

back to the dorm soon anyway.

But the music was good, and you could actually talk to people without screaming. They had a keg, though, and wanted it finished before the night was done. That was when they started challenging people to drink from a hose attached to it. These were football types, big guys, and I saw them lifting a redhead up by the legs and holding her upside down as she held the hose to her mouth.

That looked funny, and so of course, Cassie had to try it too. Of course, unlike the redhead, who'd been wearing shorts, Cassie was wearing a short pleated skirt, which immediately fell open to reveal her pink panties.

I want you to know I did not volunteer for that! But somehow or other I got hauled up and lifted into the air by shouting guys and turned upside down! My skirt wasn't loose and pleated like Cassie's, but it still started to slide down, and unlike her I was wearing a lacy black thong underneath!

I was trying to grab my hem with one hand, forgetting, of course, that my shirt, being held together by just one button between the breasts, would also fall down. In fact, it fell down around my armpits, showing off my black bra. That didn't exactly disappoint the guys, of course. Nobody took advantage of the opportunity, though, and they set me down rightside up as soon as I'd drank from the tube.

I was a bit embarrassed, at least, at the time, but a couple of the girls were only wearing bras anyway, and everyone was having a good time, and the atmosphere was, well, fun. A couple of the other girls there had apparently come from a cops and robbers party. They were wearing blue short shorts and tight, low cut blue tops that said 'police' in yellow stitching, as well as toy holsters and guns.

I'm not sure where the idea started that freshmen had to be initiated but it was these two 'cops' who were in the lead in enforcing it. The music was playing loud and everyone was laughing and enjoying themselves, and it wasn't like I felt threatened when I was kind of yanked out of my seat and this girl pulled my hands behind my back and handcuffed them.

The thing is the handcuffs were real. Oh, they weren't real cop handcuffs. They were like, puffy black furred things, but they still did the job of locking my wrists together behind my back, and Cassie's too. So they put us together face to

face and told us to kiss, which was no big deal at all, but then this guy in a black suit with a fedora said the girl who was the sexiest would be let go and the other one would get spanked.

Cassie was feeling no pain, of course, and we kissed pretty enthusiastically while the others laughed and yelled suggestions. She started trying to kiss and bite the nape of my neck, and was getting all slobbery.

“This isn't sexy! I feel like I'm being attacked by a vampire!” I shouted.

Everyone laughed, and Cassie bent over and tried mouthing my breast instead, through my shirt. I stumbled back a little amid the laughter, and half fell against a chair, and Cassie then fell to her knees and started pretending to perform oral sex on me! Actually it wasn't that much of a pretense, since my skirt had ridden up and she rubbed her face against it to push it higher and then started licking me through my panties until I shoved her way with my legs!

But then everyone agreed she was sexier! And that meant I had to get spanked!

At least they didn't have a guy doing it. It was one of those dark haired girls in the slutty police outfits. But I still wound up across her lap with my butt in the air, and then everyone said of course it had to be a bare bottom spanking!

She tried to pull my skirt up but like I said, it was right, and already rolled up at the waist, and I was squirming and yelling, and so instead she wound up pulling it down! The bitch! So my skirt slid down around my knees and everyone could see my bare buttocks!

My protests were hardly audible through all the shouts, laughter and music, and the girl started slapping my butt hard enough to make me yelp and squirm even more!

The guys loved that, of course. In fact, even through the tangled hair spilling all around my face I noticed the front of one guy's pants was bulging suspiciously as he watched!

Well, I do have a great ass. I have to say that.

She had spanked me several times, and that was going to be enough, because she pushed me off and I tried to stand but kind of fell because of the skirt around my

knees. And then someone knocked a cup of beer off the table next to us and it fell on my shirt.

There was a lout of jostling and shouting and laughing going on amidst the music. Cassie, I think it was, undid the button at the front of the shirt and pulled it back over my shoulders, and then the girl undid the cuffs, or at least, one of them, and I felt the shirt pulled off.

I was, you understand, more than a bit ... uhm, well, not drunk, but feeling no pain anyway. But even though a couple of the girls were only in bras that didn't mean I wanted to be! Well, not... exactly. I protested, but I knew in my heart it was sort of pro forma, because I didn't want to be seen as one of those prudish type of girls, you know, and anyway, my shirt was soaked with beer!

But I couldn't help feeling kind of excited, kind of like an exhibitionist, I mean, standing there in my bra! And of course, I was still trying to get my skirt back up! That was when one of the football guys grabbed me around the waist and lifted me into the air as though I weighed nothing, and then set me down on a pool table!

“Dance! Dance!” him and another guy shouted.

“No way!” I shouted back.

My skirt had fallen off and one of the cop girls grabbed it and swung it in the air.

“If you want your skirt back you have to dance for us!” she shouted.

They were all laughing and, well what could I do? I mean, I was feeling very brazen, very... sexual, and while I was embarrassed I was also feeling kind of high, kind of like excited and sexy and everything. I mean, shit. I was only wearing this lacy french bra with half cups, and a matching little thong, one that was really just a small V of fabric with two thin little strings angling up steeply across my hips. In back, of course, the V was inverted, and smaller.

It was one thing to wear that under your clothes, or with a special guy, but quite another to be up on a fucking brightly lit pool table with a dozen people staring at you!

The girls around the table were kind of dancing as if to show me what to do, and

so I just kind of started dancing right up there on the pool table with nothing on but my sexy black bra and thong... and fuzzy handcuffs hanging from one wrist.

I could hardly believe it was me doing it! This was just so wild for me! I wasn't that kind of girl! But circumstances had kind of conspired and, well, there was nothing for it but to dance half naked on the pool table.

Of course, the inevitable cries of "Take it off! Take it off!" began, but no way I was listening to that! I wasn't that drunk! I felt slutty and wild enough in my underwear!

I noticed Cassie had lost her clothes, except for her pink panties and bra, but at least she wasn't wearing a thong, and her bra was less lacy and offered more coverage than mine. I figured I'd danced enough and tried to get down, but I wound up on someone's shoulder and got a slap on the bottom as he swung me around.

Someone shouted something like "More spanking!" or other, and then as I was set on the floor my arms were pulled back behind me and cuffed again.

Several people had left, and that left just me and Cassie and the two cop girls, along with six guys. Cassie had told them about my 'taste test' remark at the other party, and so then they decided to do a kissing thing which meant all the six guys got to kiss me while the cop girls held me in place.

That was uhm, partly embarrassing, but kind of exciting, to be honest, even though for the most part, they weren't that good, being kind of drunk. Still, I was in my little black lace bra and thong, with my hands bound behind me, and there were all these guys, big strong ones, kissing me one after another!

They weren't exactly being gentle, either! While the two cop girls held my arms one guy after another would come up and mash his lips against mine. Half of them slid their fingers through my hair to pull my lips against them, and more than a few slid their arms around me to draw my body in tight while we kissed.

At least the cop girls stopped them when their hands slid down to fondle my butt, but they didn't do it instantly. I mean, the guys were able to knead my bottom for several seconds apiece before the cop girls shoved their hands off. That was... strangely exciting, even while being embarrassing. It was like I was being a total slut, and yet not doing anything I needed to be guilty of.

And it was like I was this helpless prisoner, half naked, being kissed and groped by a bunch of guys! Which was a pretty kinky fantasy! And yet I felt safe with the girls there.

Yeah it was exciting! I was doing my best to pretend otherwise, but with my face flushed and the stupid grin on my face I don't think I was convincing anyone! My nipples were rock hard inside my lacy little french bra cups, and they tingled and throbbed each time someone's hands squeezed my ass.

But then one of the cops came up with the idea that in order to be released I had to be able to identify the guys kissing me. So they started looking for a blindfold, but then the other girl said they should just do a kind of "Seven minutes in heaven" thing in the nearby closet.

Nobody asked me my opinion!

I got hustled into the closet, and then someone was shoved in with me. I didn't even know who it was! Suddenly there were big guy with his arms around me and a mouth on mine and we were kissing! I didn't really resist the kissing part, since he was pretty good at it, but I felt my pulse racing, and a wild dark thrill was seeping through my mind as his fingers slid through my hair and tilted my head back, then his lips crushed mine.

His other hand suddenly landed on my ass. I moaned into his mouth, kind of twisting against him, but he had my hair in his hand to hold me tight, and his hand on my ass was kind of helping, too, and well, guys had been grabbing my ass all night. Though of course, then it was through my skirt. Still, I was more excited than outraged as he kneaded my bare bottom and his tongue and mine slid together in my mouth.

Then that hand on my ass slid up to cup my breast, and tugged the cup down! My eyes widened and I tried to twist free again as I felt his hand engulf my bare breast and start squeezing it, but I was still more excited than afraid. In fact, the feel of his hand on my bare breast sent a jolt of sexual heat through my body that left me momentarily breathless!

Another jolt quickly followed as he dropped his mouth from mine and just as I was starting to gather the breath to protest I felt his mouth come down on my bare breast, felt his hot breath, then his lips and teeth, and a moment later, his tongue licking at me erect nipple!

“Oh!” was about all I could say to that!

Meanwhile the hand which had been fondling my breast slid down my belly and right into my thong! That sent another shock-wave through me! I knew I should do something, should shout, protest, try to stop him, but the excitement trampled through my mind, making it almost impossible to form a coherent thought!

“D-Don't!” I said in a low, gasping moan.

His fingers were already rubbing my clit as he sucked at my nipple!

His hands, though, were moving all over me, and so was his mouth! I was dazed, my mind spinning in turmoil between embarrassment and hunger and the need to not be seen as a slut. I mean, whether I wanted to do this sort of thing or not I had to refuse or everyone would call me a slut!

At least, that was the way it was in high school. But I wasn't in high school any more! I didn't know any of these people, and none of them knew my family or friends back home, not even Cassie!

Who was a slut!

Or at least, from some of the things she'd told me she'd done she sure wasn't any shrinking violet!

It was hard to think! I mean, if my hands weren't cuffed I'd have been more able to control what he did, but those furry cuffs weren't letting my wrists go, and so there was nothing to do short of screaming and kneeling him in the balls. And I didn't want to do that!

My nipple, as he sucked on it, felt so incredibly tense and throbbing and ... I mean, his mouth engulfed the center of my breast, his lips closed, and he was sucking hard as his tongue stroked over my quivering nipple! And his fingers were rubbing at my clitoris!

I moaned helplessly, gulping in air, as his fingers raced over my body, trembling and gasping as the heat swirled and churned within my mind and belly.

Then there was a knock at the door.

“Time's up!” a girl shouted.

I felt my bra being tugged back into place, then the door opened. I swayed in place, leaning against the wall as he left and someone else came in. He was wearing a ski mask, I saw, before the door closed.

Then he was all over me! His hands tugged my bra down and then he began to squeeze and lick and suck on my breasts as he pushed me against the wall. He sank to his knees and I gasped as he pulled aside the crotch of my thong. I squirmed and twisted as his mouth pushed in against me, and then his lips were sucking on my clitoris!

I was a fucking goner then. I felt his fingers pushing into me as he licked excitedly on my clit, and all I could do was lean back against the wall, legs back, and gurgle helplessly, my head rolling from side to side as I felt his mouth eating away at me!

It was still pitch black in there, and I could see nothing, could only feel as his tongue stroked at my clit and his fingers pushed in and out of my very wet pussy.

I fell, almost. I mean, my legs got rubbery, and I kind of fell into him. He caught me, and then his lips were on mine as he kissed me passionately, holding me against him as we knelt there together in the closet.

He jerked back on my hair, then, forcing my head back, making my back arch as he bit and sucked and chewed at the nape of my neck, his fingers mauling my breast. Then he pulled me back even more and his mouth started sucking on my burning nipples!

“Time's up!” the woman called.

I moaned, feeling him tug the crotch of my thong back into place, and pull up my bra. . He stood up as the door was opening, and was replaced by another guy. I groaned as I felt his hands in my thick hair, pulling me forward, felt my face in against his crotch.

I heard a zipper going down, and felt another shock-wave ripple through me. Then I felt the soft head of a cock rubbing against my cheek.

“Suck me!” he growled.

I moaned, and his cock pushed into my mouth. What else could I do but close my lips around it and start sucking as it slid over my tongue!? And anyway, it wasn't as if sucking some hot guy's cock was such a terrible thing to do.

But here's the thing, I had sucked cocks before, even when I was feeling pretty hot and drunk, but I'd never done it with such an incredible feel of arousal! I felt completely helpless, like everything had spiraled out of control and I didn't know what was going to happen next! And the way he was tugging and pulling on my hair would, in previous times have pissed me off. Not now.

Now it just made me feel like I was on a wild, breathless thrill ride! This was so dark and exciting and unlike anything I'd ever done before in my life! See, unless you've got a long-time boyfriend, having sex with a guy is a very choreographed set of decisions based on wanting to not get a bad reputation, or have him think you were a slut.

But none of that counted here! I didn't even know these guys, nor did anywhere there know me, except Cassie, but Cassie was a wild girl who'd done plenty of slutty things herself and wasn't about to judge me. And anyway, even she didn't know any of the people in my life who might judge me.

I was alone on this thrill ride, and didn't have to care about what this guy, whoever he was, thought of me in the morning, or whether I'd get a reputation. Nor did it matter, really, because the only thing I could do, under the circumstances, was... well, whatever he wanted me to do!

If he hadn't been doing a thing, if I had been just kneeling there on my own, I'd have been pretty much shaking with the intensity of the sexual heat and pressure bubbling and boiling away inside me. I felt like my consciousness was melting into this submissive sex girl thing, where my body was his to do with as he chose and I was his handcuffed prisoner!

And that didn't scare me at all. It just turned me on even more!

Oh, a part of me knew I shouldn't be doing this, for sure. But all that did was contribute a kind of sense of shock and outrageousness at what was going on which only fed my heat. So as his thick cock slid along my tongue and through my lips I sucked hungrily, moaning in heat around the shaft, my tongue licking eagerly along the head, and then the shaft as he pushed deeper.

But I had never sucked a cock in this way, without my hands available, and without the ability to guide my movements. Instead his hands gripped my hair rightly, and his hips moved in and out, kind of confusing me in my efforts to concentrate on the head. His cock pushed into me again and again, in a way I hadn't ever experienced, and I found that both confusing and once again, really exciting.

I had only a moment to realize what was happening as the spongy feeling head of his cock pushed deep into my throat. I was so aroused, though, that the wave of heat and shocked excitement as he pulled me forward by the hair while thrusting into me overcame my gag reflex, at least, most of it.

I gurgled as I felt his pants against my lips, against my nose. I was shocked once more, and that was holding off my mind from panicking, or doing anything else. Mind you, I also couldn't breath, nor could I pull back as he held me tightly against him.

But he finally pulled back, as my heart pounded, his cock slid up my throat, so slick and slippery that the sensation was in itself arousing, and helped to restrain my gag reflex. When the head popped out of my throat, though, I gasped and choked a bit, saliva pouring over my lower lip as he rubbed himself against my face.

He didn't leave me a lot of time to catch my breath, jerking back on my hair and pushing himself into my open mouth once more, and pumping in and out only a few times before plunging straight down my throat again.

This time he started stroking, his cock using my throat as if it was my pussy, pumping in and out again and again while my mind spun and my chest burned for lack of air. He came, I think. At least, he pulled out, and there was nothing in my mouth or on my face as I half fell against the wall, gasping for breath, light-headed.

I stumbled weakly to my feet, falling against the wall as the door opened and he went out. The next guy came in, and I moaned into his mouth as he kissed me hard, his hands racing over my body. My bra was tugged down under my breasts, and I whimpered and moaned as he sucked and chewed on my breasts.

Then I was abruptly turned around and my face pushed against the wall. He jerked my hips back, and pulled the crotch of my thong aside, and a moment

later, I cried out as I felt him entering me.

Fuck! That was the word which came to mind, which filled my mind. Once again, I was shocked, filled with disbelief, and then a scalding heat at the outrageousness of it as his cock slid up deep into my overheated pussy.

I moaned, drooling on the wall as he jerked back on my hips and began to thrust almost immediately. If I wasn't so wet it would have hurt, but I was more than prepared. I was over-prepared, and could only whimper and moan in dazed pleasure as his cock slid into me again and again and his hips started to slap against my buttocks.

I gasped as he jerked back on my hair, as his other hand came around and started groping my breast, as his cock thrust into me hard and fast. It was the roughest, wildest, most shocking sex I'd ever had and my insides were burning up as my body shook and shuddered to the force of it.

The noise, even in the closet, of the music, was intense. I know no one outside would have heard anything we were doing. We could barely hear it ourselves. But I could hear my own ragged panting and moaning as that cock drove up into my pussy. I felt like a total whore, and yet something inside me exulted in that feeling!

Where was the shame and guilt!? Was it because I was essentially helpless? Or was it just that I was so aroused it didn't matter?

He was biting and chewing on the side of my throat as he fucked me, and I felt the churning pressure of all those sensations amid all that heat threaten to explode inside me. And then, of course, it did just that. I had a massive orgasm that, if I hadn't been nearly breathless, would have had me screaming all through it.

As it was all I could do was gurgle and moan and sob with the intensity of the sensations flooding my body and mind, as this guy, this ... guy, fucked me hard, jerked back on my hair, and mashed my breast in a way which should have been painful but wasn't.

God, I felt blasted! I don't mean from the beer, either! I was blasted by the incredible force of that orgasm! It stunned me and left me in a state of addled confusion even as he finished and left me. I had never had an orgasm during sex

before, and this one left me dazed. I sagged to my knees, and moaned even as another guy came in and another cock pushed into my mouth.

When the door was opened there was a kind of argument among people. And as the 'police' girls hauled me up and out my thong, which had at some point been pulled down, slid down to my ankles, tripping me up until my feet came free.

That left me wearing nothing but a bra, which was pulled down below my breasts, and a pair of stockings.

Rules had been broken, or something like that. I was still kind of dazed by it all, still panting and flushed and trying to figure out what was happening. I was horribly embarrassed to be naked out in the open, out in the light, stunned, gasping, glazed eyes looking around wildly. But I wound up across one of the cop girls laps being spanked again, harder than before.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Ow! Stop!” I gasped, wriggling in her lap.

“Sorry, but you've violated rule One Forty Seven Dash nine, being a slut without an official license,” she said, bringing her hand down sharply against my bare ass.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Yeah, you weren't allowed to fuck those guys we sent in,” said the other. “You were just supposed to test their kissing!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

My ass was getting hot and sore! I squirmed and wriggled, but my hands were still cuffed behind me.

Crack!

“I didn't do it! They did it!”

Crack!

“You both did it, slut!”

Crack!

“But I couldn't stop them!”

Crack!

“Did you try?”

Crack! Crack!

“I was handcuffed!”

“So which one of them fucked you?” she demanded.

Of course, she wasn't being serious. None of them was. I was just too befuddled, and of course, somewhat drunk, to get my mind to function. There was no sign of Cassie, who, I found out later, had gone upstairs to have sex with a guy. One of the couples had left, so the only people left were the two cop girls and four guys, none of whom I knew.

“I don't know!” I panted.

Crack! Crack!

“Which one did you suck! I can see come on your mouth!” the girl demanded.

Crack! Crack!

“I don't know!” I moaned.

Crack! Crack!

“Well, you'll have to identify them so we can punish them too,” the girl spanking me said.

“How is she supposed to do that?” one of the guys asked in amusement.

“We'll have a lineup!” the second girl said. “You guys stand right there, side by side! That's right! Now drop your pants!”

The guys laughed and did it as the two girls dressed like slutty cops dragged me onto the floor and set me up on my knees in front of them.

“Now do you recognize the nasty cock which used your mouth?” one of the girls demanded.

“It was dark!” I complained.

“Well, maybe you can remember it if you feel it in your mouth again.”

I gasped as she pushed my head forward. The four guys were all at least semi hard now, and as my lips slid around the cock of the guy in front of me it hardened almost immediately.

“Does this taste familiar?” the girl asked, pushing me further forward so his cock pushed deep into my mouth.

She pulled me back, and I gasped, gulping in air as she turned my head. The four guys had kind of moved in closer, at a sort of semi-circle, and a second cock pushed into my mouth as the girl held my hair tightly. This one slid right down my throat, and I gurgled dazedly before the girl pulled me back.

Then my head was turned in the other direction, and another cock slid into my mouth, and right down my throat. Again and again she turned my head from side to side, even as the second girl knelt beside me and slid her gloved hand in between my trembling thighs to finger my clit.

She was wearing a blue leather glove, and the leather was soft and felt incredible against my clit as she rubbed it up and down.

“Nasty blonde slut,” she said amid the music and laughter, “You tell us which cock was the guilty party!”

I was getting light-headed again as each cock pushed into my throat and robbed me of breath. I barely heard the suggestion from someone that I would maybe have an easier time recognizing the cock which had fucked me, but suddenly I was bent over.

“Spread your legs, slut!” one of the girls ordered, slapping my bottom until I obeyed.

Then there was a guy kneeling behind me, and even as my face lowered to the floor I shuddered as I felt his cock piercing me, penetrating me, and sliding deep into my pussy. Then as he started to thrust in and out my hair was yanked up, lifting my head and upper torso off the floor.

“She can go on testing the cocks in front of her while she tries to identify the one who fucked her,” one of the girls said as a guy knelt in front of me.

With my upper body held aloft mostly by the hair, my mouth was open, and his cock slid right into it.

Hands kneaded and fondled my breasts, and pinched and rolled my nipples as the two girls held me, one on either side, and the two guys fucked me hard and deep. I shuddered and moaned dazedly, the sexual pressure and heat rapidly building up once again even before one of the girls slid her hand in to start rubbing my clitoris.

When the orgasm came the cock in my mouth was deep in my throat, and my head was already pounding from lack of oxygen. Somehow that intensified the explosive release of sensations and pleasure and I screamed and screamed – silently, because my throat was blocked, as the climax howled through me like a hurricane.

The rest of what happened there became a blur. I felt drunk, though it was more a sexual fever combined with lack of breath, and a sense of dazed shock. But I got my first taste of pussy as I was ordered to lick both the girls who were dressed like cops to orgasm while they slouched on a chair. Meanwhile, guys fucked me from behind.

It didn't take as long as you might think. It wasn't like there were a lot of slow, lingering moments, after all. It was all raw, hot, non-stop action that never let me catch my breath or try to figure out what I should be doing or saying.

By the time Cassie was done with the guy who was fucking her, My thong had been pulled back up and my bra pulled down, and one of the girls was fastening my blouse together over my skirt. We stumbled out of there together (I still don't know where we were) and back home to the dorm.

I wasn't entirely clear with Cassie what had happened except it had been wild and crazy, and once I calmed down I started getting a lot more indignant about

what they'd all done to me. But I couldn't hide from myself the memories of just how incredibly aroused I had been, or just how intense the orgasms had been.

And all of that, by far and away the wildest, most intense sexual time of my life, had been done with my wrists cuffed together behind my back.

I worried for days afterward that people would talk, that someone would find out what I'd done, but there was never anything I became aware of. A few years later I came across a few very graphic, X-rated pictures of myself on the internet which almost gave me a heart attack. Fortunately, they were taken from behind or the sides, and with my hair being long, thick and tangled, very little of my face was visible.

The only immediate consequence of what had happened was that my interest in sex had risen about a thousand percent. And it wasn't just any kind of sex, either. It was that kind of sex! The kinky, hands behind the back, hair pulling kind!

Unfortunately, away from that particular moment in time, that particular permissive, wild instance, my inhibitions reasserted themselves. There was no way I could confess to anyone my interest in that sort of thing, especially not to some guy I might have just met at a party and was, you know, fooling around with. I wasn't about to stop and ask him to tie me up or something!

It wasn't until the following year that I was able to find a way to reignite that same fiery sexual heat within myself again. Oh, I'd had sex with several guys during that year, of course. But none of them had rocked me like that time had. They'd all been fairly ordinary with fairly ordinary boys.

Professor Sanders was not an ordinary boy. He wasn't a boy at all. He was kind of a prick of a man who seldom gave us much of a break. He was an English professor, and I didn't even want to take English, but it was mandatory. I had skipped any number of his classes, not finding the subject matter particularly hard anyway, and doing the bare minimum.

The problem was, well, as I said, he was a prick. And he resented students from other disciplines taking his classes for granted and doing just enough to skate by. And unlike my other classes, a lot about English, about writing stories and reports and the like, was something of a judgment call. Which left him free to be as severe as he wanted to in his marking.

My obvious disrespect for his classes had irked him, and he was being especially severe in his marking, severe enough I was very much in danger of failing his class. That was most definitely not something I wanted to do, for it would not only look bad on my record but I'd have to take it all over again! What a colossal waste of time that would be!

So I went to his office when I got my mark in hopes of convincing him to bump it up a notch. I mean, yeah, he was a prick, and known for being a prick, but I was used to guys being nice to me. It didn't matter how old they were, or that they had no hope of sex.

Guys tended to be nice to me, whether they were bus drivers, store clerks, or cops talked out of giving me speeding tickets. It didn't even matter that there was no chance whatsoever of sex. If I smiled and looked sad, guys tended to want to be nice to me.

I brushed my hair till it shone before going to see Sanders. I was wearing a denim dress which had a zipper running all down the front, a blue scarf that went well with my hair, and a pair of knee length suede boots.

Sanders didn't get a lot of visitors, mostly because he had a waspish nature and was not very helpful. He'd usually just tell you to read the text, or point out the information was in one of his lectures and if you hadn't taken notes then you should seek out a classmate who had and stop wasting his time.

He also only very rarely gave extensions, and even less rarely changed his mark or gave you a chance to do work to improve it.

He was handsome enough, for a guy twice my age, and reasonably well-built. But his smile was as phony as his good cheer. Everyone who dealt with him knew that. He was like one of those politicians who were always smiling and waving in public, but were backstabbing pricks in private.

So going to see him was kind of a last resort, and one I had my doubts about. He hadn't seemed like one of those men who would get all soft and gooey and paternalistic when a pretty girl turned her big eyes on him. Still, I went, fueled, in part, by indignation at a mark which I thought was way too low. Okay, I knew it hadn't been the most well thought-out report, and I hadn't put my best into it, but it sure hadn't deserved the mark he gave it!

So I showed up during his consultation hours without a lot of hope, but wanting to complain anyway.

I knocked, and eased inside a little hesitantly as he looked up from his desk.

“Sir? I wanted to ask about my mark on the midterm.”

He snorted and impatiently motioned me forward by sort of waggling his hand at me. I came in and he took the paper, looked at it briefly, then up at me.

“Yes, Miss Baxter, a well-deserved 51%,” he said, handing it back. “You barely scraped past, as usual.”

I flushed. “I thought it was better than that.”

“And when you get to mark papers your opinion of their value will have an important place.”

“But I dealt with all the questions I was supposed to answer.”

“You said to be brief!”

“I said that effective communication in the workplace requires brevity and focus, but that does not eliminate the requirement to provide all the necessary information.”

“I provided all the information!”

“Not in a form which would be easily understood. You needed to do at least a page on each question, and you didn't.”

“Maybe I was just concise enough not to need a full page!”

“Not possible.”

“But with this mark and my existing marks I'll fail the class!” I protested.

He raised his eyebrows. “So? You should fail the class. You hardly ever show up for class and you put very little effort into studying. Why would you not fail?”

I bit my lip against telling him it was a stupidly easy course.

“Because you don't see the need for it, and don't give it the respect you ought to,” he said. “You think your texting and tweeting and emails give you a more than adequate ability to communicate, like most young people today. But when you need to write a twenty or fifty page report on something you're going to find yourself at a loss.”

“I'd be typing those reports, not writing them out longhand!”

“If it's too difficult for you to wield a pen I suggest you take up exercise.”

“I do exercise,” I said, scowling.

“Exercise your right hand, then. Ask the boys. Their hands never tire.”

I scowled again. “Isn't there some way I can make this up?”

He shrugged and looked me up and down in an odd way.

“What did you have in mind?” he asked with a kind of a smug smile.

Bastard! Prick!

“Well, is there something I could do... some extra work, maybe?” I asked uncertainly.

He gave me that odd little look up and down again.

“Perhaps,” he said, which kind of surprised me.

“Like what?”

He pushed back his chair, and kind of tilted it back as he looked at me.

“Your problem, like so many other students, is your arrogance,” he said.

“Whether you're science or business or technology students, you all think you're better than the social sciences, and all dismiss English and Communication as beneath you.”

“I do not!”

I did, of course.

“You think of the requirement to be able to properly communicate in writing as a waste of time because you assume you already can, all evidence to the contrary. You use classes like mine as an opportunity to get rest, to make up time to do homework for other classes, or just to goof off. I'd punish you if I could, but the university doesn't offer up any opportunity to do that for missed classes. All I can do is mark you down for poor performance.”

He looked me up and down again, in a way which was starting to bug me.

“Of course, if there was some other means of punishment which could educate you and teach you the error of your ways, then I might be more tolerant about allowing you to do makeup tests.”

“Uhm.... some other... punishment?”

What the fuck was he getting at, I wondered.

“I've long been an admirer of the traditional English school system. Students had discipline, and learned enormously more than we do today. Why, no student graduated from university without being able to read, write and speak Latin. Did you know that?”

I didn't, but so what?

“Pity they gave up on corporal punishment. It got to the seat of the problem with lazy or impertinent young people, and swiftly corrected their misbehavior,” he said, looking at me..

I was still confused, but the idea that was slowly dawning in my head was that he was talking about, like corporal punishment, which meant, well, strapping and stuff, as in schoolboys being caned or strapped. I was sure I was wrong, even though I couldn't think of anything else he could be getting at, and I looked at him in confusion that only made him roll his eyes impatiently.

“I require that you be punished for the disrespect you have shown to me and my class this semester, Baxter,” he said. “That is the only circumstance under which I will consider giving you a chance to raise your mark.”

“Wh-what kind of punishment?”

“Punishment that gets to the seat of the problem,” he said.

I stared at him. “Are you talking about... uhm... corporal punishment?!” I demanded.

“Am I?”

“Forget it!”

“Okay,” he said, tilting his chair forward and sliding back into his desk to pick up the papers he'd been reading.

I glared at him, outraged, indignant, embarrassed, if only a little, but suddenly remembering my 'spanking' at the hands of those girls at the party last year.

“Don't worry, you'll be able to retake this class next semester,” he said.

I glared at him, and thought about the many responses swirling around my head. I could report him, I suppose. But even if it wasn't my word against his and even if the university punished him that wasn't going to help my mark any. Because everything he'd said was more or less true. I did take his stupid class for granted and didn't put much effort into it.

“So uhm, what kind of corporal punishment were you thinking about?” I asked.

I did not want to spend months more taking this stupid class! I would way rather be spanked!

He looked up from his papers.

“The disrespect shown was fairly strong, and over an extended period of time.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means the punishment will have to be rather ... severe.”

I blushed. “How severe?” I asked suspiciously.

“Enough to prick that bubble of self-importance around you.”

“I don't have – .”

“Spare me. You're a beautiful blonde teenager. You've probably been fawned over and flattered for most of your life. You expect people to give you special treatment because of that.”

“I do not!”

I did, of course.

“Then why are you here? You know my reputation. You figured I might relent for a pretty blonde in a tight dress.”

“I did not!”

“Liar,” he said in a soft voice.

I flushed.

“If you want me to go out of my way to help you make up for your laziness and disrespect you're going to have to give me something that makes it worth my while,” he said.

“Like what? I asked warily.

“Close the door and lock it,” he said.

I sucked in air, looking involuntarily over my shoulder at his office door.

I hesitated, then turned and pushed the door closed, locking it, before turning around, suddenly a lot more nervous.

“Have you ever been spanked, Miss Baxter?”

I stared at him, my flush deepening, memories of that night swirling through my mind.

“I'm seeing a reaction,” he said.

“You're a pervert!” I exclaimed.

He smiled thinly. “That is hardly a statement which will get you what you want.”

No, it wasn't, I thought.

“You're saying you want to spank me?” I gulped.

He smiled but said nothing.

“And then I'll pass.”

“If you give me what I want you'll be given the opportunity to study and retest.”

I bit my lower lip. A spanking, though humiliating, and probably a little painful, would still be better than spending hours and hours and hours doing the whole boring class again. It would also keep a fail off my record, and allow me to take the other class I wanted to take next semester.

“What do I have to do?” I asked.

“Take off that dress for one.”

“Forget it!” I gasped.

“That's the way I want it.”

I stared at him, blushing hotly, outraged, but... but feeling a tight, hot, squirming little nugget of something deep within me suddenly begin to thrum with interest. The thought of being naked and spanked, well, it resonated within me given my experience before.

But even so, no way I was going to let him do that!

“There will also be some rope involved.”

I blinked in confusion. “Rope?”

“To tie you up during the spanking.”

I gaped again, and felt even more outrage, but that hot dark something thrummed even more powerfully, so that I felt a sudden loss of breath and tightness in my chest. He was going to tie me up and spank me!

It was as if my body had a memory, as if it remembered the feelings and sensation and heat and raw, wild pleasure that it had experienced the last time I'd been tied up and spanked! I felt my pussy starting to thrum, and my nipples hardening within the cups of my bra.

“Simply give yourself to me for one hour and you can retake the test,” he said. “During which time you will learn a little... humility.”

“I can't believe you're making that kind of suggestion to me!”

“I'll deny it if you tell anyone, of course.”

I glared at him angrily.

“What's it going to be, Miss Baxter? Going to go and retake the test or go and retake the class next semester?”

“I don't want to retake the whole class!” I said, glowering.

“You should have thought about that before goofing off during this one. Now take off the dress.”

Blushing hotly, and feeling a sense of shock at myself even as I did so, I slowly

drew the zipper down the front of my dress, down past my breasts, down my smooth, flat belly, down further, to reveal the lacy blue of my thong, and then... the dress came open.

A wave of... powerful emotions swept through me, a mixture of embarrassment and a dark, seething excitement which felt almost foreign to me. I was breathless and my face flamed as I shrugged the dress over my shoulders to stand there in my navy blue bra and matching thong.

“The bra,” he said.

“Wh-what for?!” I gulped. “You're not spanking my breasts!”

“I'll spank anything I want. You're making up for your rudeness and arrogance, remember? Children get bare-bottom spankings not because it's more effective but because they remember them better for the embarrassment. Now remove the bra.”

I flushed, but a part of me actually wanted to remove my bra! I felt that seething heat rising as I reached behind me, then turned around, undoing the bra clasp, letting the straps slide over my shoulders and off.

But I felt even more embarrassed. After all, I was wearing a thong!

He stood up, and I clasped my arms over my breasts, but he turned to his closet again, then rooted around in the back and came out with a length of what looked like black rope.

“This is what I intend to use to tie you up with,” he said.

“J-just spanking?” I gulped.

“If you mean sex, that's up to you.”

I gulped.

“Turn around.”

I turned, blushing.

“Hands at your sides.”

I hesitated in an agony of indecision, then dropped my arms, blushing hotly as his eyes examined my breasts.

“You have very, very lovely breasts, Miss Baxter.”

What does a girl say to that!?

He took the rope and draped it around my neck, surprising me. Then he took the two lengths of rope and crossed them across my upper chest, and then fed them around to the outside of my breasts before drawing them in beneath, pulling, so I felt the pressure on each breast drawing them in together.

“Wh-what are you doing!?” I gasped.

“You're making it up to me for showing such disrespect,” he said.

“But...”

“I like tying pretty girls up,” he said. “Don't worry. It won't cause you any harm.”

I was a little flabbergasted, to be honest, but that thrumming excitement was still present, and continuing to grow, despite my embarrassment. I gulped as he took the two lengths of rope up between my breasts, then circled them back on themselves so that they formed two loops squeezing in lightly around the base of my breasts.

He circled them a second time, then, and tightened them a little more. I could feel my breasts starting to throb hotly, and the nipples were already rock hard as he crossed the ropes just below my breasts, holding them taut. Then he just looked at me for a long moment.

“I'll want the thong off too.”

I felt a hot rush of panic, embarrassment, and more dark heat.

“Wh-why!? You can spank me with them on!”

“I can, but I don't want to.”

I stared at him helplessly, and he reached down with one hand and I felt him grip the waistband, tugging it down. I squeaked and grabbed it, but he glared at me.

“Let them down, Baxter,” he growled.

Feeling slightly faint, I dropped my hands and he pushed my thong down. Once the elastic waistband had slipped over my hips the thong slid down around my ankles.

He smiled and fed the two ropes down further, dropping his eyes.

“Lovely,” he said, making me blush even more.

He lowered the ropes to my pussy, then seemed to examine either it or them before lifting the rope up again. He tied a knot in it, then lowered it again, nodding as if in satisfaction, before feeding the dual ropes down further, down between my thighs. He passed them through, then gripped them with his other hand and pulled them up behind me.

“Turn,” he ordered.

I turned, eyes wide, my pulse racing.

“Cross your wrists.”

I obeyed, feeling another rush of heat as I felt him pulling the ropes up and encircling first one wrist, then the other. He pulled harder, then a little harder still. I felt the pressure of the rope pulling up against my crotch, then gasped as the two ropes dug into my pussy and pulled up between the lips of my sex!

“Oh!” I gasped. “W-wait!”

“Just stand still. I'm almost done.”

I stared down between my legs. The two ropes disappeared between my bare little pussy lips, but more importantly, they seemed to... to frame my clitoris, squeezing in on it from both sides. The knot he'd tied in the rope was just touching the top of my clit, which was swollen and throbbing! Had he done this

on purpose!?

I felt each individual layer, each loop of rope going around my wrists, laying down side by side, firm, but not tight. Then he started tightening it, and I felt the tightness pulling up harder against my pussy even as the ropes tightened around my wrists.

“Excellent,” he said. “Just one more thing.”

He went back to the closet, and emerged with what looked like a stress ball which had a cord driven through it. He gripped my hair and tugged it back, and I gasped, my mouth opening wide.

“Open wider,” he said, pushing the ball against my open mouth.

I stared at him in shock.

“We don't want anyone outside the door hearing you, now do we? That would be embarrassing to both of us.”

The ball, a kind of squishy, spongy rubber, was being forced into my mouth as he spoke, my jaws held wide. It compressed to fit through my teeth, then expanded again, filling my mouth, pressing down against my tongue and up against the roof of my mouth. He pulled the cord around behind my head, using his finger to ease my hair out from under it, then tied it behind my head as I stood there somewhat dazedly.

“Oh yes, one final thing,” he said.

He opened his desk and came out with something that looked a bit like a shoelace. It was a thin black cord, and he tied a loop in it, then to my shock, brought the loop down to my rigid right nipple, encircled it, and slowly tightened it.

I squealed as it tightened hard, stinging, crushing, squishing, and making my nipple burn hotly! I twisted a little and pulled, but that did nothing as he tied another knot in it and then repeated his actions, closing the loop tightly around my other nipple!

I tried to complain, to yell, but my voice had been reduced to muffled and

incomprehensible sounds by the gag. He hummed to himself as he fed the cord up to the cord piercing the ball thing, tying each side off there.

“Now for your spanking,” he said.

He drew his chair out from behind the desk and sat down.

“Now, across my lap, Baxter,” he said.

I didn't hesitate, because I was horribly embarrassed at him seeing me naked. At least bent over he wouldn't be able to see my front side! At least, not very well!

Right away I discovered some of the issues with the way I was tied up. The cords tied to my nipples meant that if my head pulled back, the cord tied to my gag, jerked back on my nipples. And with my wrists tied to the rope leading between my legs, pulling against that rope pulled the rope sharply between my legs.

It also kind of set the two ropes squeezing in against my clit from either side to rubbing against it at the same time, drew the knot down across my clitoris, and pulled against my breasts! All of these sensations assaulted me as I sort of half fell across his lap, along with the wild shock of emotions which ran the gamut between horrible embarrassment and wild dark excitement.

“You have a lovely bottom, Miss Baxter,” he said, resting his hand on it. “I have no doubt many people have worshiped it from afar for quite some time.”

Crack!

His hand slapped down sharply and I squealed into the gag, my legs kicking automatically, my head jerking up and back, my wrists jerking against the rope binding them.

More sensations rippled through my body from my nipples, my breasts, and my clitoris!

The dark heat within my belly churned excitedly, and flushed hot, sensual waves of passion up into my brain.

His hand went back to my ass, rubbing, caressing, kneading my buttocks.

“Now I am of the firm belief that in order to improve, one must admit ones flaws,” he said.

Crack! His hand slapped down again, and I couldn't repress the involuntary responses of my body, jerking my feet and head and wrists as his hand massaged my bottom again.

“That means I want you to admit your error,” he said.

Crack!

Again his hand slapped down sharply on my bottom, then kneaded my buttocks.

“I realize you're gagged,” he said. “But if you form the words and speak them loudly enough I will understand.”

Crack!

“So do it. I want to hear you say the words.”

Crack!

I moaned, twisting and wriggling helplessly.

“Ah, what words to say? Simple enough. You will say, I'm a bad girl, Sir, and I need to be spanked.”

Crack!

I winced and flinched and moaned.

“Go ahead, say it.”

Crack!

I moaned again.

“Say it.”

Crack!

“Say the words, slut,” he said, gripping my hair and jerking my head up and back sharply.

I gasped in shock, both at the pain to my scalp, at the sharp tug on my aching nipples, and at the words! It was outrageous! Yet I felt the same sort of sense of outrage I had when I had been spanked before! That is, a wild, dark, seething cauldron of sensation and emotions!

“Say it.”

“I'm a bad girl, sir!” I cried, or tried to.

In truth, the words were kind of clear to me but they were so muffled and so ... slurred and inarticulate I don't know how he could have recognized them.

Crack!

“Again, slut.”

The word jolted something in my belly, but in a dark, hungry way.

“I'm a bad girl, sir!” I cried.

Crack!

“Again.”

“I'm a bad girl, sir!”

“And I need to be spanked,” he said.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I moaned and wriggled, my body overheating. I could feel how slick my pussy was around the ropes digging up into me, could feel them sliding back and forth as my wrists pulled. And... and I was pulling against them deliberately! I mean, not really consciously, at least, not at first, but... but the sensations were so intense with my throbbing clitoris caught between those two ropes that I couldn't ignore it!

Crack!

As his hand cracked down I let my entire body react, jerking against him, my feet jumping, my wrists... jerking. I shuddered as the ropes squeezing in against my clitoris on either side slid downward, then almost cried out as the knot ground across it. I jerked my wrists back in and back and the ropes slid back again.

Crack!

And then I repeated my actions, breathless, heart pounding, blood racing as my bottom began to burn like fire!

I jerked my head up each time, too, and each time I did it pulled against my throbbing, burning nipples! God, it stung! But it stung in an incredibly wild, sensually erotic way that almost took my breath away!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I twisted and writhed and moaned as he spanked me, my body burning up, beads of sweat appearing on my forehead and upper chest, on my spine and between my legs.

“Again,” he growled. “Let me hear the words, slut.”

I shuddered, gulping in ragged breaths of air.

“I'm a bad girl, sir!” I moaned into the gag. “I need to be spanked!”

Crack!

“Again!”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

It was too much! With so many incredible sensations assaulting me on a continuous basis my nervous system had a massive meltdown and I exploded into orgasm! The good thing about the ball thing in my mouth was that I didn't have to really control myself so much. I continued to buck and twist and writhe and sob in heated pleasure as the orgasm shattered my mind and blew through me like a hurricane.

I screamed, or at least, made a lot of wild noises. I wasn't really paying a lot of attention as I jerked on my arms and head to keep the sensations flooding into me even as his hand continued to slap down against my red, burning bottom.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I went a little limp as the orgasm faded, and then his spanking eased, but even more shocking, I felt his hand slide down to cup and fondle my breast! It was hot and throbbing in the loop of the ropes, and his hand kneading it sent a hot jolt of outraged heat through my mind. I moaned and squirmed, and that brought another sharp slap to my bottom.

Then he seized the rope which led down from my wrists, down between my legs and up my front, and tugged on it sharply. I gasped as the two ropes ground down across my clit, then brought the knot across it. He released the rope then pulled it again, and again, and again, in sharp, quick motions that had my legs flailing and jerking as the raw, overpowering sensations burned through my mind.

My clitoris was sore and hot and way too sensitive just then for that kind of thing!

He kind of spilled me off his lap and onto my knees in front of him, and I saw finally how hot his eyes were, how hungry and dark they were. I felt a shudder run through me as he pushed me back, then untied the cords which were bound to the gag. He looked at me, smiled, and then pulled on the cords. I squealed as my nipples burned, as they were stretched up, and tried to force myself up off my knees to ease the pressure.

He chuckled, easing the pull, pushing me back, then reached behind my head and untied the cord there. He gripped the ball sticking partly out of my mouth and slowly worked it free, leaving me gasping and panting for breath.

Then he unzipped his fly!

My stomach gave a lurch and the breath kind of left me as he pulled his cock out. It was long and thick and hard and I gaped at it in something like disbelief. But at the same time I felt that wild dark heat rush up through my body again as he pulled on my hair, guiding me forward.

I moaned as he rubbed it back and forth across my lips, then let out a cry of pain as he jerked back on my hair.

“Let me hear you say it again... slut,” he said softly.

I gaped at him, panting, and he jerked on my hair again.

“Say it.”

“I-I'm a bad girl, sir!” I gasped in a choked voice.

He thrust his cock into my open mouth, and I gurgled and moaned around it, but did nothing to hinder him as he pushed it deep. In fact, the heat began to swirl and churn within me again almost immediately, and I closed my lips to suck and lick as he reached down and gripped the cords tied still tied to my nipples.

I moaned around his cock as he stood up, holding the cords, letting my head fall back. He gathered up my hair into a kind of thick topknot and then gathered up the cords again, and used both to pull me forward onto his cock.

I sucked frantically, moaning, licking as he began to pump in and out, pulling on my hair and nipples in time to his strokes. The sexual heat in me was so powerful, so intense, it felt almost like I was drunk on it!

And then he pulled me in by hair and nipples as he thrust forward, and his thick, spit-wet cock pushed into my throat, and slid down it! My eyes bulged, and I tried to back up, but could do nothing against the twin pulls on my nipples and hair. I gurgled and choked a little, then stared at his crotch as my face was jammed against it.

“Every inch, you slut,” he growled. “Swallow every inch!”

It wasn't like I had a choice!

I moaned, rolling my eyes up at him as he completely blocked my air passage with his thick, throbbing cock. He looked back down, his face intense, obviously feeling a great sense of power over me. I felt the same, only in the opposite. I felt this incredible sense of being helpless, of being controlled, his to do with as he chose!

He pulled me back, and slid his hips back, and the long, thick length of him slipped free, letting my gulp in air as I coughed and gasped for breath.

“Your body was made to pleasure men, Baxter,” he said. “You're wasted doing anything else. You could make a fortune in the sex trade.”

My arms jerked instinctively, pulling the knot down over my clit, tugging on my breasts...

He turned me around, pressing my hips against his desk, then spread my legs while bending forward himself. The desk was against the wall, and there was a flower hanging from a hook. He took the flower pot down and then pulled on the cord pinching my nipples. As I bent over, he pulled it up, and slipped it across the hook, then he eased back.

“Lovely,” he said.

Crack! His hand slapped my bottom again.

“Do you want my cock inside that hot little pussy of yours, Baxter?”

He cupped my hot, moist sex, squeezing it lightly.

“Do you?”

“Y-Y-Yes!” I gasped.

Crack!

“Yes, sir,” he said.

“Yes, sir!” I half sobbed.

“Beg for it. Beg for it, slut.”

“I-I... please fuck me, sir!” I gasped.

Crack!

“Again, slut.”

“Please fuck me, sir!” I whimpered.

He did something with the rope at my wrists, untying it. My wrists were still tied firmly together, but the rope which went down between my legs came free. A moment later I felt his slick cock pressing against me. I shuddered as it rubbed up and down against my swollen mons, then cursed helplessly as it pushed into me, spreading me apart.

He forced my legs further apart, which made me rise on the balls of my feet as his cock pushed deeper.

“Oh! Oh! Fuck! Oh God!” I moaned.

I cried out as he yanked back on my hair, then the ball was shoved into my mouth again, filling it, pressing down on my tongue.

“Don't want you making too much noise,” he said.

His hands jerked my hips further back and then he really started to thrust into me. It hurt... but... in a way which ... I mean, how can pain be incredibly exciting and arousing? I don't know, but it was. The hard, powerful strokes ached, but my insides began to churn and burn from the shocking dark erotic nature of all of this.

I was on the edge of coming and he'd barely started to stroke. I felt like my entire body was overheated, gasping for breath through the gag, moaning and whimpering as his hips slapped against my buttocks and his cock speared deep into my quivering belly again and again and again.

The orgasm was an all-consuming thing, the best by far I'd had since that night at the party. I screamed into the gag, helpless, mindless of who might hear, though reassured in a way, that they couldn't with the gag. I came massively, the orgasm extremely intense, the sensations flooding through my nervous system and overloading it.

I've never taken any drugs, aside from pot, but I'm sure that no matter what you took it wouldn't match the incredible rush of pleasure and wild heat that orgasm brought! And it went on and on as he continued to pound into me, my nipples burning and aching as they jerked repeatedly against the cord running up across the hook.

The orgasm faded, and still he pounded into me, as I shuddered and moaned in helpless, dazed, emotional exhaustion. And then he shifted to short, sharp, powerful thrusts that almost jerked me right up off my feet with the savage animal force. And then he stopped, panting for breath, so that I knew he had come as well.

My head hung low, eyes slitted, and I was drooling around the ball thing as he stepped back.

“God, you're a hot, gorgeous slut!” he said in breathless delight.

I just groaned, of course.

I figured, well, I had sure earned that retest. Then again, I'd have paid for this kind of pleasure!

But it wasn't done. I felt his hands on my inner thighs, then his mouth, his open mouth on my pussy. I moaned as his lips caressed me and his tongue pushed into me. He eased in under me and started licking my clit as his fingers pushed up into my pussy. First one, then two, then three thrust up inside me as he sucked and licked at my burning little clitoris.

And you know what, the heat rushed back again, incredibly fast! I'd never gone from orgasm to aroused in so little time! Then again, guys my age are not, to put it bluntly, very experienced, or very motivated at oral sex. Oh, they love getting it, of course, but giving it? Nuh huh. They'll lick you a bit, as a kind of duty, but really, it's something they want to get out of the way so they can fuck you.

The professor didn't seem to be in any kind of hurry. And he definitely knew things the boys my age didn't as he kind of sucked on my clit, then sort of blew raspberries on it! And then while he was pushing his fingers in and out of my pussy he let his thumb push up into my ass!

I moaned and shook my head dazedly, but obviously wasn't in much of a position to complain or protest! He continued fingering my pussy, while his thumb pushed in and out of my ass and his tongue lapped at my clit. I was starting to jerk my hips back. They were grinding and rolling and I was moaning and gasping into the gag.

That was when he came out from under me, slapped my ass, and I felt that he

was hard again as he rubbed himself up and down against my pussy.

But he pushed it against my ass instead.

I moaned and shook my head, and he chuckled and jerked back on my hair, leaning in to suck and chew at the nape of my neck.

“Nothing shows a girl her place like fucking her in her tight little ass,” he growled.

I cried out as he pushed into me. But there was no real pain. His thumb had felt kind of slippery, come to think of it, and his cock slid into me fairly easily, though my sphincter squeezed down around it. He slapped my bottom several times, jerking back on my hips as he worked himself deeper and deeper, but soon he was stroking into me freely, and I was staring at the wall in dazed heat and amazement.

I'd never been fucked in the ass before, you see. Now that it was happening, I was surprised it didn't hurt, in fact, that it felt so good. And the rush of heat which accompanied it, which accompanied the shock of realization that I was being fucked in the ass, was making my mind and body both squirm and twist and writhe.

He didn't neglect my pussy, though. His right hand slid around my hip and soon his fingers were stroking my clit as he fucked my ass. He continued to chew and suck and kiss on the nape of my neck even as his left hand released my hair and slid under the roughly grope my breasts.

The second orgasm was not as intense as the first, but boy, it still left just about everything else behind in its dust! And the while the third was weaker still, coming only about maybe less than a minute later, the fourth, which came a minute or so after that, was as powerful as the first!

I was going fucking insane! I'd never experienced this incredible level of heat and pleasure before! I'd never had orgasms so close together!

By the time the professor drew his softening cock out of my ass I had come a total of five times, and was totally worn out, moaning, eyes closed, panting, chest heaving, body sweating and hair a tangled mess.

Fortunately, the professor cleaned me up, even brushing my hair, until I got my act together enough to find my panties and bra and dress.

“So I pass?” I said weakly.

“I don't know. That will be up to you. You can study and I'll retest you.”

I stared at him.

“That was the agreement, Baxter,” he said.

“But – .”

“Take it or leave it.”

I glared at him, but really, I was too mind blasted from the sex to argue.

“When is the retest?”

“Whenever you think you're ready for it give me a call,” he said, handing me a card with his phone number on it. His office phone was printed, but another phone number was written on the back.

“That's my private cell phone.”

I nodded a bit dazedly.

“The retest will be at my apartment,” he said with a smirk.

I jerked my eyes up and blushed.

“I intend to be very... strict,” he said.

I nodded dumbly.

“Say yes sir,” he said, eyes on me.

“Y-Yes, sir,” I said.

I left, but walked in a daze for a while, everything I'd done, that he had done, that I'd said, flooding through my mind in an endless loop A part of me was

shocked that I'd been willing to do that! But the pleasure... wow... the echo of that pleasure, the memory of it just overwhelmed all other considerations.

I knew I'd go to his apartment, and that he'd tie me up and probably do all kinds of kinky things to me, and while I felt a sense of anxiety I knew I'd do it anyway. Heck, what was college for but to learn things, things about the world, and things about yourself.

I was definitely learning both!

* * * * *

Have praise, suggestions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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